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#### THE

# Gentleman's Magazine

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## GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

JANUARY 1895.

#### ALL FOR HONOUR.

By DARCY LEVER.

DURING a Long Vacation ramble in Brittany, some years ago, a friend and I spent a week at Le Croisic—a little town at the far end of the narrow tongue of land which juts out into the Atlantic, where its dark-green waves may be seen, at turn of tide, battling with the sand-stained waters of the headlong Loire. One morning a cloudless sky and a refreshing breeze tempted us forth, and we strolled along the beach towards the distant Bourg de Batz till the roofs and towers of Le Croisic faded to a faint brown-blue on the horizon, and the only living creatures in sight were the seamews circling high above our heads, and deepening our sense of solitude by their mournful cries.

Suddenly, on rounding a bold granite bluff that blocked our view ahead, we spied a human figure on the sands—that of a man barefoot and clad in rags, we perceived, as he drew near. A fisherman, said the fresh-caught lobster and sea-urchin that dangled from the string in his right hand. Pitying his sorry plight, my friend asked him: "Where are you going to sell your fish?"

- "In yonder town," he replied, pointing towards Le Croisic.
- "And at what price?"
- "Half a franc the lobster, a franc for the urchin."
- "Then if I give you three francs for the pair-?"

The poor fellow stared, but, convinced by the touch of the coin that my friend spoke in good faith, he spat on the money—for luck, I presume—pocketed it, and forthwith offered to pilot us to the Bourg de Batz, and thence back to Le Croisic by a short cut known to the natives only. We jumped at his offer, and as we fared along

he told us his life-story—short, simple, sad, but wholesome to hear—the story of a son who had forsworn every comfort of the poor man's life—home, wife, and children of his own—for the sake of a blind old father past work.

Long ere we reached the Bourg de Batz the summer sun had gained its noonday height, and drove us to seek the friendly shadow of a giant rock which reared its head a little to the left of our track. But as we neared the rock our guide halted, and, pointing to it, said: "There's a man yonder. Nigh every soul as comes this way goes half a mile out of his way to shun that rock."

"But why shun it?" I asked. "Is the man a robber or a murderer?"

The ragged fisherman answered only with a shudder.

- "Will he meddle with us if we go near him?" I continued.
- "Oh, no, not he!"
- "Will you come with us?"
- "Not I, sir, craving your pardon!"
- "Well, then, we'll go without you, since you assure us we run no risk."
- "Nay, I don't say that. I say only as the man himself won't budge, nor open his lips."

We were now within twenty yards of the rock, and our pilot struck into a by-path, leaving us to make our way towards a hollow in the rock, which he had pointed out. After a stiff climb, we found ourselves on a sort of platform in front of the cave, some fifty yards above sea-level. And lo! hard by the yawning mouth of the cave, on a detached block of granite, sat a man of herculean build, with large hairy hands and wild bloodshot eyes. They glared at us for a moment as we hove in sight, then wandered back to the surface of the sea, on which they remained riveted during the brief remnant of our stay. To judge solely from his sturdy and sinewy frame, no one would have taken him to be more than fifty; but his hair, white as the driven snow, and his deeply furrowed face—the very picture of despair-might have belonged to a man of eighty. Thus much we noted; then, feeling that we were intruding on some sorrow too deep for words, we hurried away, leaving him seemingly glued to his granite seat, and gazing intently seawards. What was it that he saw there?

- "Well, gentlemen, did you catch sight of him?" asked our guide when we rejoined him after a five minutes' parting.
  - "Ay; but who and what is he?" replied my friend.
  - "They call him 'The Man o' the Oath'; and many's the tale

agate about him. Some folk say he's doing penance for some crime. Other some say as Bendsea—for that's his right name—has the 'evil eye'; and so they always give that rock a wide berth. Other folk hold that he's bound himself by an oath—hence his nickname. And certain sure he never stirs from that rock, nor speaks to soul alive—not even to the little lass of a niece as brings him his daily dole of bread and water."

"But, my friend," said I, somewhat impatiently, "can't you tell us what led him to cut himself off from all his fellow-creatures?"

"Ah! that's a question nobody but me and father can answer. My mother-God rest her soul!-was servant to the justice as Bendsea confessed to, by order of the priest; and being in the kitchen, with naught but a lath-and-plaster wall 'twixt it and her master's parlour, she couldn't be off hearing what Bendsea said to him. Well, she's dead and gone; and the justice he's dead and gone. And afore my poor mother would tell me and father what she'd heard, she made us swear we'd never wag tongue about it to any soul in these parts. But you, gentlemen, comes from furrin parts. So you I may tell. Well, Peter Bendsea—him as you saw up vonder -is the head of his family-seafaring folk from father to son, time out o' mind. Their name shows that. Ay, they sailed the sea; and Peter he owned three tidy smacks and went sardine-fishing. He'd have fitted out a big boat and gone cod-fishing but for his wife—a comely lass she was when he married her, and a kind-hearted. But she couldn't abear him out of her sight not a moment longer than was just needful for him to be away after the sardines. So, for her sake, he thought no more o' going cod-fishing. They lived in that little house there on yonder island. And they'd one child-a boy. You may guess they just worshipped him. I don't know what they wouldn't have done for him. Naught was too good for him, they thought. And a regular Turk he turned out-always in hot water of some kind. But his father only laughed when neighbours came and complained as how Jim had 'half murdered our Molly,' or 'given our Jack a pair of black eyes.' And so things went on. Nor Peter nor Peter's wife could see any fault in their Jim. Whatever he did was bound to be right. Well, by the time he was sixteen. the lad takes to frisking off to Guérande whenever he'd a mind. a-courting the girls, and drinking, and billiard-playing. You need cash to carry on that kind o' game. So Jim takes to helping himself out o' his mother's old stocking. She, poor soul, knew of it right enough, but dursn't breathe a word of it to her good man. Why, bless your hearts, gentlemen, Peter was the man to go twenty miles

afoot to pay back a farthing he'd been overpaid at a reckoning! Well, when Master Jim had stripped his mother of her last penny. what must he do, one fine day when her back was turned, but sell tables, chairs, linen, plate—a'most all he could lay hands on, leaving little but the bare walls. And then off he jogs to Nantes, to make ducks and drakes o' the money. Well, no keeping what he'd done from his father this time! When Peter fared home after the sardine season, he must be told as sure as fate. But the poor soul felt mortally feared to tell him-not for her own sake, you may depend, but for Jim's. Well, back comes Peter, and sees the house a'most new-furnished with things lent by the neighbours. 'What's the meaning o' this?' says he. 'We've been robbed, Peter,' says his wife, more dead than alive. 'What's become o' Jim, then?' says Peter. 'Oh! he's off on one of his sprees,' says she. 'He's a deal too fond of his sprees,' says Peter. And there the matter ended for the time.

"Six months afterwards Peter heard that the Nantes police were on Jim's track. So thither he tramps afoot, ferrets Jim out, and brings him home by the scruff of his neck. He never axed him what he'd done amiss, but says he, 'Look'ee here! You stay and live sober and seemly with your mother and me for two years; else you and me'll have a crow to pluck.' But, think you the scamp would be staid?—not he! He thought he could twist the old folks round his little finger. So he ups and pulls a face at his father. Peter gives him a cuff as lays him on his beam-ends for best part of two months. His poor mother nigh broke her heart over it. Well, one night, as she lay sound asleep by her good man's side, she hears a noise as wakes her. Up she jumps, and first thing she feels is a stab in the arm. She screams. Peter wakes, strikes a light, and sees her bleeding. A thief! thinks he—just as if there was such a thing in these parts, where you might carry a bag o' gold in your hand from Croisic to St. Nazaire, and not a soul ax you, 'What's that?' Well, off goes Peter and hunts for Jim. Trust him to be out o' the way! But next morning in he walks as cool as a cucumber, and has the face to tell 'em he'd spent the night at Batz.

"No need to say as all this while his mother had been at her wit's end to find a safe hiding-place for her money. As for Peter's, he always lodged it with Lawyer Dupontel, of Croisic. But Jim's pranks had cost the old folks a pretty penny by this time. In fact, they was nigh ruined. Hard for folks as had been worth—house and all—a matter of four or five hundred pounds! No one ever knew how much it cost Peter to get Jim out of that mess at Nantes;

ay, and it seemed as if the whole family was doomed to bad luck. For all had gone askew with Peter's brother. And so, to hearten him, Peter says, 'My Jim and your Patty must make a match of it one or these days.' And, meantime, to keep him from starving, Peter gives him a berth in his fishing-smack; and Peter's wife, she takes and sews a Spanish doubloon in a bit of a bag, and writes on it, 'For Patty,' as large as life, in her own handwriting, for she was a first-rate scholar, was Peter's wife.

"Well, how on earth Jim came to nose that bit o' gold none 'll ever know; but nose it he did, and off with it to Croisic on the spree. But it so befell that back comes Peter from the fishing that very night. And what should he see, floating atop o' the water, hard by the landing-place, but a scrap o' paper! Up he picks it, and home with it to his wife. She sees 'For Patty' in her own handwriting, staring her in the face; and down she falls in a swoon. Peter brings her round, and then, without a word, away he stalks to Croisic and hears that his Jim is in the billiard-roomat the inn. He goes straight to the inn-door, calls the landlady, and says, says he: 'Dame Flowers, I forbade our Jim to part with a certain bit o' gold he'll be paying you with by and-by. Now I'll bide here, and when he gives it you, just bring it to me and I'll give you the worth of it in silver.' After a while she brings him the doubloon, swops it for silver, and home he trudges with it.

"Every soul in Le Croisic knows that much. But they can only give a guess at what I'm now going to tell you. On reaching home, Peter bids his wife tidy the parlour, then he piles up the fire, lights a pair of candles, sets two chairs on one side of the hearth and a three-legged stool a' t'other, and bids his wife take and brush their wedding suits as was laid up careful in the coffer. Then he dons his own wedding suit, walks off to his brother's house, and begs him to keep a look out, and give him warning if he hears anyone alanding on the island. Then, judging his wife would have dressed herself by that time in her wedding clothes, he goes back home, loads his gun, and hides it in the ingle-nook.

"After a while, home comes Jim—late enough; for he'd stayed at Le Croisic till ten, drinking and gambling. As soon as he shows his face his father says, 'Sit you down on yonder stool; for you're before your father and mother, whom you've wronged, and who must judge you.' Thereupon Jim began to whine; for there was a fear-some look in his father's face, while his mother sat there bolt upright and stiff as a mast. Then cries Peter, 'Unless you sit on that stool as still as a mouse, I'll shoot you like a dog.' So there Jim sat as

dumb as a fish. And his father pulls out the scrap of paper and says, 'This held a Spanish doubloon, as was sewn in your mother's mattress; and no one but her knew 'twas there. I found this bit of paper afloat nigh the landing-place, and you paid a doubloon to Dame Flowers this very night, and your mother's is gone from her bed! Now, what have you to say for yourself?' Jim swears he never touched his mother's doubloon, and that the coin he gave Dame Flowers was one he brought from Nantes after his last spree. 'Good!' says Peter. 'But how can you prove the truth of your words? Will you take your sacred oath you didn't steal your mother's doubloon?' Jim was ready with his oath. But up spoke his mother: 'Jim, my boy, take heed lest you forswear yourself. You may turn out a good lad yet if you repent and mend your ways.' And with that she burst out crying. 'You're an old this, and an old that, as always wanted to bring me to ruin!' cries Jim. Peters turns ash-pale, and says, 'Those words to your mother will go to swell my score against you. But, come! Are you ready to swear?' 'Yes,' 'Stop a moment,' says his father. 'Was your doubloon marked with a cross like this doubloon as I hold in my hand, as was marked with a cross by the sardine-dealer who gave it me before I gave it to your mother?' This poser staggers and sobers Jim a bit; and he begins to blubber. 'Enough!' says his father, 'I'm not going to cast your old misdeeds in your face. But, mark me! see no Bendsea swinging in front of Croisic gaol. So down on your knees! A priest will be here in a twinkling to shrive you.'

"Ere this, Jim's mother had slipped out-o'-doors that she mightn't witness her son's doom. While she was outside in came Peter's brother with the parish priest. But Jim was far too crafty to confess. He made sure that his father would never kill him unshriven. So, as he stubbornly refused to confess, Peter thanked and dismissed the priest, and sent Jim to bed with this warning: 'Next time I catch you tripping, your fate is sealed, confession or none!'

"Never doubting that his father meant to let him off, Jim soon fell fast asleep. But his father sat up, and when he hears Jim snoring he takes and gags him with a strip of sail-cloth, and binds him hand and foot. The poor mother throws herself at her good man's feet and begs him to spare her only child. 'He's doomed!' says Peter. 'Come, help me carry him to the boat!' Not she, you may be sure. So Peter carries the lad without help, ties a big stone to his neck, and rows him out to sea as far as yonder rock, deaf to his mother's prayers for mercy as she followed in a boat with Peter's brother. 'Twas a bright moonlight night, and presently the poor

creature sees her husband lift the lad from the bottom of the boat and fling him overboard. One sullen plunge—then dead silence! For the mother lay in a dead swoon. Ay, and she died within a week, begging her husband with her last breath to burn the cursed boat. He burnt it, and then he seemed like one clean daft. He knew no more than a madman what he was about, and when he walked he reeled and staggered like a drunken man. Then he went away for a fortnight, none knows whither; came back, confessed the deed to the justice, and gat him straight to yonder rock where you gentlefolk saw him. The rest you know."

A shocking story! Ay, but we heard it from the lips of a son who had given up all for a father. And the thought of his pure and unpretending piety—to use that word in its old and strictly human sense—blended into and softened the picture of the father who had forestalled the hand of justice by sacrificing his son.

### THE STORY OF GAMMA VIRGINIS.

THE famous binary, or revolving double star, known to astronomers as Gamma Virginis, lies close to the celestial equatorabout 1 degree to the south-and about 15 degrees to the northwest of the bright star Spica (Alpha of the same constellation), with which it forms the stem of a Y-shaped figure, formed by the brightest stars of the constellation Virgo, or the Virgin, Gamma being at the junction of the two upper branches. The brightness of Gamma Virginis is a little greater than an average star of the third magnitude. Photometric measures made at Oxford and Harvard Observatories agree closely. and make its brightness about 2.7 magnitude, that is to say, rather nearer the third than the second magnitude. Variation of light has, however, been suspected in one or both components, and this question of light variation will be considered further on. The Persian astronomer, Al-Sufi, in his description of the heavens written in the tenth century, rates it of the third magnitude, and describes it as "the third of the stars of al-auxâ, which is a mansion of the moon," the first and second stars of this "mansion" being Beta and Eta Virginis. the fourth star Delta, and the fifth Epsilon, these five stars forming the two upper branches of the Y-shaped figure above referred to. Gamma was called Zawiyah-al-aurâ, "the corner of the barkers!" from its position in the figure which formed the thirteenth Lunar Mansion of the old astrologers. It was also called Porrima and Postvarta in the old calendars. These ancient names for the stars are curious and their origin doubtful.

The fact that Gamma Virginis really consists of two stars close together seems to have been discovered by the famous astronomer Bradley, in 1713. He recorded the position of the components by stating that the line joining them was then exactly parallel to a line joining the stars Alpha and Delta in the same constellation. This was, of course, only a rough method of measurement, and the position found by Bradley, being probably more or less erroneous, has given much trouble to computers of the orbit described by the component stars round each other, or, rather, round their common centre of

gravity. Bradley does not give the apparent distance between the component stars, but we may conclude from the orbit—which is now well determined—that they were then nearly at their greatest possible distance apart. It is curious that between Bradley's time and 1794, the star was on several occasions occulted by the moon, but none of the observers refer to its duplicity. It was again measured by Cassini in 1720, by Tobias Mayer in 1756, and by Sir William Herschel in 1780. These measures showed that the distance between the components was steadily diminishing, and that the position angle of the two stars was also decreasing. This decrease in the position angle—measured from the north round by east, south and west, from o to 360 degrees—shows that the motion is what is called retrograde, or in the direction of the hands of a watch, direct, or "planetary motion" being in the opposite direction. The star was again measured by Sir John Herschel and South in the years 1822 to 1838: by W. Struve in the same years, and by Dawes and other observers from 1831 to the present time. The recorded measures are very numerous, and have enabled computers to determine the orbit with considerable accuracy. The rapid decrease in the apparent distance from 1780 to 1834 indicated that the apparent orbit is very elongated, and that possibly the two stars might "close up " altogether, and appear as a single star even in telescopes of considerable power. This actually occurred in the year 1836, or at least the stars were then so close together that the best telescopes of that day failed to show Gamma Virginis as anything but a single star. Of course it would not have been beyond the reach of the giant telescopes of our day. From the year 1836 the pair began to open out again, and at present the distance is again approaching a maximum. It is now within the reach of a small telescope, and forms a fine telescopic object with a moderate instrument.

The general character of the orbital motion may be described as follows. In 1718, at the time of Bradley's observation, the companion star was to the north-west of the primary star; it then gradually moved towards the west and south, and in 1836, when at its minimum distance, it was to the south-east. From that date it again turned towards the north, and at present it is north-west of the primary star, and not far from the position found by Bradley in 1718.

The first to attempt a calculation of the orbit described by this remarkable pair of suns was Sir John Herschel, who in the year 1831 found a period of about 513 years. In 1833 he recalculated the orbit and found a period of nearly 629 years. Both these periods were much too long, but the data then available were not sufficient for the

calculation of an accurate orbit. From these results he predicted that "the latter end of the year 1833, or the beginning of the year 1834, will witness one of the most striking phenomena which sidereal astronomy has yet afforded, viz., the perihelion passage of one star round another, with the immense angular velocity of between 60° and 70° per annum, that is to say, of a degree in five days. As the two stars will then, however, be within little more than half a second of each other, and as they are both large and nearly equal, none but the very finest telescopes will have any chance of showing this magnificent phenomenon. The prospect, however, of witnessing a visible and measurable change in the state of an object so remote, in a time so short, may reasonably be expected to call into action the most powerful instrumental means which can be brought to bear on it." This prediction was not verified until the year 1836, when the pair "closed up out of all telescopic reach," except at the Dorpat Observatory, where a magnifying power of 848 still showed an elongation in the disc of the star. The orbit found by Sir John Herschel was a tolerably elongated ellipse with its longer axis lying north-east and south-west. This was not quite correct, for we now know that this axis lies north-west and south-east, and that the apparent orbit is much more elongated than Sir John Herschel at first supposed. This was soon recognised by Herschel himself, and he came to the conclusion that he and other computers had been misled by Bradley's observation in 1718. He then rejected this early and evidently rough observation, and using the measures up to 1845 he found a period of about 182 years, which we now know to be very near the truth.

The orbit was also computed by the famous German astronomer Mädler, who found periods of 145, 157 and 169 years; by Hind, 141 years; by Henderson, 143 years; by Jacob, 133½, 157½, and 171 years; by Adams, 174 years; by Flammarion, 175 years; and by Admiral Smyth, who found 148 and 178 years. All these periods, we now know, are too small. Fletcher found 184½ years and Thiele 185 years. Two orbits were computed by Dr. Doberck in recent years. The first of these gives a period of 180.54 years, and the second 179.65 years. I have carefully compared these orbits with recent measures—measures made since the orbits were computed—and find that the first orbit represents the measures very satisfactorily, and I think that the true period will prove to be about 181 years.

The apparent orbit of the pair—that is, the orbit visible to us and which is a projection of the real orbit on the background of the sky—is a very elongated ellipse, and, as Admiral Smyth said, "more like a comet's than a planet's." The real ellipse has a very high

eccentricity, nearly 0'9—indeed, the highest of all the known binary stars, and not much less than that of Halley's comet!

As I said in the beginning of this paper, the variability of the light of one or of both of the components of Gamma Virginis has been strongly suspected. So far back as 1851 and 1852 O. Struve paid particular attention to this point. His observations in those years show that sometimes the component stars were exactly equal in brilliancy, and sometimes the Southern star—the one generally taken as the primary star—was from 0.2 to 0.7 magnitude brighter than the other. There seems to be little doubt that some variation really takes place in the relative brightness of the pair. This is clearly indicated by the measures of position angle. For example, in the year 1886, Professor Hall recorded the position angle as 154°.9, evidently measuring from the Northern star as the brighter of the two; while in 1887 Schiaparelli gives 334°-2 (or about 180° more), thus indicating that he considered the Southern star as the primary or brighter of the pair. Burnham found 153°4 in 1889, and Dr. See gives 332° 50 in 1891. This is also shown by earlier measures, for Dembowski found 353°6 in 1854 and 171°2 in 1855. The period of variation would seem to be short, for O. Struve found the Southern star half a magnitude brighter than the other on April 3, 1852, while on April 29 of the same year he found them "perfectly equal." He thought that the variation was about 0.7 of a magnitude, but that the climate of Poulkova, where he observed, was not suitable for such observations. This variation is very interesting, and the question should be thoroughly investigated with a good telescope.

As the distance of Gamma Virginis from the earth has not been determined, it is not possible to calculate the actual dimensions of the orbit and the mass of the system. If we assume that the combined mass of the components is equal to the sun's mass, I find from Dr. Doberck's first orbit that the "hypothetical parallax," as it is termed, would be o"128, implying a distance of 1,611,445 times the sun's distance from the earth. If, however, we suppose that the mass of each of the components is equal to the sun's mass, or the mass of the system double that of the sun-perhaps a more probable supposition—I find that the parallax would be about o"'I, denoting a distance of 2,062,650 times the sun's distance from the earth. Placed at this great distance, the sun would, I find, be reduced in brightness to a star of only the sixth magnitude, or 3'3 magnitudes fainter than Gamma Virginis appears to us. This difference implies that, supposing each of the component stars of the binary to have a mass equal to the sun's mass, their combined light is 21 times

greater than the sun would emit if placed at the same distance. and as the components are nearly equal in brightness, each of them would be 101 times brighter than the sun! According to Vogel, the star's light shows a spectrum of the first or Sirian type, but, according to the Draper Catalogue of Stellar Spectra. the spectrum is of the second or solar type. If the spectrum is of the first type its great brilliancy is easily explained, for, as I have shown elsewhere, the Sirian stars are intrinsically much brighter in proportion to their mass than those of the solar type. But if its spectrum is of the solar type it is not so easy to explain its great relative brilliancy. Computing by a well-known formula, I find that its relative brightness is nearly five times greater than that of Xi Ursæ Majoris, the spectrum of which is of the solar type. If we suppose the system of Gamma Virginis to be considerably less than the mass of the sun, then its distance from the earth would be much less than that found above, when we assumed its mass equal to that of the sun. As we have seen above, doubling the supposed mass increased the distance: so, on the other hand, if we diminish the mass, we must diminish the distance also. Thus, if we suppose the mass of Gamma Virginis to be 18th of the sun's mass, then we must multiply the parallax found above by the cube root of 8 or 2, which gives 0"256, and reduces the distance to one-half. A mass of  $\frac{1}{2\sqrt{3}}$ th of the sun's mass would give a parallax of 0'':384, and a mass of  $\frac{1}{64}$  a parallax of o":512, or a reduction of the distance to one-fourth. To reduce the sun to the same brightness as Gamma Centauri, it should be placed at a distance indicated by a parallax of o" multiplied by the square root of 21, or 0".458, and the binary pair at this distance would have a mass about at the sun's mass. If, however, the star's parallax were so large as this, or even amounted to a quarter of a second, it is probable that it would have been detected and measured before this. In the case of the binary star Castor, I find from the orbit and a small parallax found by Johnson (about one-fifth of a second) that its mass is only and the sun's mass, but in this case the spectrum is of the Sirian type, and stars of this type are very bright in proportion to their mass. If the spectrum of Gamma Virginis is really of the solar type, it is difficult to understand why the star should be as bright as it is. If, however, it is of the Sirian type, as found by Vogel, its brightness is easily explained, as in the case of Castor, for stars of this type are probably much hotter and more luminous than the sun. The colours of the components of Gamma Virginis, which are very similar to those of Castor-white or pale yellow-would suggest that it may belong to the same type. J. E. GORE.

### IN THE JUNGLE.

HAVE always found it refreshing to turn my back for a time upon the little social circle in a second circle upon the little social circle in an Indian mofussil station for a district tour. The early rise in the dewy morn, the fragrant odours of the flowering millets in the fields, or of the white bean flowers, the silver streaks in the eastern sky, and the faint breath of the dying land breeze, combine to suggest ideas that lift one out of the petty details of daily life in a contracted environment. It has always seemed to me that when one is alone noble thoughts best have their sway, and the companionship of most who never rise beyond mediocrity but serves to mar their influence upon the individual. Then, again, to be amidst scenes of Indian native life whose characteristics bear the colours of Nature, and to escape from the straitened modes of Western civilisation is a relief to those who have learned that the natural impulses of man, tempered by high ideals. are the true guides to repose of mind. The simplicity of habit of the Indian peasant, the single-mindedness which characterises his domestic relations, and his resignation in all circumstances to the Divine Will, reveal a condition of life which bears the impress of true nobility, brought into strong relief by the irksomeness and unvarying monotony of his daily recurring toil. Whether breaking up the hard sun-dried clods of black earth on the vast scorched plains of the Deccan, planting out the young rice plants knee deep in slush in the delta of the Ganges, or painfully raising from a deep well the priceless liquid which is to render verdant the sandy wastes of the great desert of the north-west, you see humanity in him at its best, and finding its best expression in the fulfilment of work and of domestic duties. Take from him the satisfaction that these beget. and he would indeed have little to afford happiness, for in that mud hut with roof of grass in which he dwells are but a couple of blankets and a few earthen cooking pots-not much wherewith to luxuriate. It is a pleasure to see the brightening eyes of the little naked children, and the grateful smiles of the mothers as the passerby gives them a few coppers; and the gratitude with which some

sufferer, with nought to relieve his pain, receives some healing medicine.

It seems to me that in the mountains and forests one finds most to lift up the thoughts. One road I have often walked in the Western Ghats comes vividly to mind. The mighty trees are mostly evergreen; mosses and ferns cluster thickly upon the boughs; here and there a giant honeycomb in some high fork lets slowly drop the rich juice from its overflowing cells; in the spring-time on the shady side the orchids are gay with blossoms; the woodpecker taps busily on the hollow trunks, and the lungur monkeys romp from bough to bough. Such trees are not single, but in thousands, and beneath sometimes an enticing glade leads away through the dense undergrowth to spots where man's foot but rarely if ever treads. Here, by sitting quiet on a fallen stump, the peafowl may be watched picking up the grass seeds, the agate-hued snake creeping stealthily past your feet, and the timid ravine deer trotting from one covert to another. Drowning most other sounds, a torrent from some high peak comes splashing and leaping down the ravine, where, nurtured in its spray and in the rich leaf mould of the forest, the majestic tree fern rears its feathery top. Even when the tropic rains are falling the sense of Nature's beauties in these forests assuages the discomforts arising from the damp and the lurking miasma. Then the sambur and the bison may be tracked with noiseless tread by the hunter over the soft turf, the white clouds are rushing up the valleys and tearing themselves to rags through the tree-tops, and foaming waterfalls spout out in numberless places from the dense foliage on the mountain's side. Right away on the edge of a cliff overlooking the lowlands lying like a billowy sea below, from whence at sunset the glimmer of the distant ocean could be seen, I used to meet the Political Agent of Sangumputra. From his window he could drop a stone down a precipice of some two thousand feet in depth. No one else cared to live at this spot. Across the valley on another spur was the old Mahratta fort, long since deserted with the downfall of that power. The Rajah did not like the violent winds and driving mists that flung themselves against the mountain edge, and preferred the warmth and fragrance of his zenana in his little city of Sangumputra, nestling in the valley far below. So the Political Agent was mostly alone, and would have grown weary of ennui but that he was a painter and a poet, and had Nature in all her aspects to study and to admire. He would reserve his conversation for those who happened to be travelling past, when he gave the wayfarer a feast, with the music of an organette, and would sit up

late to talk of all that was passing in the greater world lying beyond the confines of this vast and silent forest. Wife and children were far away across several seas, and even with little engrossing pursuits and high aims, the solitude was such as to call forth much melancholy. To some men it means a spirit of heroism, but to others degeneration. In the one Nature becomes refined, but in the other refuge from the thoughts engendered by solitude is taken in sensuality. Official work rarely so engrosses one's interest and time in India as to reconcile an individual to a lonely life even in the enchanting scenes of the western mountains. In the State of Sangumputra the supreme Government wished the Political Agent to exercise the real authority while seeming to leave everything in the hands of the young Rajah, which was a task constantly opposed by the intrigues of a Brahmanical party. The day's work often seemed to leave a bad taste like an indigestible meal in consequence. But as the evening closes in, when the office books are shut, the attendants withdrawn, and the short twilight flickers out in the west, how soothing is the balm which Nature gives to the troubled soul in this charming spot. The moonlight is throwing into strong lights and shades the old bastions on the neighbouring peak; the soft sea breeze gently rustles the broad fronds of the wild plantain which shoots up among the surrounding rocks, and wafts to the windows the odours of wild jasmine and champa; from far down the cliffs comes the music of the cattle bells as the herds slowly take their way to their nightly shelter in the village stockade. Surely all the anxieties and asperities of life sink to insignificance when the soul yields itself to the gentle influences which are always working in and round us, and are only marred by man!

Sometimes my friend would join the Rajah's sepoys in a hunting excursion, and many a bear, a panther, and a boar were brought in. Occasionally it was to rid the district of a marauding tiger. One mangy fellow had been the death from first to last of two hundred people. An amusing story was current about the habits of the boars. Everyone acquainted with the animal knows how he selects the muddiest parts of the forest for his wallow and roll. They are also easily investigated with his snout for roots. The people here say that the boar covers himself with mud and allows it to dry upon him, that when in combat with a tiger it may serve as a protection. The tiger must first strip it off before he can claw the boar in a vulnerable part. Meantime the boar uses his tusks to advantage.

A curious and lamentable accident had happened in this neighbourhood to a young sporting friend of the Agent. In the part of

the forest where the hunt for game was being conducted, the undergrowth was so thick that those carrying the guns had necessarily to be placed in trees at least twelve feet from the ground. came up at a walk towards the tree in which the young officer was posted, and was received with the discharge of both barrels. only slightly disabled, the brute sprang at the tree, managing to claw the sportsman's gaiters, to upset his balance and bring him to the ground. The shouts of those near at hand frightened away the animal before he could maul his victim, but although the young man received but a slight scratch on the leg, the shock acting upon a weak heart had sufficed to kill him, and he never moved againone of many fatalities attendant upon this fascinating but dangerous sport. Panthers are in this locality more numerous than tigers, and are bolder in venturing near human dwellings. My friend and I were walking one afternoon down a path in the forest slopes towards Sangumputra, his dog, a fox terrier, some hundred yards ahead, when a panther sprang from the jungle and seized the dog by the back of the neck. We both shouted out and ran to the spot, when the panther dropped the terrier and made off. The dog was found to have received only skin wounds, but had a wonderful escape, since the first grip by a panther's jaw suffices generally to break a dog's back. It is of course never safe to permit dogs to run loose after dark. They have been known to be carried away even from the verandah of a house. In one of my camps a panther approached near to the servants' fire in quest of the dog, but was put to flight with blank cartridge.

A British representative in a native state may do much harm or much good dependent upon his individual characteristics. A stupid man who carries out orders faithfully is a safe man, but does not always conciliate the natives. A clever man, who will act on his own initiative, must be careful. He must not assert himself but must make himself an instrument. Natives are prone to admiration of the individual, but Government does not like individualism; it likes its servants to be all cast in one mould. Striking novelties must originate only in the Secretariats. When an administrator becomes too independent of Government minutes it is time he should be moved elsewhere. He must thus begin his methods all anew and rely, for a time at least, upon instructions from head-quarters. friend in Sangumputra did admirably. He never on the one hand told Government anything they did not like to hear. His official reports overflowed with detail and with sentiment likely to cause a glow of satisfaction in the councillor at Malabar Hill who was

charged with carrying out a "fixed policy." Everything spoke of happy progress and was tinctured with buoyant hope. "He had pleasure in stating that his relations with the Rajah and the dowager Rani continued to be excellent," "the recent order of Government regarding the collection of custom dues at Viziapuram had been communicated to the Rajah, who had expressed approval of the proposal to assimilate procedure, &c.," "and he had every confidence that the new system would work well." "The Rajah had declared his lively gratitude to the Bombay Government for their intervention in the boundary dispute with the neighbouring French state of Selambique." All this, after twenty years' experience, had become so easy that the Agent's official correspondence never caused him any trouble. If an assistant were sent to him, as sometimes happened, when some youngster with good interest but in pecuniary difficulties in his regiment had to be provided for, it might be inconvenient to educate him in this particular style of polite letter writing, so he was allowed to go out shooting, on forest demarcation work, or sent to drill the Rajah's battalions, in any one of which pursuits the subaltern believed he was doing important service.

On the other hand, it must be confessed that the Rajah was a sulky little fellow, disliked to be dictated to, and would not always see the Agent. But the latter had to deal mostly with Brahmans—the Dewan, or first minister, and others who had all the real influence at the native court, and he found he best promoted the interests of his own Government in the end by seeming to agree with them in all things. There was never more than a trifling objection to any proposition they made, and he would never even lay stress upon that: but when the matter came to be discussed by them in private they grew to feel that the trifling objection might end in becoming an obstacle, and their arrangements must be modified accordingly.

Again, the curt and peremptory instructions from Government head-quarters were conveyed to the native court as "suggestions," sometimes thrown out in the course of conversation; time was allowed for them to take root; to be regarded in all aspects; to become familiar to the native palate; and finally to be welcomed as adding to the *prestige* of the Rajah's government. Added to his capacity for political finesse was a gracious, sympathetic manner, to which a native of India, and especially an educated one, will always respond, and which there is no other who better appreciates. Gajpati Ram, the Dewan, in the bosom of his family, used to speak affectionately of the Agent: he liked the frequent inquiries by the latter after his health, and that of his wife and children; for the native family is not kept so much

behind the veil to-day as it was formerly, when it was impolite to mention the existence of the wife.

Next to Sungamputra was the French State of Selambique, and an ambiguous frontier line gave much trouble to both Governments from the facility it offered to the escape of dacoits. A bullock-cart would be stopped, the driver thrashed, and passengers robbed in the dead of night, within the Rajah's territory, but when on the track of the offenders it would be found that they had hopped over the boundary and were concealed in the jungles or the dense palm groves of Selambique. Then would follow tourparlers with the Governor of that Colony, who would await the report of the district official of the locality concerned. The inquiry always took time, because office hours in the colony were from 9 A.M. to 2 P.M. only, and suspended on Saints' days. Besides, on principle, nothing was ever done in a hurry. The dacoit by dexterous dodging often escaped. If he were caught, however, or any other man, he was clapped into prison, and had to remain there until he proved himself The Political Agent had dealings with the Governor in respect of collecting the tax on salt assigned to the British Government, which led in the French colony to unpleasant feeling, but was skilful enough to get on well with his Excellency, who really preferred his society to that of the Chief Secretary and the Archbishop, the only two officials with whom his position allowed him to be intimate. was a pleasant change from the rugged escarpment of the Ghats to a few days in the Governor's barge on the placid and romantic estuaries which seem to pierce the very heart of the hills. palms for miles fringe the banks, with here and there the denser foliage of mango and other fruit trees, and among them gleam the white walls of neat cottages, the homes of many small landed proprietors. As the evening falls, the lights shine through the little casements of pearl shells, and the sound of the guitar or violin is borne upon the breeze: the bell of the cathedral tolls for vespers, and the veiled figures of the women can be seen on the shore flocking to the sacred edifice. It was here that St. Francis Xavier preached; his memory is yet fragrant through the land, and most of the people still are Catholic. Presently the moon rises over the Ghats and lights up the distant ruins of the robber fortress, on a lofty and seemingly inaccessible buttress, and throws an ever-widening beam of silver upon the silent tide of the river. Soon the town is in repose and free from all sound save the challenge of the sentinels each hour, or the bark of the wretched dogs that turn over the refuse heaps for bones and fish offal. The friendship of the French Governor for the

Agent arose out of an adventure with a panther which haunted the purlieus of the old monastery on the headland which served as a country residence for the former. The brute was the terror of the household and destroyed all their pet animals, but no one was found brave enough to encounter it until the Agent undertook to "sit up" near the carcase of the last "kill," and, with the moon in his favour, gave the quietus to the panther with an express bullet. The Governor could never be too grateful, and his pretty little brunette daughter, in the white muslin dress and broad straw hat, who had lost her pet rabbits through the depredations, smiled sweetly and admiringly upon the Englishman. Thereafter he was always a persona grata, and a hero in the small social circle of Selambique: welcomed to the exclusive "At homes" of the wife of the colonel of infantry, and invited to participate in the arrangement of the ceremonials and sports of the annual fête.

In the springtime the Arabian Sea lies placid and safely navigable by the smallest boats in front of Selambique. So quiet is the water that at night time the shoals of fish can be traced from the hillside above the shore by the phosphorescence accompanying their movements. And in the sunlight, deep down among the rocks, you can see strange eel-like fish streaked gold and brown like serpents: out on the long sandy cits that border the river's mouth are flocks of dotterel thickly clustered, and the gulls make frequent dashes for the glittering sardines which incautiously come near the surface. On this sea in the spring season you can safely drift along the coast in an open boat: the land breeze after midnight until early morning. and that from the sea in the afternoon and evening, suffice to fill the sail and keep a gentle way on the craft. The servants are, of course, all sick and lying prone in the bow; and wrapt in a blanket in the stern, the master must be content to make his meals of tinned soup or bread and cocoa heated over the boatman's smouldering embers. But how charming is the natural beauty of the surroundings! Such as to compensate the traveller for all physical discomforts. Close by the cliffs drop abruptly into the water, clothed in some places with the feathery bamboo; the wavelets splash the rocks with blue light; above, here and there on the commanding headlands, are the old forts, which once echoed with the sound of cannon, but now the home of the panther and hyena, grass-grown and disfigured in their outlines by the assaults of scores of monsoon rains; in the deep ravines below their ranges nestle the hamlets of the cultivators who now, undisturbed by the freebooters, pursue their husbandry beneath the grateful shade of

the plantain and areca trees. Sometimes the rocks open out and reveal a stretch of white sand backed by dense groves of cocoanut, and dotted with fishers' huts: from the bordering jungle comes the weird cry of the jackal, attracted by the odour of the sun-dried fish, answered by the barks of the ever-watchful village dogs. Behind all are the frowning heights of the Ghats, clothed at night with a uniform tint of grey.

Morning breaks in streaks of silver above the dark peaks that bound the Eastern horizon, and finds us under the light beacon of Polbunder: the little bungalow of the "salt" officer clings to a shelf on the hillside; on the wharf is a crowd of bullock-carts laden with cotton bales en route to Bombay, the tired animals slowly chewing, as they recline in the dusk, their short rations of paddy straw, while beneath the carts the equally tired drivers lie shrouded from head to foot in dirty cotton sheets; a few lean and scared dogs prowl around and quarrel over the dry fish heads or remnants of boiled rice that are scattered about. The blue wood-smoke is curling up from the palm-thatched village, and the disreputable-looking pigs are sniffing about, with an occasional grunt, for odds and ends of refuse. A sultry stillness prevails, for at this early hour neither the land nor the sea breeze is astir, and the odour from the black mud in the mangrove swamps is heavy and oppressive. natives sit on their haunches at the doors of their huts to collect their thoughts on waking from the stertorous sleep induced by the dank atmosphere; they yawn, and spit wearily upon the sand. Everyone feels out of humour, and imagination refuses to picture any beauties in the primitive life around one. But the sun shows itself, stirs a slight air, the skin moistens after a draught of hot tea or coffee, and things begin to wear a different aspect and to look more attractive. A plunge in the clear water just inside the bar, where the sharks do not penetrate, refreshes one for the day, and, comfortably arrayed in white flannels, one sits beneath the shade of a dense mango tree. and breakfasts sumptuously off the Indian sole or pomfret, the most delicious fish in Eastern waters, with oyster sauce. Then down comes the "salt" officer to investigate the new arrival, and to have a chat with one of his own countrymen, an opportunity that happens about once a month. His is a lonely life, and his resources are sorely taxed in the endeavour to drive away ennui. He has collected. prepared, and mounted seventy-one specimens of ants which live in his district; and in pursuit of his game, a common sight is that of his broad quarters and legs draped in white drill, sticking out of a hollow tree stump while the rest of him is buried in the interior.

One set of duplicates is now in the British Museum. He is making a catalogue of the water-birds that frequent the marshes where lie his salt pans. He finds distraction in travelling over the melancholy flats of his district, looking to the salt, and investigating reported cases of illicit manufacture. In the evening he plays upon the harmonium, reads the Bengal Daily Mail, twice or thrice peruses Punch and the last Graphic, and goes to bed with a "lunka" cigar in his mouth. His room has two tables, a bookshelf, four cane dining-chairs, and one China lounge chair. Some photographs of popular actresses-friends of his wild youth in London-with autographs, one picture of his mother, and another of his English home, hang upon the walls. It is sixteen years since she passed her hand fondly over his curly hair. Ambition is dead, but the resolve to live a manly life is sustained. Exile and isolation are keenly felt, but the struggle against the evil promptings that make their influence so often mighty in these circumstances is a brave one. A type of the life of many a man in the weary solitudes of the East!

There is a perpetual variety of shape and colour in the western mountains, whether travelling by the roads which wind up the deep ravines, where the range has been cleft by torrents, to the breezy uplands, or along the broken ground and in and out of the tidal estuaries which lie at their feet. It has always seemed to me that in the mountains of India, with the aspects brought by changing seasons, there are all the verses that go to make up the great poem of Nature. Not that the vast plains are without beauty, but the mountain scenery in its variety of effect exhilarates, inspires fresh hope, makes the heart glad, while the seemingly endless alluvial levels make one serious, often sad. In the sandy deserts of the north, where journeys are made so much by night, the feeling of melancholy is often found to prevail. On horseback or by mailcart on the long straight tracks through the sand one seems to be perpetually following some star in the heavens to which one gets no nearer. If one stops to rest no sound falls upon the ear save perhaps the groans of a camel being loaded for the night march, or the creak of a Persian wheel raising the water on the river's brink. It is a relief to pass the strings of camels bearing their rich burdens of silk, assafætida, and grapes from distant Cabul to the Indian cities of the plains. In a long string, led by the bearded and travel-stained driver, who is well fortified by opium for the weary and mountainous journey, they emerge suddenly and silently like phantoms from the nocturnal gloom, and gliding noiselessly by,

quickly disappear again. But they afford, if in a small degree, the sense of company in one's midnight wanderings. Some of the tracks across this weird desert are, for the convenience of wheeled conveyances, covered with rushes in default of any other means of preventing the wheels from being buried in the sand. Such tracks are used when the rivers are low enough to permit of bridges of boats being laid across them, by which carts can cross. But in the floods such traffic is stopped. So the traveller may make a cold weather trip over the desert by mail cart. His seat by the driver is made of old brandy cases, a stiff iron rail supports his back, and a pair of unbroken colts are harnessed to the pole by ropes. They will not start with ordinary persuasion. A stable attendant knots a cord round the ears, and another round the pasterns, goes in front and pulls at the animals, while the driver shouts and slashes with his whip from the box. If the ponies do not lie down out of perversity, they generally yield to the treatment and bolt, keeping up a furious gallop for miles, pulling the cart with jerks and bounds over the ruts and pits in the track, and hurling the occupants against the back rail. A frosty night makes itself felt, even through the wadded quilt in which the traveller is wrapped up, and the rough treatment, coupled with the cold, makes a night's journey a pretty good test of physical endurance. The rising sun shows the imposing dome of a pir's tomb miles away in the dust clouds of the plain; it will be two hours yet before we shall arrive at our halting-place for the day. We feel cut in half in the small of the back, and would fain have the coachman tickle up the tats, when bang goes the axle, off rolls one of the wheels, and we lie prone in the dust. We must walk it! And we arrive at the green oasis of Bung on foot, throwing ourselves exhausted on the charpov in the mud bungalow, while the "messman" gets ready a warm tub and a "muttin" curry. are unromantic features of the plains, but serve to render brighter the colours of the more attractive pictures of Indian life. recollect arriving at Bung in this way about twenty years ago. There was to be a wedding in the English community. The chaplain and best man had arrived from Multan by "special" cart that morning, sitting on the box containing the wedding-cake. ceremony had been put off for a week, owing to the non-arrival by parcel post of the bride's dress. With the usual hospitality shown in out-of-the-way places in India, I, though a traveller and a stranger, was included among the guests, and was one of those who rose early in the morning to compose a bouquet for the bride of the few white flowers procurable in the gardens of Bung, namely, champa,

jasmine, and some much prized eucharist lilies. A native chief lent a carriage and pair of greys for the bride to come and go, and the guests trundled to church in bullock bandies. The bride was resplendent and beautiful in ivory satin, but was the only smart character; ladies' costumes are a little out of date in places like Bung. Men's black coats always look uncomfortable in India, and even the bridegroom's ten-rupee grey hat from Chunder Dey's, of the China Bazaar, Calcutta, did not give him an air of distinction. We all returned to drink champagne at the sorrowing father's; it had been cooled in the ice chest of the sessions judge, the sole possessor of that luxury. It was the best "dry" from Bombay, at seventytwo the dozen, and really was not bad. Cake, speeches, hurried change of costume of the principal actors, and departure in the Rajah's carriage by dák for the hills follow, and wishing the two happiness in the sweet short dream of newly-married lives, we retrace our steps to the dull course of our daily duties. Mine took me at this period to the blue hills lying some fifty miles away, rising gaunt from the sandy plains, and seeming to frown upon the coming invaders who some years subsequently threaded their way through the tortuous defiles in pursuit of war. At that time our foremost police post occupied the summit of a hill which commanded a far view of foreign territory. Range upon range of forest-covered mountains bounded the horizon, and the jungle was cleared but a few hundred yards from the stockade which contained the huts of the garrison. Here a Political and a Police Officer whiled away the time as best they could, and were content to know that the moral effect of their presence upon the wild tribes about them was good. It was difficult always to be in good temper with each other, for even the best friends can see too much of one another. On bad days they separated to study the language or to shoot jungle fowl. For the former purpose the Police Officer had a lady visitor from a neighbouring tribe. She had been carried away captive in her childhood from the plains, and was able still to lisp Hindustani, and by that "patois" to make her pupil conversant with the language of her masters. She had that charming pensiveness of countenance and those fathomless dark eyes which are not uncommon in the East. Through the friendship which existed between the Police Officer and the chief of the tribe to which she belonged, the marriage of the former to the girl by the rude rites then in force had been arranged. So she could freely speak all her thoughts to the young man, and he learned better the sense and mode of speech of this strange language than a student would

acquire from a hundred volumes. Thus he was able to discuss with his neighbours all their needs and difficulties, and his influence reached far into the hill tracts. Sometimes when he was sitting in his easy-chair with the girl's head resting upon his knee, as she sat upon the carpet with her hands clasped round her ankles, and sung to him the wild songs of the hillmen, he would redden with shame as he thought of what his mother would feel could she but look upon the scene. But such thoughts were quickly put aside, for was not his whole soul wrapped up in his advancement in the service in the first place, and secondly in what ministered to his comforts? The girl liked the distinction that this alliance brought her among the rude people, and believed it durable.

As for the Political Officer, he spent all his time in making maps and mugging over grammars and vocabularies, save when he was receiving visits from chiefs, arranging new treaties, or chatting as best he could to the traders who came from long distances across the mountains to the weekly market. It was a slower way this to learn to know the circumstances of the country, but across the ocean there was a fair English girl who held his love, and he could not go counter to his love and pride in folding in his arms a daughter of the country, however soft and dimpled she might be. So he should plod on and make a name without blemish in his service.

The position which these men occupied was one of great interest, even of romance. The advanced guard of the British power, making British influence felt in a way over five thousand miles of mountainous country, inhabited by scattered and savage tribes, intersected by deep ravines, and clothed largely by tangled forests. It is all in all to Government to feel trust in its representative in such circumstances, and rarely is it in India that it is misplaced. The sense of responsibility is present in the British officer, and this he cannot violate.

Those were, indeed, delightful jungles to roam in: teeming with subjects of interest for the naturalist as well as the sportsman, and where it would seem Nature must have for centuries revelled in wild luxuriance. The mountains clothed with virgin forest right up to their frowning escarpments; gay orchids clustering on the mossgrown boughs of the trees; pendant creepers forming a tangled mass from branch to branch. Here and there a cascade half hidden by the gigantic ferns that draw their nourishment from the rich leaf mould, and bordered with begonias on its shaded banks; the streamlet dashing over mossy boulders to join the emerald-tinted river, that fretted thousands of feet below in its tortuous channel through the

Briars and cane climbing and twisting on the sandstone rocks. lower slopes, and barring all progress save when recourse was had to the curved knife which is the indispensable companion of the tra-Down by the river thick elephant grass, veller in these forests. which shrouded its mysterious depths, and clusters of wild plantain. Here one could trace the spoor of the rhinoceros, and, by cautiously peering through the long grass on the margin of the stream, view the mahseer darting for the fly on the surface of the crystal waters. This was a resort of the "Political," who, with his rod, passed here many a meditative evening. In default of a landing net a police orderly would sometimes go into the water up to his waist, and carry ashore the huge fish like an infant. On the sunny shallows where the mud and rubbish brought down by the river were thrown up, the flashing colours—buff, blue, red, white, and green—of numberless butterflies caught the eye. Bounding from branch to branch in the denser thickets, and up the stems of the feathery bamboo in search of the voung green shoots were troops of the hoolook monkey-an animal that for the most part shyly conceals itself in the foliage, but the cries of a pack of whom resound through the forest like the bark of hounds. The harsh cackle of the hornbill seemed to mock the loneliness of the traveller, and as the twilight flickered out in the western sky, the melancholy note of the "took-too" lizard chanted from a tree-top would inspire in him a feeling of sadness deepened by the growing shadows. Still nights bring out the brilliant fireflies in swarms, but the radiance is such as that of sparkling gems, and gives no guidance to the wayfarer. So that, unless there is a bright moon, no march can be made in the forest. Even then it is dangerous, for snakes are numerous; and the tribesmen, when suspecting the approach of an enemy, protect such paths as there are with sharp bamboo stakes concealed in the grass, and capable of penetrating the foot. briars and roots often lie across the way, and cause the traveller frequently to trip. So that the best thing to do when overtaken by nightfall is to make a rude shelter of branches, roofed with plantain leaves, with a floor of dry elephant grass or rushes, put out the fire as soon as cooking is done, so as not to attract attention, take off your damp clothes, roll yourself in a blanket, tuck your revolver beneath such pillow as you have, and go to sleep. The merry little Ghoorka orderly will boil a tin of soup and stew a piece of the mahseer for his master, clean and load the rifles, oil the boots, dry the clothes over the fire, then cook his own "chupatti" or girdle cake of brown flour, and having duly disposed of it, make himself snug in his own improvised shelter. For a time everything is still; but wild animals are

on the move; a hyena circles round the camp, attracted by the smell of cooked victuals and the refuse of the fish. He makes a hurried snatch at what he can, and retreats into the thicket. The flap of the large wings of the vampire bats is frequently heard as they cluster on the branches in search of wild fruits. There is the bark of the sambur stag as he calls together the herd, cropping the leaves in the young tree jungle, and shrouded in the grass in waiting for his coming is his feline enemy, visible only by two bright emerald eyes. The hum of a thousand small flies blends with the murmur of the river and the rustle of the leaves as they are gently stirred by the night breeze, and combine to lull the traveller to sleep.

These are the quieter aspects of Nature in these wild hill tracts; but the life of the officers of the outposts was rendered at times eventful by the ravages of the tribes who often nursed feuds between themselves, and who were always meditating raids upon the helpless and unarmed villages under British protection. When the harvest was gathered in, and enforced idleness encouraged deep drinking. the men began to get dangerous; the love of adventure combined with the craving for bloodshed took possession of these rude minds. The warriors of a tribe, or of several tribes, united in one raid would always endeavour to surprise an enemy. They travelled by night, and during the day lay concealed in the dense undergrowth of the forest. No fire was lighted lest the smoke should betray their whereabouts, and cooked victuals were carried. A village was attacked in the grey light of early dawn. Should the surprise be complete, all the inhabitants were cut down except such women and children as were valued as captives; the village was fired, and the heads of the slain carried off as trophies. The value of the latter was much enhanced by the notion current that human sacrifices were necessary to the success of agricultural operations. The return of a successful raiding party was celebrated with shouts by the women and children, an ample feast of beef and spirits partaken of, and a general carousal followed. The bloody heads were piled in a heap as the proudest spoil of war. On such a night the watchful sentry in the stockade of our frontier post may see in the far distance flames shooting upward from the burning thatch and bamboo of the village huts. Should the direction lie outside the sphere of British government, the assailant and vanquished are left to settle matters in their own fashion, but if it be a case for interference the bugle is sounded, rifles and blankets hastily slung on the shoulders, and away in the darkness of the early morning marches the Police Officer and a half

company through the devious tracks in the forest now shrouded in the white night mist. They must hurry if the raiders are to be intercepted, but the duty is an imperative one, and no rest can be allowed until a position has been taken up on the path by which the victors will probably return to their own village. This means a forced march of perhaps fifteen miles through briars, bamboo thickets, long grass, impeded by many an insidious parasite and tendril that lies to trip the traveller, under low arches of dense undergrowth, and over fallen stumps, often without water to drink or food to renovate the fast failing physical powers. To be a few minutes too late is to incur total failure in the expedition, since the wary foes in full flight to their own stronghold can well outstrip their pursuers. Are they in time an ambush is formed, and as the wild men, bloody and exultant, dragging along their captives, approach, they are received with the fire of rifles, followed by a rapid rush: the kookri or curved knife is at work, but none of the savages will stand to fight. Most get away into the dense jungle, some fall dead, and the captives. mostly women and children, are left trembling and crouching on the field. The sun is now shooting his gilded rays upon the trees that crown the mountain summit; the white mist is rising out of the valleys, and the bulbuls, heedless of the scene of carnage, prune their feathers and chirp their opening notes upon the mossy boughs. After a rest and a wash in the nearest stream, the officer and his men, with the spoils of war, start off to the site of the previous night's foul work. A long climb up the neighbouring mountain, sometimes by the bed of some impetuous torrent, painfully slipping over its waterworn rocks and grasping for support at the gnarled roots or hanging creepers that almost concealed its course, or forcing their way through bamboo thicket, the party comes upon the smouldering embers of the bamboo huts and stockade of the village which has been plundered. Pools of blood here and there redden the ground, still fed by the trickling veins of headless corpses. Slaughtered babes even lie among the slain, and those few of the living who managed to secrete themselves in the forest during the assault are crouched among the burning ruins with their heads buried in their hands or sending up a wail to the unknown god. There is nothing for the Police Officer to do but to release the captives and enlist the aid of a friendly tribe for rebuilding the village. The dead must be forgotten. Vengeance must stand over until Government can send a military expedition into these hill tracts to settle the account of several years' outrages. At this juncture arrives the

Political with reinforcements and supplies by another path. A conference is held and needful food taken; the night passed amid these gruesome surroundings, and the whole force starts on the return march, mud-stained and bedraggled, back to headquarters, to open a fresh chapter in their usually uneventful life.

A hundred miles away the rolling surf breaks upon the sands of Pittapetta. It was pleasant to come away from the savage people of the hills and be among the simple toilers of the sea; to lie beneath the shade of the waving palms and watch the fisher launch his rude raft of three rough logs, bound together and slightly curved at the He pushes the craft through the crested billows, jumping athwart of it as it rides into the deeper water, and hoisting the threecornered tanned sail to the breeze, stands out for the offing for his daily task. One or two catamarans unite with his to trawl with a drag net towards the shore. What wonderful denizens of the sea he views as he swings his legs in the lukewarm water! He says that all the varieties of colour that ordinary mortals see in the beasts of the field and forest can be witnessed in the creatures which move in deep waters; many which never come to the surface, but which glide blindly in and out among the fern, reed, and sponge-like corals. which form their habitual shelter from their fierce enemies. dragging the nets all day, the little craft come one by one through the curling surf to land, and throw their spoil into the baskets which the expectant women and children have brought to the water's edge. The setting sun reddens the bronzed faces to a tint akin to the garments thrown loosely round the figures. Gladness brightens the eyes if the day have been a good one, and some of the primer fish have been netted which will fetch a few rupees among the English residents in Pittapetta. Away go some of the women and children with basket trays upon their heads to hawk the delicacies among the bungalows perched upon the sandhills here and there, just in time for the evening meal; and later they troop back with silent tread to their grass-thatched huts to count their money and to plan how it is to be spent, albeit small pieces. The moonlight flecks with silver the shining fronds of the palm as it waves restless to the evening breeze, and the bats flit hurriedly after the insects which the tropical warmth brings forth in myriads. The melancholy cry of the jackal goes up from the thorny acacias that stud the sandy plain, and heralds the long night. It is time to go home. Home! the word seems strange sometimes; the wanderer's thoughts revert with lightning speed to scenes of early life, to an ivy-covered house

set in elms and oaks, to gambols on the green lawn with a fond father, to where he sat at his mother's feet and spelt out the old Bible stories, and where he learnt all that is good and true ere he went forth to play a man's part alone. Still there is a home even in this far-off land; for here is duty, and for him who strives to do it the love and kindly ministrations of those with whom he lives and works, dark-hued and of a stranger race although they be. Here is repose which the busy cities of the West have forgotten. Let us lie down and sleep, lulled by the ceaseless plash of the waves and the fragrance of the jasmine that clusters round the open casement.

E. O. WALKER.

#### SHAKESPEARE'S PISCINE LORE.

I NCLUDING the two doubtful plays of "Titus Andronicus" and "Pericles," as also the Sonnets and other poems, it will be found that the writings of Shakespeare contain some 200 references and allusions to fish and fishing, some quaint, some instructive, others well-nigh as laughable as sundry of dear old Father Izaak's zoological theories; but all to be treated with that reverence which will be intended throughout this paper, occasional unbendings on the part of the writer notwithstanding.

And first, as beseems the importance of the art piscatorial, and because matter pertaining to it is so abundant, the subject is fittingly introduced in the words of Ancient Pistol ("2 Henry IV.," ii. 4): "Hold hook and line, say I," a sentiment which will be ever heartily echoed by brethren of the angle, a brotherhood so firm and united that one thinks of Polonius's advice to his son: "The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel." A brief dissertation concerning this trembles upon the pen, but the lure has to be rejected, seeing that some readings give "hoops of steel."

An early example of the stirring effect the subject of fish is apt to exercise upon the imagination (of which we do not absolutely lack modern instances), is furnished by the remark of Autolycus, in the "Winter's Tale." That arch rogue—who could not have been a member of the angling fraternity, which is confessedly composed of "honest, civil, quiet men"—tells the gullible bumpkins to whom he was exhibiting his wares of "a fish that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday, the fourscore of April, 40,000 fathom above water, and sung a ballad." It must be admitted, however, that the statement was somewhat guarded.

Another instance of circumspection is to be found in the "Tempest," the piscatorial flavour being, however, faint and allusive. Gonzalo says (Act ii. scene 1): "Is not, Sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean in a sort." Antonio replies: "That sort was well fish'd for." Truly, seeing that some time had elapsed, plus the consequences of their recent shipwreck, that "sort"

was well fished for; the miraculous intervention of Prospero notwithstanding.

The vermicular method is not the highest form of the angler's art, but it is the most familiar and probably the most ancient. There is little doubt the Bard, who speaks often of "running brooks," "small brooks," and the like, not only loved "to pore upon the brook that babbles by," but also, in his youth at least, practised upon trout or perch or roach with bended hook and well-scoured worm, inasmuch as he frequently betrays considerable familiarity with the technicalities of the angler's system. Take, for instance, the words put into the mouth of Hamlet (iv. 3); when moralising upon the death of Polonius, he says, very aptly: "A man may fish with the worm that hath eaten a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm."

There are some familiar passages in the drama of "Antony and Cleopatra," which being apposite to my subject in general and this section in particular, I venture to quote. Says Octavius Cæsar, of Antony: "He fishes, drinks, and wastes the lamp of night in revelry" (i. 4). From this we learn that the triumvir Marcus Antonius was neither a worthy nor a legitimate follower of the "gentle art." A little moderate drinking does not misbecome any fisherman, but wasting the lamp of night in revelry is not only inconsistent with the conduct of a true sportsman, but also calculated to unfit him for the due prosecution of his craft. In the same play (ii. 5), we find the following:

CLEO. Give me mine angle; we'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and as I draw them up
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, "Ah, ah! you're caught."

CHARMIAN. 'Twas merry when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.
CLEO. That time! Oh times!

The notices of the subject of angling, whether allusively in figure or simile, or in direct reference, are many; it lends itself prettily to metaphorical treatment; the Bard taking due advantage thereof, as many notable instances illustrate. What can be sweeter than Ursula's lines ("Much Ado")? In response thereto, do not the hearts of all Father Izaak's disciples cry "Amen?"—

The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish Cut with her golden oars the silver stream, And greedily devour the treacherous bait. Obviously, the reference here is not to bottom-fishing; certainly it is not to fly-fishing. The generally unfailing accuracy and truth of the poet's language and observation would seem to indicate that which Charles Cotton designates "angling in the middle with a minnow or ground bait;" for, of course, any kind of bait with hook attached might very properly be termed "treacherous." Perhaps the method called "sinking and drawing," or "sinking and roving," is touched upon.

Again, Bertram, in "All's Well," v. 3, says, "She knew her distance, and did angle for me." And Polixenes, in the "Winter's Tale," iv. 1: "I fear the angle that plucks our son thither"—Perdita, to wit. And in the moving scene at the dénouement of the same play: "One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes (caught the water, though not the fish), was . . . ." There is a quibble or double meaning in the use of the word "water" in the foregoing passage which is quite in Shakespeare's punning vein.

Also we find Hotspur saying of King Henry IV. (iv. 3), "By this seeming brow of justice did he win the hearts of all that he did angle for . . .;" and Cressida, to Troilus, "To angle for your thoughts." Hamlet, of Claudius, says, "He has thrown out his angle for my proper life," which, as we have already observed, is not the only instance of the Prince of Denmark's borrowing a figure from the realm piscatorial. Edgar's allusion ("Lear," iii. 4) is an unpleasing one, when he says, "Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness."

Recurring momentarily to the "Winter's Tale" (i. 2), one discovers that Leontes soliloquises after a manner that gives rise in us to two thoughts. We think of either the playing of a fish after it is hooked, or the humouring of one after it has taken but not pouched a dead-gorge bait, and also of the reprehensible practice of poaching, when he declares: "I am angling now, though you perceive not how I give line . . . many a man there is . . . that little thinks . . . his pond fish'd by his next neighbour." Truly, an unneighbourly and unsportsmanlike action.

There is much philosophy and food for reflection in the following passage from "Pericles," the wisdom of which is not at all out of date now:

3RD FISHERMAN. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

IST FISH. Why, as men do a-land—the great ones eat up the little ones.

PER. (aside). How from the finny subject of the sea these fishers tell the infirmities of men: and from their watery empire recollect all that many men approve, or men detect!

2ND FISH. (to Per.). Canst thou catch any fishes, then?

PER. I never practis'd it.

2ND FISH. Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure: for there's nothing to be got nowadays, unless thou canst fish for 't.

[Fisherman draws up a net.]

2ND FISH. Help, master, help! Here's a fish hangs in the net like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out.

The observation of Pericles, "I never practis'd it," seems to imply that he underrated the difficulties pertaining to the art of catching fishes; and suggests comparison with the reply, "I never tried," of the man who was asked if he could play the fiddle.

The foregoing examples will be found fully sufficient to illustrate the many-sided Shakespeare's familiarity with the angle and its use, as also with other permissible methods of catching or ensnaring both salt-water and fresh-water fish. That he was not ignorant of at least one illegitimate mode is to be gathered by the attentive student of his works. Most of us willingly lend ear to suggestions that a certain deer-stealing adventure in Squire Lucy's park is apocryphal; it is equally to be hoped—particularly by those thousands of anglers who love to kill a trout in sportsmanlike manner—that the fervency of young Will of Stratford's spirits never induced the glorious lad to indulge in that which our cousins north of the Tweed term "guddling." In "Measure for Measure" (i. 2) it is written: "Groping for trouts in a peculiar river;" and in "Twelfth Night" (ii. 5), Maria says, "Here comes the trout that must be caught by tickling." Whether or not the bard indulged in groping or tickling for trout in his early days is unknown; joyfully we give him the benefit of the doubt. But it is only too evident that the nefarious practice was common even so far back as the days of "Good" Queen Elizabeth.

In speaking erstwhile of the poet's familiarity with the angle, we used the term "angle" in its comprehensive and dictionary sense—
"a fishing-rod with a line and a hook." As an enlargement of our subject, and perfectly germane thereto, let us regard that which is so usually an attribute of the angle—the necessary, sometimes loathsome bait. Of this word, and of that which it implies, Shakespeare makes frequent and, of course, skilful use. "She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks" ("Lucrece," 15). "That her ear lose nothing of the false sweet bait that we lay for it" (Hero, of Beatrice, in "Much Ado," iii. 1). "Past reason hated, as a swaliowed bait" (Sonnet 129). "The tender nibbler would not touch the bait" ("Passionate Pilgrim"); cf. Ovid:

The fish once prick'd avoids the bearded hook, And spoils the sport of all the neighb'ring brook. . . .

All these speak for themselves and require no comment. Further, in "Hamlet," ii. 1, we find Polonius saying to Rinaldo. "See you now; your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:" which would seem to imply that your carp was a gullible creature: such, however, and alas! not being the case, at any rate in these Nor was this fish regarded as an easy prey by the skilled anglers of 250 years ago. Writing about thirty years after the death of our immortal subject, Master Izaak Walton says: "The carp is the queen of rivers . . . a very subtle fish . . . if you will fish for a carp you must put on a very large measure of patience . . ." Elsewhere, with pain one notes unflattering reference to Cyprinus which Vanière lauds thus: "Of all the fish that swim the watery mead, not one in cunning can the carp exceed." Buffon was so impressed with its extreme caution and wiliness that he designated it "the freshwater fox"; as for Walton, to that which we have already quoted, there is appended the remark, "He is hard to be caught." Now, whatever may be thought of old Izaak as a naturalist, it must be admitted that as regards deluding coarse fish he was decidedly "all

The passage to which we were proposing to direct the reader's attention before the preceding divagation somewhat diverted the current, is from "All's Well," v. 2, wherein the Clown speaks as follows: "Here is a pur of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat, that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is mud dyed withal: pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decay'd, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave." Not very flattering to Parolles, to whom they were addressed—full of those puns the bard delighted to put into the mouths of his inimitable fools, for the pleasuring of the groundlings—these words, with the single exception of "ingenious," are a distinct libel upon the whole race of *Cyprinidæ*, with this assuagement, that they are only a portion of the fooling of a professional jester, whose aim was rather to astonish and amuse than to define and instruct.

Shakespeare seems ever to use the word bait in its derivative or secondary sense, to wit, as food to entice or allure—as bait for fish, and never as bait for travellers, which is a feed by way of refreshment taken in passing (Saxon, batan, to bait or feed). Thus, for instance, with true piscatorial significance does Imogen use it in her metaphor when she says ("Cymbeline," iii. 4): "But worn, a bait for ladies," viz., good seeming. Again, Gratiano ("Merchant of Venice," i. 1) thus reproves the grave and silent demeanour of his friend the merchant: "But fish not with this melancholy bait for

this fool-gudgeon, this opinion." The gudgeon has been long regarded as a fitting type of simplicity. In the argot of the Stock Exchange, I believe, the unwary prey of the "bucket-shop" keepers, and other "sharps," or "sharks" (or "pike"), the "flats" are termed "gudgeons." Commenting on Sir J. Hawkins's notes to Walton's brief hints upon fishing for gudgeon, "Ephemera," styling the same "imperfect and obscure," contemptuously sums up the sport of gudgeonangling as a sort of pis-aller piscatorial pastime. It is, nathless, pretty practice for the embryonic fly-fisher. A well known modern authority writes, "The fish is a bold biter, so bold, indeed, as to warrant Shakespeare's epithet, 'fool-gudgeon,' and, unless some electrical or thermal influence upset their appetites they are more easily and rapidly taken than any other fish." Save only parr at certain seasons, when you want troutlets. The late David Foster, the eminent naturalist-angler of the Peak, well sums up the subject by asserting that "their chief use to the angler is for bait for the larger species of fish."

In this connection no follower of a certain branch of the angler's art requires to be told of the uses and merits of a nice bright lively dace. Shakespeare was evidently aware of the attractiveness of these little beauties in a certain quarter, for Falstaff says (of Justice Shallow), "If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him ("2 Henry IV.," iii. 1).

Other instances include the following, inter alia:

COR. Believe 't not lightly . . . your son will be caught by cautelous baits. Coriolanus, iv. I.

Cautelous, or insidious, baits have not yet gone out of fashion, either among anglers or Philistines.

> SALAR. Thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for? SHY. To bait fish withal .- Merchant of Venice, iii. I.

CHORUS (of JULIET). And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks. Romeo and Juliet, i. 5.

By reason, that is, of the feud between the rival houses.

ANGELO. O cunning enemy, that to catch a saint, With saints dost bait thy hook. - Measure for Measure, ii. 2.

CLAUDIO (aside). Bait the hook well; this fish [Benedick] will bite.

Much Ado, ii. 3.

TAMORA. I will enchant the old Andronicus With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep; When as the one is wounded with the bait, The other rotted with delicious feed.

Titus Andronicus, iv. 4.

TAM. continuing: After showing how she can smooth and utilise Andronicus as a bait, and so sway his son—

Now will I to that old Andronicus, And temper him with all the art I have To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.—*Ibid*.

Some dozen times does Shakespeare speak of certain of the rivers of his and our land. It is, however, noteworthy that not once does he refer to the lovely Warwickshire Avon by name. That it must often have been in his thoughts one doubts not, nor that he has repeatedly limned it when drawing some of his lovely waterside sketches; such as, for instance, when he says:

Thy banks with peonies and lilied brims, Which spungy April at thy hest betrims.

Moreover, one likes to think that the Swan of Avon was thinking of his own, doubtlessly much-loved, river when he penned the lines already quoted, beginning with:

The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish Cut with her golden oars the silver stream.

Here, moreover, is a picture (to frame in Memory's inmost sanctuary) of a stream wherein dwell many dappled trout.

The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou knowest, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hindered
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean. — Two G.ntlemen, ii. 7.

Then there is tangled foliage hard by, in which Queen Mab might glory; the background is the beautiful blue heaven filled with its proper radiant landscape of cloud and sunshine. What is the glimmer of gemmy regalia to this everlasting splendour?

Surely the poet's eye must often have noted such alluring sights as he sate or lounged beside the water between Stratford and Warwick. That he was not an angler is hard to believe; seeing that he was a manly man, fond of the air and Nature's moods; one in whom the sound mind assuredly inhabited the sound body; one in whom the placid pastime would be so singularly adapted—we presume to think. And then, see what a number of times he touches upon the great topic, and with what obvious knowledge!

He never mentions the silvery Stratford Avon by name; but four times he speaks of the Trent, which was a neighbour of his, probably known and held dear; neighbours also, Wye and Severn. Of that river—which derives its name either from the fact that thirty kinds of fishes are found in it (vide Walton), or because that number of streams, great and small, flow into it, or for some other reason—of the Trent we find it written:

. . . . from Trent and Severn hitherto. . . .

I Henry IV., iii. I.
Northward lying off from Trent. . . .—Ibid.
Here the smug and silver Trent shall run.—Ibid.

Here the smug and silver Trent shall run.—*lòid*. Come, you shall have the Trent turned.—*Ibid*.

Besides the reference to Severn previously quoted, in the same place Shakespeare felicitously dubs that noble river, "sandybottomed."

Thrice is the Wye mentioned—once in conjunction with "sandy-bottom'd Severn," and twice by the loyal, valiant, disputive, and patriotic Captain Fluellen. To King Henry V. he says: "All the water in Wye cannot wash your Majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that;" whilst to his friend, Captain Gower, he explains that Macedon and Monmouth are much of a muchness, both having rivers ("It is called Wye at Monmouth, and there are salmons in both").

Our chiefest river, that upon which Modern Babylon stands, is once introduced: "I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in the Thames up to the neck," says Bates, the honest soldier, of his disguised sovereign ("Henry V.," iv. 1).

So much for rivers. Of those fascinating water-courses yelept brooks, we read many things. For example, very true to Nature in the remark—often misquoted—("2 Henry VI.," iii. 1):

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.

The melancholy Jaques, a man of taste and sentiment, was wont to hie him to a "brook that brawls along the wood," there to dream and moralise, as many an angler right gladly would upon occasions forbidden by the stern decrees of this work-a-day century-end.

There is another reference to that which is synonymous with streamlet. Master Brook ("Merry Wives," ii. 2) sends up to Sir John Falstaff a morning's draught of sack. Quoth the knight (with the bard's fond trick of paronomasia), "Such Brooks are welcome to me that o'erflow such liquor."

Let us direct our attention to some of the occasions upon which Shakespeare speaks of certain fishes by name, as also those when fish are generally treated of, together with observations thereupon.

At the inn at Rochester, the second carrier says to his fellow, "I think this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas;

I am stung like a tench" ("I Henry IV.," ii. I). The philosophical reason adduced for this flea-plagued condition of affairs need not here be set down. The expression, however, is eminently appropriate; doubtless the carter was "stung" (or tinted) like a tench, which fish derives its name from the Latin tinca; so called, says Aulus Gellius, because it is tincta (tinted).

From the "mucous-bluish olive carp," as Dr. Fleming designates Cyprinus tinca, we pass to the ravenous, kingly pike. Master Slender tells us that Robert Shallow, Esquire, J.P., quarters a dozen white luces in his coat. Sir Hugh Evans plays upon louses, and then Squire Shallow emits the valuable piece of information that "the luce is the fresh fish" ("Merry Wives," i. 1).

The erudite Dr. Brewer says: "Luce. Flower de Luce. A corruption of fleur de lis." The fleurs-de-lys are, of course, the famed lilies of France—the chosen blossoms of Louis VII. More anciently, people wrote fleure delices. That a lucy or luce is the mature pike, every piscatorial schoolboy knows. Thus, Justice Shallow aforesaid amplifies the phrase already quoted, saying, "The luce is the fresh fish, the salt fish is an old coat"—i.e. Lucy is a new name, the old one was Charlcote. Shakespeare, of course (word-juggling, as usual), is gibing at Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlcote, a grudge against whom, in the matter of that deer business, he has magnanimously repaid by immortalising that country squire under the guise of Justice Shallow.

Caliban makes a remark ("Tempest," ii. 2) which sheds a sidelight upon a custom of the Elizabethan and Jacobean era. Throwing off all allegiance to his master, the monster sings, "No more dams I'll make for fish . . . " Compare the prologue to the "Canterbury Tales":

Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in mewe, And many a brem and many a luce in stewe.

This unsportsmanlike person, according to our notions, was the Frankeleyn, of whom Chaucer tells us expressively, "Hit snewede in his hous of mete and drinke."

We find that Shakespeare thrice uses the word "oyster." In reply to Falstaff's stern "I will not lend thee a penny," Pistol cries, "Why then all the world's mine oyster, which I with sword will open." Of Bolingbroke, King Richard II. says, "Off goes his bonnet to an oyster wench." Then there is that piece of wisdom of the most philosophic and lovable fool in "Lear" (i. 5):

FOOL. Canst tell me how an oyster makes his shell? LEAR. No.

FOOL. Nor I either.

The toothsome eel receives a fair amount of notice; both the conger and the more delicate anguilla. "You muddy conger," Mistress Tearsheet disparagingly dubs Sir John Falstaff; yet with some fittingness, having regard to the context. "He eats conger and fennel," occurs in the same play ("Henry IV."). In "Pericles" (iv. 3), Boult observes, "I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the bed of eels . . . "—a pregnant remark. The Fool in "Lear" (ii. 4) advises: "Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels, when she put them in the paste alive." Moth, in "Love's Labour Lost," instances the quickness of the eel; whilst Petruchio, in the "Taming of the Shrew," asks his froward wife: "Is the adder better than the eel because his painted skin contents the eye?"

Coming to casual references to various kinds of salt-water and fresh-water fishes, it is to be noted that the Bard thrice alludes to the leviathan, and ten times directly to the whale; twice to the shrimp, and some eight times to the herring—("Here comes Romeo without his roe, like a dried herring"—and, therefore, lacking the better part); twice to minnows; once to mackerel; once to the sole—with a pun; and to fish generically, many times. Once we hear of mussels—differently spelt—to wit, when Prospero says, "Thy food shall be the fresh brook muscles." In the same play Caliban exclaims: "I'll fish for thee . . . I'll get thee young scamels (limpets) from the rock."

We have already noticed how Sir John Falstaff was compared by a damsel to a conger, by reason of the muddiness of his conversation. The fat knight likened himself to a choicer fish: "I am a soused gurnet," says he. This gurnet, or gurnard (trigla), supposed to be so called on account of the sound it makes when taken out of the water (L. grunnio), is highly esteemed for the table, whether of the red, the grey, or the sapphire variety; as Sir John doubtlessly well knew—particularly if wine (sack, in his case) be added.

Several times do we read of stock-fish, which were wont to prove useful in Lent and on Fridays: hake dried and salted, similarly convenient, seem to have been held in lesser esteem; for Trinculo says, "What have we here?... a fish: he smells like a fish; a kind of not of the newest Poor John. A strange fish!" And Gregory thus addresses the valiant Sampson: "'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been Poor John." Other fish, or parts thereof, thus come in for attention: "If like a crab you could go backwards" ("Hamlet," ii. 2); "To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail" ("Othello," ii. 1); "'Twas caviare to the general" ("Hamlet," ii. 2); "Dolphins or dog-fish" ("I Henry VI.," i. 4).

Times well nigh innumerable our poet speaks of the fly; but not once, alas! of "flies" in the angler's sense thereof. How interesting would have been the information conveyed as to the knowledge of the fly-fisher's art in the days of Elizabeth and James, that "learned fool," had but Shakespeare been moved to glance thereat! However, it is hardly to be expected. Cotton was not born until fourteen years after the death of the Bard; as for Walton, though that prince of piscators was twenty-three years of age at the time when the body of the greatest of England's literary sons was laid to rest; though he was at that time probably an ardent and skilful angler; yet we know what we know about the master's proficiency in the higher branch of "the contemplative man's recreation:" and therefore perhaps it is not so wonderful that the great national storehouse of knowledge contains nothing about fly-fishing. However, divine Will is not far out when he asserts per Imogen ("Cymbeline," iv. 2): "The imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish, poor tributary rivers as sweet fish." In such matters as did come within the scope of his prescient observation he was singularly inspired.

Finally, reluctantly closing a fascinating topic, let us cull the following gem from "Venus and Adonis:" "No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears." On the part of the venatic youth who gives utterance to it, a very laudable and sportsmanlike remark, which deserves not only to be carved alongside the famous Piscatoribus Sacrum by the bank of sweet and fluent Dove, but also to be vividly depicted or otherwise called to attention wherever and whenever the angler and the water are brought into juxtaposition.

CLIFFORD CORDLEY.

# HEBRIDEANS AS PATRIOTS AND NAVAL RESERVISTS.

The requirements of the country demanded that the enemy's fleets should be annihilated, and it is only numbers which can annihilate.—Nelson.

We have no defence, or hope of defence, except in our fleet. - Wellington.

It was bad policy to encourage the military mania instead of sticking to your marine, which is the real force of your country, and one which, if you preserve it, will always render you powerful.—Napoleon the Great on England.

We have been playing with the Reserve question ever since the abolition of impressment made our navy so fearfully weak in *personnel* as compared with the French. We have literally and truly no reserve of ships and men.—Admiral Sir Thomas Symonds.

THE recent controversy that has been carried on in the Times between Mr. Bowlby, the proprietor of Knoydart, and certain members of the Highland Land Law Reform Association has induced me to rake up arguments in favour of the crofter system. Highlanders are better known as soldiers than as sailors, although there is not a family in the West Highlands which has not had one or two of its sons members of the mercantile marine or in the Royal Navy, and I can remember the time when it was common enough to meet Highland sailors who had been to all parts of the globe; and most interesting characters they were. Among the earliest recollections of my boyhood are two oil-paintings representing a large East Indiaman, the Macqueen, which was called after and commanded by a Hebridean, a grandson of the Rev. Dr. Macqueen, the friend of Dr. Johnson. The Macqueen in a cyclone, and the Macqueen entering Madras roads with all sails set in fine weather, excited my youthful imagination to such a degree that it inspired me with a longing for adventure at a very early age, and I remember being ignominiously captured by an alarmed and agitated nurse, who discovered me in a boat endeavouring to set sail for China with the avowed intention of making my fortune like the great merchant-prince Matheson, who then lived at Inverinate, on the opposite shore of Loch Duich. The oil-paintings were executed by a petty officer of the

ship, a Highlander, and they are to this day as good as ever to prove the wonderful aptitude of the old-time sailor as a Jack-of-alltrades.

When I first went to India, in 1859, I sailed from Glasgow in one of the clipper ships belonging to the "City" line, and made the voyage round the Cape. Quite one-half of the men in the ship were West Highlanders, the merchant seamen in those days being splendid specimens of their race in every respect. There were only two passengers besides myself, but the voyage was never dull, owing to the fact that I mixed freely with the apprentices and able seamen, who were most entertaining companions. The ship's carpenter had a lovely tenor voice, which still lives in my memory; he never condescended to prostitute it by singing inferior and questionable songs, and every one of his ballads might have been sung before the most strait-laced matron without offending her ears-in fact, I do not remember hearing a suggestive or vulgar ditty at any of the singsongs during the whole four months of that long and happy voyage, although there was not a woman on board to keep us in order. I may mention that during my boyhood I mixed freely with soldiers. sailors, and fishermen, and I assert with pride and pleasure that I benefited considerably from intercourse with these men. not the generally accepted opinion of those good people who look upon soldiers and sailors as the scum of the country; but both my brother and I, who were in a great measure barrack children, landed in India as innocent in thought and deed as any youth who had been tied to his mother's apron-strings. The consequence is that I have a very tender place in my heart for those who have braved "the battle and the breeze," and to see an old soldier begging his bread in the streets is to me the saddest sight imaginable. other day I walked down Piccadilly, and by the Burlington Arcade I saw a veteran selling bootlaces with four medals on his breast-on one of his medals were four clasps; walking on a little farther, in Oxford Street I came across an old hussar playing the penny whistle for coppers. These men were true-born Britons; and it is not surprising to me that, with such living examples to damp the ardour of young men, we fail to secure recruits of the proper stamp for the army. I have a strong suspicion that the patriotism of the well-todo Englishman is hidden away in his boots or at the bottom of his money-bag. Rudyard Kipling has striven hard to touch the heart of the nation with his barrack-room ballads and stories; but in my opinion he has failed owing to the fact that he is not sufficiently in earnest, having sacrificed everything to making a caricature of the soldier. With all his cleverness and versatility he does not know the British soldier, although, according to the late Mr. Francis Adams in the *Fortnightly Review*, he stands high on a pedestal as "the sweet psalmist of Jingoism and Adultery."

The men of the West Highlands and the Hebrides have always been excellent sailors, and last year at Havre I had the pleasure of meeting a young man of the crofter class from Stornoway, who was then in command of one of the largest English steamers in the harbour. In the United Service Magazine for March 1803 a most interesting account is given of the Naval Reserve in the Hebrides, by Commander the Hon. Henry N. Shore, R.N., in which it is stated that "when the Duke of Edinburgh visited Stornoway in the capacity of Admiral Superintendent of Naval Reserves, His Royal Highness was surprised and gratified to find a magnificent body of 1,100 men, out of an enrolled force of nearly 1,700, drawn up to receive him. It was a body of men, moreover, which, in regard to physique, compared favourably with any force enrolled in the regular service of the Crown, the average height of the men being 5 feet 8 inches; while in steadiness under arms and proficiency at drill these Hebrideans would have more than held their own with any ship's company in the fleet."

Naval efficiency is one of the questions of the day, as on it depends the stability of the British Empire, and this is my excuse for urging the claims of crofter fishermen for consideration in increasing the Naval Reserve. The United Service Magazine never published a more valuable and interesting article than the one by Commander Shore, and it would be a good idea to have it reprinted in pamphlet form and widely circulated. Highlanders have always proved themselves to be extremely intelligent and painstaking in learning their drill, and the advantage of this can only be fully appreciated when it is stated that under ordinary circumstances it takes a man six or seven years to become a perfect fighting sailor in the navy. This, however, is what Commander Shore says of the Hebrideans: "The extraordinary aptitude displayed by the Lewis men in learning their drills, and the high standard of efficiency attained—bearing in mind the shortness of the training, twenty-eight days a year-has excited the astonishment of every competent observer. A naval officer of high rank, totally unconnected with the Reserves, who visited Stornoway subsequently to the Duke of Edinburgh's inspection, told the battery officer that when he commanded a Naval Reserve drill-ship some years before, he used to pride himself on the men's gun-drill; but that after what he had seen at Stornoway he could boast no longer—that, in fact, he must admit he had never seen men drill with such precision, steadiness, or *quietness*; while as regards laying and pointing the guns, in his opinion no seamen-gunners could have done it better."

The above-mentioned opinions of competent authorities speak volumes in favour of the extension of the Naval Reserve system in the West Highlands, as it is very necessary to secure the services of men who possess a high order of intelligence, so that they may quickly master the working of all new appliances. For instance, a telegram from Melbourne states that a Mr. Seymour Allan, a resident of Sydney, has invented a submarine torpedo-boat which will revolutionise naval warfare. The intricate mechanism of these new inventions will surely necessitate the employment of a superior class of men to work them. Moreover, our blue-jackets must be enthusiasts; and this is what Commander Shore says of the enthusiasm prevailing among the men of the Lewis: "It was a common occurrence when a party of Reserve men got together in the villages, out of the drill season, for one of them to stand out and put the others through their drills, and if he made a mistake to fall back into the ranks while another took his place. Again, the men would often assemble in the village schoolroom with their drill-books and sticks, and practise the exercise for a couple of hours at a stretch. away at the fishing, lying by their nets at night, the men were in the habit of discussing their drills, reserving any disputed point for the chief officer's decision on their return to port. Questions of this sort were constantly being referred to the officer, showing that the men are not so thoughtless as some people consider.

"Not the least curious part of the matter is that when the young men join the force they almost always displayed some rudimentary knowledge of the gun-drill, which was explained by the discovery of the fact that the older hands were in the habit of coaching up the youngsters when away on the fishing-grounds."

France has a Naval Reserve of 113,000 men, whilst the Naval Reserve of England only numbers 23,000; many of this number of English Reservists may, or may not, volunteer to serve when war occurs, as it must be remembered that most of them are scattered all over the world in various merchant vessels. Moreover, there is no nucleus to draw upon, as hundreds of our merchant steamers are now manned by Lascars instead of by English seamen. Indeed, the English seaman of the present day is a very degenerate being compared with what he was in the good old time when freights from

Calcutta to London commanded as much as £5 to £6 per ton. It therefore stands to reason that an adequate Naval Reserve should be created from our crofter-fishermen and others who have developed so much genuine enthusiasm for the work.

The exigencies of the public service compel me to suggest that the Hebrides and the West Highlands should be turned into a suitable home for crofter-fishermen by making over to them the land that is now occupied by deer-forests and large sheep-farms. The Duke of Sutherland is setting a most excellent example in this respect to proprietors of large estates by his schemes for enabling his small tenants to become owners of their holdings. Co-operative dairying and stock-breeding are certain to revolutionise farming in even the most remote corners of the United Kingdom, and now is the time for crofters to prove that they can rise to the occasion. Surely what the French can do they can imitate. They should abandon all attempts at raising potatoes and corn, and confine their farming operations exclusively to dairying, sheep, and cattle-breeding. There are many quick-growing species of barley which would be profitable to grow in the Highlands as fodder crops. If sown on an extensive scale ensilage of excellent quality could be made from green barley. Oats, too, which so often break the hearts of crofters by refusing to ripen in unpropitious seasons, could be turned into ensilage for use in the winter months when fodder is scarce. Cheap concentrated feeding-stuffs from India and the West Coast of Africa might also be used to advantage in the Highlands. All this would enable the northern counties to maintain a very much larger population than they do at present.

Even in the days when Dr. Johnson paid his memorable visit to the Hebrides, Europe was supplied with fish from the West Highlands; and I am convinced that if an improved dietary were introduced among the labouring classes in the rural districts of England it would do much to remove the taint of drunkenness from the people. Richard Jefferies, in his delightful books, "The Toilers of the Field" and "The Open Air," has thrown a flood of light on the way in which the agricultural labourer and his family live, and under the circumstances there seems to be every excuse for Hodge resorting to the public-house to allay the cravings of a diseased appetite. At best his meals consist of bacon and weak tea, with sodden cabbages and other greens. This is just the food calculated to develop an abnormal thirst in the farm-labourer, and we accordingly find him wasting his substance at the beer-shop. Fish and salad oil are unknown luxuries to Hodge, although I am certain that if they

formed part of his daily food they would help to regulate his digestion and lessen the unhealthy appetite for beer. abstemious people on the face of this earth are those who are large consumers of oil with their food, and yet I question very much if one man in a thousand among our English farm-labourers knows the taste of it. Now, the labourer takes great interest in his garden and allotment, as he depends largely upon vegetables, and the iudicious use of oil would be of great benefit in an improved dietary, as it would prevent the fermentation caused in the stomach by the presence of vegetables, and would correct flatulence. who are unable to take cod-liver oil find that salad oil is just as nourishing, and they get very fond of it when taken in salads and with fish. An improved dietary for the working classes should therefore engage the attention of a paternal government and philanthropists if they want to improve the condition of the people. no use preaching the ethics of Christianity to people who feed like pigs. If Richard Jefferies' description of the daily life of the English farm-labourer is correct, the first thing necessary is to improve the temple of his body with nutritious and easily-digested food. French are far and away ahead of the English in this respect, and the consequence is that we find their peasantry frugal, sober, and industrious—a model race, in fact—and this in itself shows that an improved dietary has supreme influence in developing the moral and material welfare of a nation. The French scour the markets of the world for oil-seeds from which oil is expressed for alimentary purposes. A Marseilles merchant was the first who experimented with the earth-nut oil as a substitute for olive oil, and now there is a very extensive trade in earth-nuts from India and the West Coast of Africa to France. The price of earth-nuts (Arachis hypogæa) rose from 15 rupees to 30 rupees per candy (= five cwt.) owing to the French demand, and every available bag of this valuable oil-seed is now bought and shipped from the Madras and Bombay presidencies to France. I again say that what the French can do we could imitate, as we may rest assured that a people who have reduced the science of cookery to a fine art would not use earth-nut oil so extensively for alimentary purposes if they were not thoroughly convinced of its excellence; and I have entered into details to prove how we have neglected our opportunities.

A captious critic may ask, What has this to do with the Naval Reserve? I will enlighten him. Fishing is at best a precarious occupation, and if an attempt were made to increase the number of fishermen in the United Kingdom without developing

new markets for their produce it would end in disastrous failure. Moreover, it is very necessary for the crofters to combine farming with fishing, so as to make both ends meet; and if oil-mills were erected in the Highlands, the oil-cake made from earth-nuts would be an excellent fattening agent for their sheep and cattle in winter. With proper management on their part the farmers of Great Britain and Ireland ought to be able to keep the markets of the United Kingdom well supplied with beef, mutton, and all the products of the dairy, in spite of foreign competition. When every labourer and small tradesman shall have his allotment and garden, an increased demand will be created for these very necessary and nourishing articles of food—butter and salad oil. I am aware of the fact that a very foolish prejudice exists in England against the use of salad oil, but this will soon wear off when it begins to enter into general consumption.

The revival of agriculture and the development of the fishing industry are questions of the first importance, which affect the safety and welfare of the country, as our race quickly degenerates when the people are forced to live in large towns, engaged in unhealthy occupations. The present condition of London is sufficient in itself to prove to patriotic men how much better it is to give the people a permanent interest in the land and in open-air pursuits, instead of encouraging them in the vain endeavour to "better" their condition in the large towns of the kingdom. They are much healthier, happier, more moral and patriotic in the country than in towns.

It is humiliating to our national pride to think of the way Londoners have lately exposed to the world the puerility of their lives by going into hysterics over the action of the London County Council in closing the promenade of the Empire Music-hall. Pure and healthy surroundings are worth all the glitter and tinsel of these heated palaces of public entertainment, as they have a bracing effect on the moral system, which a vitiated atmosphere helps to undermine; and anyone who knows the Highlands of Scotland will readily understand and appreciate the great love that the people have for their country. The glorious, ever-changing lights on our West Highland hills are not to be matched for sublimeness of effect in any other quarter of the globe, and Ruskin, who asserts that the most beautiful thing on earth is sunshine on a bank of living grass, must have forgotten the effect of sunshine on our West Highland hills. Can anyone who has seen it and drank it into his soul fail to appreciate the passionate love that the crofters have for their country?

The captious critic may again ask, What has all this to d>

with the stability of the British Empire? My answer is, that it has everything to do with the question, as the sentimental, simple, country folk are a thousand times more patriotic than flabby, money-grabbing, vicious, city men. If it is necessary to preserve the stability of the British Empire it is also necessary to preserve the stability of the agricultural and fishermen classes, who are the backbone of the nation.

I remember once getting very angry with the tenant of a shooting lodge in the West Highlands. We had strolled down to the pier before breakfast to see the fishing-boats come in. The herrings had evidently left the loch, as the catch on this particular occasion was very small, and gave my friend the opportunity to air his sentiments on what he called the lazy, thriftless character of the West High-"Look at them," he said, "wasting their lives in a country like this! Why, they do not even develop into energetic fishermen." Now, this is the mistaken idea that people have who are only capable of judging in a narrow, shallow, superficial sort of way. At the same time I fully acknowledge that my countrymen require rousing, in much the same way that thoroughbred Arab horses do. An Arab horse is a dangerous and careless walker, but over rough and broken country, when going at full speed, there is no safer mount in the world, as is well known to every experienced hoghunter in India. And I commend Commander Shore's article in the United Service Magazine to those who care to see how the training for the Naval Reserve has improved the young men of the Lewis. It is the fashion in many influential quarters to decry and belittle the efficiency of the Naval Reserve, therefore it is just as well that the public should know something about the splendid material of which the force is composed in the Hebrides.

There would be no difficulty in increasing this magnificent Reserve if the land colonisation scheme is properly developed in conjunction with the fishing industry. The two industries combined would be sufficient to keep the people in comfort. An arrangement might easily be come to with steamship and railway companies to carry fish at reduced and special rates on being subsidised by Government; and in return for these privileges all our able-bodied fishermen should join the Naval Reserve. With a large force of disciplined men to fall back upon England may feel secure from outside aggression, more particularly if these men are at hand and not scattered all over the world in merchant vessels; and most English people will agree that this sense of security is worth paying for.

There is an excellent suggestion made by Mr. Frederick Green-

wood in the Pall Mall Gazette, to the effect that each of the great manufacturing counties of Great Britain should build a warship at its own cost, and every less prosperous county a swift cruiser or The country is surely rich enough to carry out this scheme in its entirety. It is no new idea, as even so far back as the days of Drake and Frobisher the privateers of England swept the seas. All that is now wanted to further the movement is practical patriotism on the part of the moneyed classes. The poor are already the first in the field as practical patriots, by contributing their share for the defence of the Empire in brave hearts and stout limbs, as we find a remote island like the Lewis furnishing 1,700 able-bodied men to the Naval Reserve, competent observers asserting that these crofter-fishermen are capable of holding their own against our regular blue jackets. And what is just as important from another point of view is the fact that the local magistrate and ministers all agree in affirming that the training has a beneficial effect on the character and intelligence of the men, as it helps materially to make them better and more active fishermen.

To prove how suitable Highlanders are for the responsible work on board a modern warship, allow me to compare them with Englishmen of the same class. In doing so I do not wish to be offensive in my remarks about Hodge, who, I acknowledge, has his own solid, stolid virtues, although his natural intelligence has been blunted by a diseased stomach and an overweening love for beer. the result being that Jefferies declares that the most prominent characteristic of the English farm labourer is extreme stolidity, with apparently no ambition to better himself. The marked contrast to this stolid indifference which is displayed by the patriotic and intelligent crofter-fishermen is sufficient to justify the most sanguine expectations being entertained for their future, if they are only given a chance of bettering their condition. I believe that the territorial system of recruiting for the army has brought out in the various regiments the characteristics of the men of each district; for instance, I was informed some years ago that there was a most decided contrast between the men of the Seaforth Highlanders and the Wiltshire Regiment. When they were stationed together in India, the men of the Wiltshire Regiment preserved their stolid indifference to everything, caring little for healthy amusements. On the other hand, the Seaforth Highlanders were very lively and great dancers, indulging not only in reels and strathspeys, but in every known English country-dance. Dancing has always been a favourite pastime with Highlanders, and the old Highland soldiers used to astonish

their English comrades by indulging in a good reel, to the music of the pipes, at the end of a long day's march, when the rest of the troops were tired and footsore. I can imagine the Sassenach putting his fingers to his ears when I mention the fact that the love of music is another strong characteristic of the Highland race; and even Englishmen must acknowledge that there is nothing so inspiriting as the bagpipes at the head of a regiment; the men marching to its strains with that free and elastic swing in their step which is peculiar to Highlanders. Boswell remarked on the graceful walk of the Highlanders in his well-known book on the Hebrides, and he describes a ball that was given at Raasay in honour of Dr. Johnson, at which old Malcolm Macleod (a man of 62 years) "bounded like a roe"; Dr. Johnson being delighted with the whole scene. morning of that day Malcolm Macleod had walked with "graceful agility" all the way from Corriechattan to the boat, while Boswell and Dr. Iohnson rode the distance. On the journey to Raasay Gaelic songs were sung, Malcolm singing "Tha tighinn Fodham eirigh," the Rev. Mr. Macqueen and the whole crew joining in the chorus. The boatmen also sang with great spirit, and when they landed, the singing of the rowers was taken up by the reapers on shore, who "were working with a bounding activity." Now contrast this description of the Hebrideans, given by Boswell more than a hundred years ago, with Jefferies' recent description of the English farm labourer in his "Toilers of the Field," and you will be able to judge of the difference beween the two races. Another fact to be remembered is that you can always appeal with success to the Highlander's love of country and pride of race. They are very proud of their pedigrees, and there is scarcely a man in the West Highlands who cannot claim relationship with some of our most distinguished men of arms and letters. The great ambition of even the poorest Highlander is to have his children properly educated, and, if possible, to see one of them a minister of the Free Kirk, this laudable desire having done more than anything else to develop the sterling qualities of the crofter class.

Many readers of this article who have been to Strome Ferry, the terminus of the Skye and Dingwall Railway, will probably remember the little fisherman's hut on the beach below the hotel, which was inhabited by John Murchison, or John "Sally" as he was commonly called, taking his mother's Christian name as a surname, a custom which is common in the Highlands. Perhaps my readers will remember John "Sally" himself, a funny little man, who made a living by taking English tourists from the hotel to fish in the loch. Sly neighbours insinuated that unless the "tips" were good John

"Sally" never introduced the Sassenach to his best fishing-grounds. However that may be, this poor hanger-on at a Highland railway inn was a near relation of the late Sir Roderick Murchison, and he prided himself on the fact.

Richard Jefferies accuses the English farm-labourers of being callous and ungrateful. Here, again, Highlanders have a great advantage over Englishmen, as they are particularly affectionate and great hero-worshippers. Living at Ealing, with an aunt of the writer, is a Highland maid, who is a most devoted admirer of Mr. Gladstone; her feelings being roused to such a degree by any adverse criticism of the great statesman that her mistress and family dare not open their lips in her presence to make even a harmless joke at the expense of the late Premier. Mr. Gladstone, if he only knew her, would be proud of his humble champion, as she is a sweet, thoroughbred-looking girl, although only a parlour-maid—in fact, she is a distant relative of his own. These two instances will show how many of the crofter class are closely related to even some of the most illustrious men of the present century. Macaulay is another distinguished man who had a large amount of Hebridean blood in his veins.

Highlanders display their intelligence by a knowledge of many different trades. When I first went out to India a sea-chest was made and presented to me by the loving hands of Lachlan McInnes, the miller of Strath, who was a wonderfully clever Jack-of-all-trades. In fact, these men are obliged to know a little of everything, and this in itself gives them an advantage over townsmen and English agricultural labourers. In former years the Highlanders manufactured nearly all their own clothing, and they were extremely skilful in blending colours, which were all made from native dyes.

One of the soundest arguments in favour of developing the Naval Reserve in the Highlands of Scotland is the fact that in case of war the men could join their ships without causing any dislocation of trade. As dairy-farmers and fishermen their absence in time of war would not be felt by the community.

This is a great consideration in a manufacturing and commercial country like Great Britain, where the citizens are helpless as children, and are consequently obliged to have their fighting done by proxy. In considering this view of the question let anyone picture to himself the loss and hardship that would be incurred by the whole nation if the miners, for instance, betook themselves to the wars.

the Hebrides and Highlands of Scotland," by Dr. Walker, which describes the important part played by the Hebrideans in the wars of the last century. Walker was not a Highlander, nor does he seem to have held a brief to sing their praises; therefore his testimony in their favour is all the more valuable.

Deer-forests in those days were unknown evils, but Walker laments the extension of large sheep-farms owing to the desolating effect that they had on the country. The Lewis, however, kept its crofters to a greater extent than the parishes on the mainland, consequently we find that it was a favourite recruiting-ground, Walker mentioning the fact that in one year (1761) 170 men were drawn from the Lewis to the army, and even more than that number to the navy. The small seaport of Campbelton, in Argyleshire, supplied 500 sailors to the navy during the Fifties and Sixties of the eighteenth century, and upwards of 3,000 men went from Port Glasgow and Greenock to our warships during that period, 600 of this number being Islanders. In all, 3,187 able-bodied men went on foreign service from the Hebrides as soldiers and sailors during the wars of 1756-63. A country which could afford such a large number of men from a small and scattered population is of great importance to England, and it will be gathered from this article that the Hebrides are thoroughly well suited for rearing a hardy and intelligent race of men, who will be second to none in devotion to their duty and in robust patriotism.

DONALD N. REID.

### TENNYSON AT ALDWORTH.

#### A REMINISCENCE.

In the belief that there is a biographical value attaching to a record of the simplest incident in the life of a remarkable personage, I have ventured to recall the details of an interesting visit which it was my privilege to enjoy, eleven years ago, to Tennyson's home at Haslemere, in Surrey.

A well-known illustrated paper had been publishing a series of portraits of distinguished men "At Home," each in his favourite room or study, and surrounded by his lares and penates. The time had arrived when it was decided by the editor to give such a presentment of the Poet Laureate, and as a member of the artistic staff, I was commissioned to proceed to Aldworth without delay, for the purpose of sketching the study, as well as other interesting features of the house and grounds. It is a familiar fact that Tennyson (especially in later life) was essentially unobtrusive; as one who knew him said, "his retired life, his proud shyness, the repugnance he always felt to publicity, kept him out of the way even of his own countrymen."

Like a true poet, he hated notoriety, and vigorously resented any subterfuge on the part of strangers who endeavoured to force their presence upon him. Remembering this natural trait of the Laureate's temperament, it was considerately arranged (after permission had been courteously granted) that my visit should be timed so as to cause the least possible inconvenience, and when an artist's presence in the poet's sanctum would not be considered an intrusion. Fortunately, an opportunity quickly presented itself, for just at the period referred to it was announced in the daily press that Tennyson had accepted Mr. Gladstone's invitation to accompany him on a yachting expedition for the benefit of his somewhat declining health. As soon as the date was fixed for this memorable voyage my plans were speedily laid, and an intimation forwarded to Aldworth that I should arrive there on the following day.

It was a bright morning in the early autumn of the year 1883 that I

departed, armed with sketch-book and pencil, from Waterloo Station, en route for the quaint little town of Haslemere, where I arrived after a quick run through some of our prettiest English scenery. Haslemere railway-station is the nearest to Tennyson's charming summer retreat, and on alighting from the train my first proceeding was to explore the old-fashioned, sleepy town (so strangely peaceful it seemed after the roar and rattle of London streets) in search of suitable lodgings, the probability being that it would be necessary I should abide in the neighbourhood for a couple of days at least. An attractive-looking hostelry called the "White Horse" appeared likely to afford comfortable accommodation, and, having made satisfactory terms with the landlord, I inquired the way to Aldworth.

I may here mention incidentally that half-a-century ago, in the days of corrupt boroughs, Haslemere (then only a village) returned two members to Parliament; also, that one of its representatives in the House of Commons was General Oglethorpe, who (it will be remembered) was an old friend of Dr. Johnson, and who induced the brothers John and Charles Wesley to make their memorable visit to Georgia, for the purpose of carrying on their evangelical work amongst the Indians. The house in which the General resided still stands, I believe, in the picturesque High Street.

It is a pleasant walk of about three miles to Aldworth, and the road for some distance is bordered by lofty trees, these affording a welcome shade on a summer's day when the sun's rays pour relentlessly upon the hot and dusty wayfarer. The poet's house, embedded in foliage, stands under the spur of the lofty Downs, which are nearly a thousand feet above the sea, so that there is a gentle climb all the way from Haslemere. From the road I emerged on a beautiful common covered with gorse, bracken, and brambles -a welcome change from the more prosaic highway-and I still remember how grateful to my somewhat parched tongue were the early ripening blackberries which I gathered while strolling leisurely along. It was a glorious day; the sun shone brightly, lighting up the common and bringing into prominence the golden bloom that Linnæus loved so well; while the singing of birds and humming of bees enhanced one's enjoyment of the scene, and made one loth to leave it. Aldworth, however, was my destination. I looked around for a sign of its presence, but not a vestige of a human habitation Assuming that the precise situation of the home of so famous a man would be known to everyone in the locality, and mistrusting for the nonce the truth of the old adage having reference to a prophet in his own country, I approached a labourer whom

I espied in the distance, and desired him to favour me with the requisite information, which, much to my delight, was immediately forthcoming. Without explicit direction, I defy an ordinary stranger in the neighbourhood to discover the private road which leads to the gate opening into the avenue that winds up to Tennyson's secluded mansion.

Aldworth was specially built by the poet as a quiet residence for his invalid wife; therefore it is not surprising that he should have selected a spot so far removed from the beaten track, which, it is said, he was among the first to discover. On approaching the house I observed it to be quite unpretentious in its Gothic architecture, but that the surrounding lawn, with its beds of brightly-coloured flowers against a rich background of trees, gave a sumptuous appearance to the plain but substantial edifice. I entered the porch, when, in response to a modest ring at the bell, a servant appeared, to whom I explained the object of my visit. It may be imagined it was with a fluttering heart that I learned that the Laureate was at home, for I had not gone prepared to "beard the lion in his den"; indeed, I felt rather inclined, under the circumstances, to beat a hasty retreat, and defer operations until a more favourable opportunity. But the servant said she would tell Mr. Tennyson I had come, and, while anxiously awaiting him, I glanced around the hall, particularly noting the poet's familiar broad-brimmed, slouching hat and the equally familiar cloak which the author of "In Memoriam" specially favoured as outdoor garments.

Presently I detected the sound of approaching footsteps, and the great man himself appeared. Photography had already made his physiognomy familiar, so that it was easy to recognise the finely-cut features and flowing hair (once raven black, but then, alas! rapidly turning grey) which constituted so noble a head. I was immediately struck by the fact that he looked much more infirm than I expected to find him, his bent shoulders and an obvious deafness tending to increase the effect of old age. After customary salutations I ventured, with some embarrassment, to explain the reason of my intrusion upon his privacy—namely, that I had been sent, with his kind permission, to make a drawing of his study, that particular day being selected because it was understood he would be absent from home, and would not therefore be disturbed by my presence. Although I suggested a temporary postponement of my work, the tone of his reply indicated that he experienced some annovance. He inquired, rather brusquely, why people were always wanting to sketch his house, and added, "Only the other day there was a man here

sketching for *Harper's Magazine*; <sup>1</sup> wasn't that sufficient?" After I had explained that the journal I represented was in no way connected with that excellent periodical, his manner changed, and in a genial, courtly manner, so characteristic of the man, he escorted me at once to his favourite sanctum.

Deeming it desirable to commence the drawing without further delay, my pencil was immediately brought into action. As Tennyson's geniality increased, the constrained character of my position decreased, and especially so when the poet began to show a personal interest in my work by suggesting the best point of view for the sketch; so admirable, by the way, was his artistic judgment that I unhesitatingly adopted the suggestion. The accessories of this charming room were such as one naturally expects to find in a poet's Books and magazines, covering shelves and tables, were abundant, and, besides antique chairs and tables, there was a pair of large globes (terrestrial and celestial), mounted on stands. Immediately in front of one of the two oriel windows was the Laureate's writing-table of carved oak, containing writing materials and books, and on which were placed some vases of freshly-cut flowers and a couple of silver candlesticks: the poet's cane-bottomed arm-chair a modern French type of furniture-stood near. From my point of vantage not only could a comprehensive view of all these details be obtained, but one could catch a glimpse through the opposite window of a magnificent stretch of undulating country. So restful and pleasant were this apartment and its surroundings, the quietude undisturbed except by the music of feathered songsters in the trees and the regularly-recurring notes of the cuckoo-clock in the hall below, that I wondered whether it would be possible to discover a locale more happily situated than this historic room at Aldworth. Surely nothing could be more conducive to poetic thoughts and inspirations than such a delightful environment as that enjoyed by the Laureate in his Surrey home.

In consulting Tennyson's desire for privacy it was arranged that I should be permitted to remain two hours in the study, after which it became sacred to the poet. During the progress of my work he sat for the most part in an easy-chair opposite the fire, with feet resting on the fender and elbows on knees; mayhap, he was turning over in his mind some poem or delicate verse as, with his favourite clay between his lips, he puffed away vigorously, the smoke escaping

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> This was, doubtless, Mr. Alfred Parsons, whose charming illustrations appear in Mrs. Richmond Ritchie's interesting article on Tennyson. (Vide Harper's Magazine, December 1883.)

up the chimney. On a shelf just behind me stood a large parcel of tobacco, while on the floor close by was deposited a box of pipes, of which he used a large number, for, like his friend Thomas Carlyle, he was an inveterate worshipper of the fragrant weed, preferring pipes to cigars, and sometimes made experiments on other sedatives besides tobacco. Thus were we quietly absorbed by our separate occupations. Presently, after I had roughly and lightly sketched my picture and had begun to elaborate the details with a stronger touch, he rose from his chair in order to see how the drawing progressed, and, his failing sight not detecting the fainter lines, inquired whether it would not have been preferable to block in the whole subject before shading. I pointed out that I had already done this, but that the preliminary lines were not, perhaps, easily discerned by him. I mention this incident as an illustration of Tennyson's artistic perceptions and instincts.

I should here state that the poet expressly desired me not to make a sketch of himself. He did not give a reason for his objection, but it may have been that he did not approve of the production of unauthorised portraits. Of course, I respected his wish, although the opportunity afforded me of obtaining a presentment of the famous poet in an unconstrained and unconventional attitude was almost irresistible. The prohibition, however, did not extend to his favourite dog, a splendid deerhound (named, if my memory serves me, after Sir Walter Scott's "Maida"), which usually accompanied his master in his daily walks. Tennyson, in fact, wished me to sketch his canine friend, an operation which I performed with some difficulty, as the dog was not a patient sitter, and had to be restrained by two ladies of the house while I attempted to secure his portrait.

Once, when Tennyson was speaking to a friend of Rogers, the banker-poet, he said impressively, "I have dined alone with him." Similarly, I can proudly remark concerning Tennyson, "I have had the privilege of taking tea alone with him!" After the expiration of the two hours allotted for sketching, a servant in livery brought into the study a tray containing light refreshment, of which the poet invited me to partake. I gladly did so, and at the conclusion of the meal I rose to leave, intending to complete my drawing on the morrow. I advisedly refrained from "vexing the poet's soul" by "small talk," or undue conversation of any kind, and I fancy this reservedness gratified my host and predisposed him in my favour. At all events, he not only courteously accompanied me to the hall, but, after donning his hat and cloak, honoured me with his company through the grounds to the entrance gates. On the way thither I ventured to remark upon the grand situation of the house and the beauty

of the surrounding scenery, and, à propos of this, he said that an exceedingly extensive view could be obtained from the roof of the building, whence, on a clear day, Portsmouth could be discerned—a distance of about forty miles. The poet further informed me that he seldom visited London in those days, preferring the quiet seclusion of country life; as a matter of fact, he could not endure the flurry and turmoil of the metropolis. On arriving at the edge of the common he endeavoured to explain the nearest way to the town by roughly delineating on the ground with the ferrule of his walking-stick the direction I should take.

Tennyson was never "at home" except to such cherished friends as his neighbour, the late Professor Tyndall. Access to his study was consequently denied to nearly all callers, and even the presence of those who obtained the privilege of *entrée* there was sometimes irksome to the poet, whose part in the conversation usually consisted of monosyllables, as I remember to have once happened during my stay, but he could be very gracious to callers when in the mood.

On the other hand, Sir Edwin Arnold, in his "Reminiscences" of the poet, says: "Albeit you saw 'Private Road' painted on the first rod of his domain, and 'Private Grounds' inscribed upon the first boundary of his fence, he did not like country people to pass him on the road without recognising him."

At the conclusion of my second day's work in the study (for my drawing of it required much elaboration before it was completed), I was invited by Mr. Hallam Tennyson 1 to join the family at luncheon. He sat at the head of the table, with the poet on his left hand and me on his right. Mrs. Tennyson occupied a position directly opposite her son, while the remaining places were taken by two young lady guests. Notwithstanding her chronic ill-health, Mrs. Tennyson was most genial, and chatted with me in a very friendly manner, thus encouraging me to converse more freely than I should otherwise have done. It was all so kind and thoughtful that I did not experience the embarrassment which, as a guest at that honoured board, the occasion would justify. The poet hardly ventured a remark, answering questions by mere negatives or affirmatives, and abruptly left the table as soon as he concluded his meal, the act being anticipated by the footman who stood in readiness to open the door for his revered master.

After luncheon, Mr. Hallam Tennyson offered to show me the house and grounds, including his father's favourite nooks, an offer

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Now Lord Tennyson. The peerage was not bestowed upon the poet until hortly after my visit to Aldworth.

which I eagerly accepted. Aldworth was built about a quarter of a century ago, when Mrs. Tennyson had been ordered a change, Freshwater (the family residence in the Isle of Wight) proving unbearable in the summer months owing to the crowds of visitors. It is a white stone house, with many broad windows facing a great view and a long terrace, "like," as Mrs. Ritchie remarks, "some one of those at Siena or Perugia, with a low parapet of stone, where ivies and roses are trained, making a foreground to the lovely haze of the distance." In one of the many handsomely-furnished rooms I saw some interesting family portraits, including those of Mrs. Tennyson and her two sons, Hallam and Lionel, by G. F. Watts, R.A. When exploring the grounds, Mr. Hallam Tennyson pointed out the spots associated with his father, one of the most fascinating being a simple rustic seat under an oak tree, in a secluded part of the lawn, whence one may see, through gaps in the foliage, pretty bits of Surrey woodland. Here the poet was fond of sitting in fine weather, his meditations pleasantly varied by the musical notes of the blackbird, thrush, and other feathered songsters. Although an absolute stranger, I could not have experienced greater kindness than I received at the hands of Mr. Hallam Tennyson, who even expressed regret that he had not arranged for me to have the use of a bedroom at Aldworth instead of engaging one elsewhere.

It was on the third day of my visit that Tennyson left home to join Mr. Gladstone, the yachting trip having been delayed by the temporary indisposition of the distinguished politician. On the morning of this day, while walking from Haslemere to complete my sketching, I met the carriage conveying the Master of Aldworth to the railway-station. He was accompanied by his wife and son and other members of the family, by whom my salute was graciously returned. I then regretfully anticipated that this would be my last glimpse of the Laureate—the greatest poet of the Victorian age—and thus it proved.

I never saw him again, but the recollection of my visit to Aldworth will ever remain a cherished memory.

F. G. KITTON.

## THE MUSE OF THE ANGLE.

"Piscator non solum piscatur."

Motto of the Fly-fishers' Club.

T is recorded that Mistress Meg Dods, in her lament for the T is recorded that Mistress integ Dous, in her lot was cast, common degeneracy of the times in which her lot was cast, made one remarkable exception. The "ancient brethren of the angle from Edinburgh" were regarded by her with peculiar favour. "They were," she said, "pawky auld carles, that kend whilk side their bread was buttered upon. They were up in the morning-had their parritch, wi' maybe a thimbleful of brandy, and then awa' up into the hills, eat their cauld meat on the heather, and came hame at e'en wi' the creel full of caller trouts, and had them to their dinner, and their quiet cogue of ale, and their drap punch, and were set singing their catches and glees, as they ca'd them, till ten o'clock, and then to bed, wi' God bless ye-and what for no?" This wellweighed concession of the hostess of the Cross Keys has been matched by like praise from the somewhat stern-eyed Mother of Poetry. To the angler's art the poets have added their catches and glees, and sometimes staider and more measured verse. Doubtless the attendant pleasures have charmed them—the fair green aspect of the fields, the running water, the stillness of summer weather-for no other craft has such comely ministrants. Be it as it may, we have our angling songs and praises in the great literature of our land, and we are duly thankful.

That angling is regarded as especially in the domain of literature is due in great measure to a master of both arts who has rendered it classical. There were writers on angling before Izaak Walton, as there were poets before Homer; but, like these poets, we know and care little about them. It lacked the true literary flavour in those times, smacking more of the industry than the art. The Greeks, strangely enough for a seafaring people, had little love for the occupation, and even less for the product. The Homeric heroes have an odd dislike for wriggling fishes, and the much-enduring, great-hearted Odysseus himself, hardened as he was by much rough living, talks of eating fish with distaste, and excuses himself and his companions,

for "fell hunger had seized us." Though the later Athenian and Roman epicures thought much of certain fish as dainty food, they thought nothing of the catching of them. Fishermen are classed with beggars; in Plautus they are poor, shivering creatures, wretched and dripping with sea-water. To the Roman mind the catching of fish for pleasure must have seemed laborious trifling; and no Latin poet seems to have looked on angling as not the least of country pleasures. We could wish that Horace had done so, and given us some idyllic picture of the sport in his Sabine country. But it was not to be; and by-and-by came wars and rumours of war, and the Muse dwelt among battles and camps, in courts and gay cities, or in sad cloisters, and busied herself with things too high or too low for plain country life, till she came in her travels to this English land, where she somewhat changed her tunes.

Although the love of nature, without which we cannot have angling verse of any excellence, was early apparent in English poetry, it is long before we find any poetry occupied exclusively with the beauties and wonders of the natural world. At first it was used by the poets as merely a background against which the acts of the human comedy might be played. Afterwards an artificial nature arose in fanciful Arcadias and fairylands, which were as far removed from the homely scenery of the country as the nymphs and fairies which peopled them were from the people of the time. Slowly men's eyes were opened to see the beauty of the world around their doors, and with this new love of country life came the love of country sports.

The first poet of any renown who has written much on angling is Phineas Fletcher. His "Piscatory Eclogues," modelled on the Eclogues of Sannazarius, which Pope translated, have many pleasant catches of song and passages of natural description in the florid and richly coloured style of the Elizabethans. The fishermen who form the characters have curious names—Myrtilus, Damon, Thomalin (which latter stood for the unpoetic name of Tomkins)—and their talk is full of many odd conceits and mannerisms. One verse from the first eclogue is worth quoting, both as in praise of the art and for the sake of the musical sound—

Ah! would thou knew'st how much it better were To bide among the simple fisher-swains:

No skrieching owl, no night-crow lodgeth here;

Nor is our simple pleasure mixt with pains.

Our sports begin with the beginning yeare,

In calms to pull the leaping fish to land,

In roughs to sing an! dance along the sand.

Closely following him in time comes William Browne, of Tavistock, the author of "Britannia's Pastorals." To our mind this is one of the most charming poems of the time. The story is a wonderfully ravelled one, without either beginning or end, and full of all kinds of classical and mythological learning. The verse is generally rich and sonorous, with a richness that conveys the impression that the author was a connoisseur of gorgeous words. Sometimes we find natural scenery described with peculiar accuracy and beauty. There is absolutely no art in the arrangement; the poem is a medley of love-making and country customs. The poet rhymes pleasantly about many interesting things—shepherds and shepherdesses, caves and rivers, flowers, woods, and bees, hunting the squirrel and Maypole-dancing, and curious old fables. Angling is repeatedly referred to, and many illustrations are drawn from fishermen and their art. How quaint and melodious the verse can be these few lines will show:

The trout, the dace, the pike, the breame, The eele that loves the troubled streame, The miller's thumb, the hiding loach, The perch, the ever-nibbling roach, The shoals with whom is Tavie fraught, The foolish gudgeon quickly caught, And last the little minnow-fish, Whose chief delight the gravel is.

In that happy, old-world England there was no scarcity of fish, but they seem to have been of a different breed from the trout now-adays. He tells of one of his shepherds how,

When he stood fishing by some river's brim, The fish would leape, more for a sight of him, Than for the flic.

There is much in Browne that would more than repay the study of his poetry. If any man wishes a spirited description of wormfishing let him turn to the fifth song in the first book of the "Pastorals."

So in the course of time we come to Izaak Walton, with whom, according to some of his admirers, angling literature begins and ends. He is a well-known figure to our eyes, this linen-draper of Fleet Street, with the long, unfathomable face, which reminded Leigh Hunt so forcibly of a pike. He lived in troublesome times, amid the clatter of quarrelsome sectaries; but he lived his easy life of books and angling undisturbed, and was wont to stretch his legs up Tottenham Hill of a fine, fresh May morning, and among the green meadows and pleasant places of the Lea side to find the rest which

his soul loved. He was a man of a rare turn of mind, and he has left us a rare piece of writing. It is too late in the day to attempt to add fresh praises to that immortal book; but let one who has sorry taste and an indifferent skill record a debt of infinite pleasure. Among the many good qualities the author is said to have possessed there is enumerated a "very correct judgment in poetry." Judgment he certainly had, but whether correct or not is a matter of opinion. He loved all poetry, but he had an especial relish for that which sayoured of his favourite sport. He can detect in the dry pages of an Ausonius a piscatorial reference; and from the works of the "divine Du Bartas" he presents us with some facts about the habits of fishes as interesting as they are without authority. He includes complete poems by Dr. Donne, and that "undervaluer of money, the late provost of Eton, Sir Henry Wotton." "All of which," says Walton, "I love the better, because they allude to rivers, and fish, and fishing." But it must be confessed even by his warmest partisans that his taste was not always discriminating. He was too universal and liberal in his sympathies, and thus it is that we find in his book a medley of good, bad, and indifferent. The commendatory verses to the author deserve little notice; the Latin are, if possible. worse than the English, and both are artificial and absurd in an extraordinary degree. It is not till we get away from bishops and heads of colleges and tiresome Flemings, and come to the time when Corydon and Piscator sing against one another in the inn beside the stream, that we get the true praise of the art. The song beginning "As inward love breeds outward talk" was made, as we know from Walton himself, by William Basse, a noted song-writer in his day. It is full of that spirit of submission to authority which Leigh Hunt detested in Walton and his friends:

I care not I to fish in seas; Fresh rivers best my mind do please; Whose sweet calm course I contemplate, And seek in life to imitate; In civil bounds I fain would keep, And for my past offences weep.

The most beautiful fishing-song in Walton, to our thinking, is that sung on the fourth day by Piscator, attributed to John Chalkhill, but probably written in part by Izaak himself. It has a lilt about it, an inimitable quaintness, which keeps humming in a man's head when he has graver things to think about; for no matter when one hears it, it brings back to him the fresh, breezy life of the riverside. Every angler knows it; but perhaps the Latin version of Dr. Johnson is not

so well known, though it has an excellence unusual in that worthy's Latin.

Charles Cotton, the friend and disciple of Walton, the translator of Montaigne and Corneille, had also a very pretty turn in versemaking. There is a fine attractive look about our picture of this scholarly country squire, whose employments were "study for his delight and improvement, and fishing for his recreation and health." He was a lover of books, and a writer of good attainments, a distinguished French scholar in an age of French scholars. He owned the beautiful estate of Beresford, in Dovedale, with the Dove flowing through the grounds, and a fishing-house by the waterside with Pis-CATORIBUS SACRUM inscribed over the door. The fact of his friendship with Walton argues a certain level of morality in his character, and from his book we take him to have been a hospitable, kindly man, with a strong love of the open air and his native shire. His writing has a repressed hilarity, a volcanic gravity, beneath which we have a sight of a vigorous animal life. Cotton is indeed one of those rare natures where a somewhat high culture is associated with a healthy naturalness, and the two so act on one another as to make their possessor a fine type of an English gentleman. As a poet he has considerable art. His irregular stanzas addressed to his master seem to us to take rank with the best things in the "Complete Angler." They have the true lyrical note, and form an exquisite tribute to the fresh delights of a spring morning.

The author of the "Pilgrim's Progress" was a very different man from the North-country gentleman or his old-fashioned teacher; but in the Author's Apology, prefixed to his book, among other odd things there is a passage on angling. It is very short, and deals mainly with the propriety of tickling obstinate trout; but it is full of that pleasing awkwardness which makes everything he writes worth reading:

You see the way the Fisher-man doth take
To catch the Fish; what Engines doth he make?
Behold how he engageth all his wits;
Also his Snares, Lines, Angles, Hooks and Nets.
Yet Fish there be, that neither Hook nor Line,
Nor Snare, nor Net, nor Engine can make thine;
They must be groped for, and be tickled too,
Or they will not be catch'd, whate'er you do.

Possibly the author, while taking his walk some sunshiny morning along the banks of the Ouse, with his mind full of very grave and serious thoughts, may have seen some angler in difficulties with a refractory fish, and so devised the comparison. Perhaps, too, in

Mr. Lang's pleasant fancy, the angler may have been Walton himself.

It is a far cry from sixteenth century divines to the times of "hoop and hood" and Mr. John Gay. Yet in the times between we have no angling verse of any kind-for the attention of the poets was distracted by serious events-wars, revolutions, and the like. The author of the once famous "Beggar's Opera" was born near Barnstaple, in that most rich and beautiful county of Devon. was afterwards a silk mercer in London, from which reputable trade he shifted to the more pleasing one of poet and playwright. We confess to liking his "Rural Sports," written when he was scarce twenty-five, better than anything in his later medley of plays and fables. He is so thoroughly and honestly artificial; so primed up with the poetic stuff then in fashion. In pure bombast over trifles he far outstrips any of his contemporaries. Yet there seem to be glimpses now and then of a rarer sort, revealing a poet with a keener eye for country sights than most men of his time. Dr. Johnson, with the airs of a Delphian oracle, pronounces him "never contemptible, nor ever excellent." Other people may judge him more leniently; but indeed we rather like than appreciate his work. His one angling reference—in its own way one of the best in the whole literature of the art—is to be found in his "Rural Sports," which the author calls a "Georgic" and dedicates to Pope. It opens loftily:

When floating clouds their spongy-fleeces drain, Troubling the streams with swift descending rain, And waters tumbling down the mountain side, Bear the loose soil into the swelling tide; Then, soon as vernal gales begin to rise, And drive their liquid burden through the skies, The fisher to the neighbouring current speeds, Whose rapid surface purls, unknown to weeds.

Gay had clearly been at the fishing before, for he knew and loved a dirty water. He first in sonorous verse describes fishing with the worm, and gives sage directions for the choice of bait, in lines which are probably unequalled as an example of the power in mock-heroic which human nature is capable of:

Those baits will best reward the fisher's pains Whose polished tails a shining yellow stains; Cleanse them from filth, to give a tempting gloss Cherish the sullied reptile race with moss; Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil, And from their bodies wipe their native soil.

If he had been telling of the last stand of the three hundred at VOL. CCLXXVIII. NO. 1969.

Thermopylae he could not have used more sounding words. The whole passage is too long for quotation. From worm-fishing he passes to angling with the natural fly; thence to salmon-fishing; and concludes with an exhortation to otter-hunting, and a declaration of his own particular tastes:

I never wander where the bordering reeds
O'erlook the muddy stream, whose tangling weeds
Perplex the fisher; I, nor choose to bear
The thievish nightly net, nor barbed spear.
Around the steel no tortur'd worm shall twine,
No blood of living insect stain my line;
Let me less cruel cast the feather'd hook,
With pliant rod athwart the pebbled brook,
Silent along the mazy margin stray,
And with the fur-wrought fly delude the prey.

In the declining years of Gay's life, another poet of infinitely greater powers was rising to fame. Thomson's "Seasons," despite what some hyper-exquisite modern critics may say to the contrary, will always be read and enjoyed. He possessed all, or nearly all, the peculiar virtues of his age and school, with many that were entirely his own. His descriptions of nature have often a grace, a felicity of epithet, peculiar in the literature of the time. We should expect the son of the minister of Ednam to be well skilled in the angler's art, for the Eden, which comes down to Tweed and refreshes the traveller on the dusty Berwick Road with its dark pools and shadows, is a well-known stream for trout. He spent, too, many days of his boyhood at Southdean, high up among the hills in the cradle of the Jed. His years of literary life in London did not spoil his relish for the sport, for "Spring," which was published third of the "Seasons," contains a most delightful account of flyfishing. It differs from Gay's in having a certain Scotch accent about it, which we can feel though powerless to explain. The dark brown water, the rocky channel of the burn, the swirl of the current at its meeting with the river-all have a North-country sound, and every angler who knows Tweedside has seen them a score of times. He knows the best day for the fly—gleamy, with clouds passing over the sun. He is a sensible man, and does not care to fill his basket with worthless fry; but with something like real force he describes the capture of the monarch of the pool, "who desp'rate takes his death with sullen plunge." Charles Lamb loved to see this book "a little torn and dog's-eared." If he had fished, he might have seen it to his heart's content; for many an angler carries it about with him in his pocket, and keeps his flies among the pages of "Spring."

Armstrong, the friend and contemporary of Thomson, born in the same shire and a member of the same literary clique, has some lines on angling, which, like most of that author's work, are marred by many tawdry and absurd expressions. The curious may find them in the third book of his "Art of Preserving Health." Smollett, who was a Dumbartonshire man, has some lines on this subject in his "Ode to Leven Water," which are so pleasant and musical that we could wish the passage longer.

A very different man was that vigorous, boisterous personage, Dr. John Wolcot, who practised medicine, divinity, and pigeonshooting in the West Indies, and then returned to London and gave such trouble to those in authority that it is said he was bribed into silence. He wrote all sorts of political pamphlets, squibs, and lampoons under the name of "Peter Pindar." There are many objections to his writings on the grounds of unnecessary coarseness, but, whatever be said, we must allow him immense powers of satire and invective, and a skill and taste in the ludicrous which remind one of Calverley. He has left us an address to a trout, which is unparalleled in its kind. One of its charms is that we do not know how to regard it. If we take it seriously it is the Ultima Thule of quaintness, otherwise it is the perfection of parody. We may be pardoned if we quote it entire; for the learned Peter's works are not too well known:

Why fleest thou away with fear? Trust me, there's naught of danger here; I have no wicked hook, All covered with a tempting bait, Alas! to tempt thee to thy fate, And drag thee from the brook. Oh harmless tenant of the flood, I do not wish to spill thy blood; For nature unto thee Perchance has given a tender wife, And children dear, to charm thy life, As she hath done to me. Enjoy thy stream, oh harmless fish, And when an angler for a dish, Through gluttony's vile sin, Attempts-the wretch-to pull thee out, God give thee strength, oh gentle trout, To pull the rascal in.

With Wolcot we leave the eighteenth century and come to that great band of poets which has made the opening years of the nineteenth memorable in our literature. One main characteristic of them all—a love of the freshness of open-air life—would lead a man

to expect from them angling verse of rare excellence. In the South he is disappointed. Byron has nothing but ill-natured gibes at

Angling, too, that solitary vice, Whatever Izaak Walton sings or says. The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb in his gullet Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.

Such lines have a fitting place among the tiresome absurdities of "Don Juan"; but one can wish that Cotton, that sturdy old Royalist, had been at hand to hear his master thus maligned. would, doubtless, have had words with the author on this matter. Then we have the lamentable production of Leigh Hunt, who was so far left to his own devices as to write a maledictory essay on the art. With the great-hearted Romanticists of the North, however, the case is otherwise. Scott, Hogg, Wilson—such men had the true manly love of outdoor sport, and cared little for the pleas of sickly and foolish people. Sir Walter himself was a well-wisher to the game. but no angler; but, nevertheless, he wrote a fishing song in his old romantic manner. The song, "On Ettrick forest mountains dun," has in it all the secret of the writer's magic—the wild horseman gallop of the verse, and that art in words which is none the less exquisite for being unconscious. Nowadays, perhaps, we are inclined to set a higher value on Scott's lyrics than the author himself did; and this is certainly, in our eyes, one of the best. Wilson, that big, squareshouldered man of letters, whose work is so singularly neglected to-day, was a keen fisherman. There were few streams in the Border country that Hogg did not know, but especially he loved the burns around St. Mary's Loch. He has one delightful, if more than apocryphal, tale of filling a cart with Megget trout, all the size of a herring or thereabout.

The best writing of these anglers on their sport was not done in verse. Wilson, indeed, in one poem, "The Angler's Tent," has such a passage, but it is of indifferent merit. In prose, in the early "Blackwoods," we find the best work of Christopher North, the "Recreations," so boisterous and gallant, filled with the high spirits of the author. Hogg has some good fishing sketches, written in his oddly unequal style, but no verse. Still, although these writers have left us few direct literary tributes to angling, they have performed the great service of making the sport classical in this North country. They have done for the art in the Borderland what Walton and his followers did for it by the Lea and Dove—they have gifted it with a tenth muse.

Linked to this coterie of literary men by time and place and

sympathy, Thomas Tod Stoddart may rightly be regarded as the poet-laureate of fishing and the chief of fishermen. No other ever devoted the greater part of his life to the practice, and his best gifts to the celebrating of it in song. No other man, unless it were the laird of Abbotsford, loved Tweed with such a passionate, romantic love. To him it was not only the most beautiful of streams, but a mistress with whom his best loves and hopes were bound up. "That's the Forth," says Bailie Nicol Jarvie on one occasion, with an air of respect; and Mr. Francis Osbaldistone goes on to observe on the "reverence which I have observed the Scotch usually pay to their distinguished rivers. The Clyde, the Tweed, the Forth, the Spey are usually named by those who dwell on their banks with a sort of respect and pride, and I have known duels occasioned by any word of disparagement." Surely this is a great and most honourable thing, that nature in one aspect can command the love and homage of a race of men. From a man who made angling the business of his life we should expect more beautiful praise than from one who takes it merely as a pleasant sport for his leisure. The characteristic story told in the published volume of his poems shows the temperament of the man. Chancing in one day upon Henry Glassford Bell, he was greeted by him with, "Well, Tom, my man, what are you doing now?" "Doing!" he replied in a tone of unmingled surprise, "man, I'm an angler."

Of the many poems that he wrote some thirty are perfect jewels of their kind. He had caught, as all men must who live much with nature, some of that wild music which is all too rare in our literature. The "Yellow Fins of Yarrow" has the true ballad note, that magical charm which is found only in the finest of old Scots poetry. "When the Streams Rise" may vie with the best songs in the "Complete Angler." He had humour of that quaint, pawky kind that Charles Lamb had, full of sudden surprises; for who can forget the absurd image of the first verse of the "Flee"?—

Awa' wi' yer tinsey sae braw, Our troots winna thole it ava, They've grown sae capricious, Sonsie and vicious— As weel may we fish wi' a craw.

One great secret of his success is his whimsical and happy choice of metres, as in "The Angler's Days," "The Angler's Choice," and "The Angler's Invitation." About some of his songs there is a charming reminiscence of Herrick, which is entirely successful. The "Angler's Grave" has pathos and an almost faultless music:

There he lies whose heart was twined With wild stream and wandering burn, Wooer of the western wind, Watcher of the April morn.

Indeed, nearly all his poems are so beautiful in some way or other that it is hard to choose; but, if one may have a favourite above others, let it be "The Bonnie Tweed." Surely few rivers have ever had more noble tributes; and it is worthy to be placed among the best of the countless odes and lyrics to the Border river. It has the sound and suggestion of some bright, fresh morning in May:

Frae Holylee to Clovenford,
A chancier bit ye canna hae;
So gin ye tak an angler's word,
Ye'd through the whins and ower the brae;
An' work awa' wi' cunnin' hand
Yer birsy hackles black and reid;
The soft sough o' a slender wand
Is meetest music for the Tweed.

He died in the autumn of 1880, full of years and honour, and that wisdom which falls only to the lot of those who are much abroad by the hills and waters.

With Thomas Tod Stoddart we come to the last decades of the century. Some of the great writers who are dead wrote angling verse, but in few cases were they also keen sportsmen, so their writing lacks the fire and enthusiasm of the older men. Wordsworth has one beautiful sonnet, "Written upon a Blank Leaf in 'The Complete Angler," which has all the best qualities of his sonnets-strength, majesty, grace, and high-sounding melody. But we cannot conceive of Wordsworth as an enthusiastic angler; for instead of minding his flies, he would probably be engaged in that "reverend watching" of nature which he celebrates. Thomas Hood has one poem, "An Angler's Farewell," which is full of brilliant punning; and George Outram, who was a kind of Scots Calverley, and whose book of "Law Lyrics" is less widely known than its worth deserves, has some humorous verses, "The Saumon." Kingsley was an eager fisherman, as was right for one brought up among the brown trout-streams of Devon. He has several fishing songs, notably the one beginning "Oh, Mr. Froude, how wise and good."; but he is not at his best here, for they all approach perilously near to doggerel. Apart from the great writers there have been many local and dialect verses, of which the collection known as the "Coquet-Dale Fishing Songs" is a good example.

To our thinking the best angling poet of late years is Mr. Andrew

Lang, who adds yet another name to the list of the devotees of the Tweed. Mr. Lang's poetry is like his prose, on many subjects and in many styles. He has published a volume of "Angling Sketches," full of pleasant reminiscences told in his inimitable manner. His angling poems are scattered up and down his small poetry books—"Rhymes à la mode," "Ballades in Blue China," and "Grass of Parnassus." Their main characteristics are scholarly grace, a pleasant humour, and occasionally a pathos and simplicity which remind one of Arnold or Wordsworth. In "The Last Cast" he approaches more near to the pregnant simplicity of Wordsworth than any writer of today; and among all the rhapsody and sound and fury with which our ears are filled this is a thing to be thankful for. The "Ballade of the Tweed," written in good Selkirkshire Scots, is an excellent piece of work, with the pious wish expressed in the "Envoy." "April on Tweed" is in a more serious vein, with a singularly pleasant music:

The snow lies yet on Eildon Hill
But soft the breezes blow.
If melting snows the waters fill,
We nothing heed the snow,
But we must up and take our will—
A fishing we will go!

"The Last Chance" is almost perfect in its way. The poet quotes Pausanias in support of his theory that there are fishes in the lower world, and asks Persephone to grant that his shade may land the spectral forms of trout.

As yet our Muse, like the minstrel in the old ballads, has dwelt chiefly in the North country, but now she has come down to the side of Thames. Mr. Robert Bridges, whose small, privately-printed books have been long in meeting with their recognition, has among his shorter poems one beautiful tribute to the delights of the Thames side. It is written in a style which recalls Milton and the lyrists of the seventeenth century—full of quaint turns and strange, exquisite words, and a freshness which belongs more to the dawn of song than the decadence. It contains one verse, the picture of the contemplative fisherman:

Sometimes an angler comes, and drops his hook Within its hidden depths, and 'gainst a tree Leaning his rod, reads in some pleasant book, Forgetting soon his pride of fishery;
And dreams, or falls asleep,
While curious fishes peep
About his nibbled bait, or scornfully
Dart off and rise and leap.

It is curious to note how in the different centuries angling is invested with the fashions of the times. Certain things, it is true, are common to all angling verse—the excitement of the sport and the pleasure of being abroad in the open air; but many of the oddities of thought and feeling which characterise poets of different. schools may be found also. In the seventeenth century it was essentially a homely art, to be pursued among the quiet fields near the homestead, and not among dangerous and difficult places. Franck, the Cromwellian soldier, who wandered as far as the lochs of Sutherland, is the only notable exception. Angling in these days was attended with comfort and quiet and meditation; it had a literary flavour, too, which it has never quite regained to such a full degree, for when an angler was wearied with his sport he had good books with him to read below the trees. In the days of Anne and the Georges angling was a fine sport to be followed for the sport's sake, but the enjoyment derived from nature does not bulk so largely in their estimation as before. When they describe the face of the country in spring or summer they do it in a conventional and unsympathetic manner. In our own century the state of affairs is changed. Our poets love angling for the sport's sake, but more because it takes them out at all times and in all weathers to the fields and hills. vast advance which we have made in our knowledge of nature bears fruit in their verse; for whereas the old followers of Walton sought only her milder and sunnier side, they love both storm and sunshine, the grey as well as the green.

JOHN BUCHAN.

## JOHN BUNCLE.

THERE are few more instructive methods of measuring the width of the gap which divides us from any era in the past than comparison of the favourite books of this particular age with those that delight our own. Time was—though it is a saying hard to believe—when the novel, as we know it, was not: when people with an inclination to beguile their leisure with other pursuits than hunting, drinking, and gambling, tambour work, basset, or scandal, were forced to take up such books as "The Grand Cyrus," or the more entertaining and less decorous tales of Mrs. Aphra Behn. The taste for the translation of the Italian Novelle, so prevalent a century before, had died out and Richardson and Fielding were babies in arms, or at most schoolboys. Still, there were a few books extant which served to divert the leisure of the lettered idlers of those days, and of these John Buncle is certainly one of the most noteworthy.

The people who know John Buncle by name are not very numerous, and of these the great majority will only know him from the mention made of him by Lamb in his "Essay on Imperfect Sympathies," in that celebrated passage where he announces that he has been vainly trying all his life to like Scotchmen. He who has the courage to attack the book itself is soon made aware that he is not going to be let off with generalities, he has got to know his hero from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. We are, indeed, spared the story of his childhood; the serious work does not begin till he goes to the University of Dublin, where he falls forthwith to the study of philosophy, cosmography, mathematics, and the languages, only unbending himself by walking and practising on the German flute. It is not long before he gives his readers a taste of his quality by reeling off page after page of his notices of the above named subjects, but he does not grow really eloquent till he tells of the delights of the study of algebra. "I have often sat till morning over the engaging work without a notion of its being day till I opened the windows of my closet. I recommend this study in particular to young gentlemen, and am satisfied if they would take some pains to understand

it, they would have so great a relish for its operations as to prefer them to clamorous pleasures." In recalling the memory of fine summer afternoons spent in a dusty schoolroom over that terrible manual of Colenso's, one is inclined to question Mr. Buncle's sincerity on this point, but then in his day both algebra and Mosaic cosmogony were untroubled by the bishop in question.

Whether the author-one John Amory-ever intended to persuade his readers that such a person as Buncle ever walked the earth, or whether he merely designed him as a talking marionette who should give forth to the world the odd jumble of learning he had got together under his own brainpan, is a question which need not be here discussed. One easily becomes weary of a book in which the same episode is reproduced about every five-and-twenty pages, but the very gusto with which John Buncle relates his favourite adventure makes one pardon the offence. It usually takes the form of the discovery of some charming lady or ladies dwelling in a sort of earthly paradise, set in some valley of the horrid rocky wilderness on the confines of Cumberland and Richmondshire and "the Bishopric." These "glorious creatures" are always well posted in theology and the higher mathematics, and ready or even eager to discuss them with the stranger within their gates. Where there is any difference of opinion the contention often waxes strong, but Buncle is invariably victor in the end. He is evidently supposed to be a man with a strong religious bias, but this does not prevent him from dropping now and then into a vein which almost justifies the description of him as the English Rabelais, and telling stories like this. "As I travelled once in the county of Kerry in Ireland, with the White Knight and the Knight of the Glin, we called at Terelah O'Crohane's, an old Irish gentleman, our common friend, who kept up the hospitality of his ancestors, and showed how they lived when Cormac Mac Guillenan, the Generous, was king of Munster and Archbishop of Cashel in 913. There was no end of eating and drinking there, and the famous Dorne Falvey played on the harp. For a day and a night we sat to it by candlelight without shirts or clothes on, naked except that we had our breeches and shoes and stockings on, and I drank so much burgundy in that time the sweat ran of a red colour down my body, and my senses were so disordered that when we agreed to ride out for a couple of hours to take a little air, I leaped my horse into a dreadful quarry, and in the descent was thrown into a large deep water that was in a part of the frightful bottom."

The experiences he relates are as marvellous as Sinbad's; the regions he traverses are like certain described in Pomponius Mela.

The people he meets are equally impossible, but none of them seem out of drawing, taken in connection with Buncle himself. Athletics were not then cultivated at Dublin after the present standard, but John Buncle was, nevertheless, a bit of a sportsman. He writes: "On the glorious first of August, before the beasts were roused from their lodges or the birds had soared upward to pour forth their morning harmony, while the mountains and groves were overshadowed by a dim obscurity, and the dawn still dappled the drowsy east with spots of grey, in short, before the sun was up, or with his auspicious presence began to animate inferior nature. I left my chamber, and with my dog and gun went out to wander over a pleasant country." Many mountains did our hunter climb in the course of the morning. He does not tell us what game fell to his gun, but the sequel will show that his quest was not a bootless one. After having been five hours afoot, he began, naturally enough, to feel hungry, and looking round for a hospitable roof, he perceived in the distance a fine mansion, divided from him "by horrid precipices and gloomy woods." Having traversed these, he arrives at a garden door, fortunately open, and inside, "in a votive temple of the Ionic order," he finds sitting the charming Harriot Noel.

To a man of John Buncle's calibre it made no difference, but an ordinary mortal would have been embarrassed in introducing such a commonplace subject as breakfast to a young lady "sitting in a library, filled with the finest books and a vast variety of mathematical instruments, and raising her eyes now and then from her writing to glance at a Hebrew Bible." The lovely Harriot was naturally not a little astonished at Mr. Buncle's appearance, and at his request, but before she had time to answer, her father came upon the scene, a lively old gentleman who at once realised the situation. brought me into his house and the lovely Harriot made tea for me, and had such plenty of fine cream and extraordinary bread and butter set before me, that I breakfasted with uncommon pleasure." During the meal the sportsman seems to have been completely subjugated by the charms of his hostess, and disinclined to bring forth any of the philosophy or theology that was simmering in his brain; but, after the repast, Mr. Noel gave out that he had business to attend to, and the young people were left to themselves, and then Buncle was himself again, for he utilised the opportunity by talking for fifty pages and more on the language of Adam and the primævity of the Hebrew race. Miss Noel did not seem in the least bored, for she kept on skilfully putting posing questions to her guest, which he, just as skilfully, answered. But the fate befell him which befell Philammon, and which will befall every one who may talk theology with pretty women; for, after a bit, we find him exclaiming: "Illuminate me, then, glorious girl, in this dark article, and be my teacher in Hebrew learning, as I flatter myself you will be the guide and dirigent of all my actions and my days. Yes, charming Harriot, my fate is in your hands." After chiding his tendency to romance, Harriot replied that the elucidation of such points as they had touched on would be a very trifling matter to her, but apparently she was of opinion that her admirer had taken in as much Aramic lore as he could digest for the present, so she carried him off to admire her grotto adorned with sea-shells. Buncle, of course, knew the names of them, and delivered a discourse which might be read before the Conchological Society, if one exists.

The old gentleman seems to have followed a more light and airy course of reading than his Pallas-like daughter; for, after drinking a bottle apiece of old Alicante at dinner, he and his guest fell to quoting Catullus and Tibullus, and discussing the Lesbias and Camillas celebrated by those merry bards. Ultimately Mr. Noel became a little drowsy, and went off for a nap; the old Alicante, as the sequel will show, affected John Buncle in different fashion. What this sequel was must be told in his own words. "To Harriot, then, my life and my bliss, I turned, and over a pot of tea was as happy, I am sure, as even with his Statira sat the conqueror of the world. I began to relate once more the story of a passion that was to form one day, I hoped, my sole felicity in this world, and with vows and protestations affirmed that I loved from my soul. 'Charming angel, I said, 'the beauties of your mind have inspired me with a passion that must increase every time I behold the harmony of your face, and by the powers divine I swear to love you so long as Heaven shall permit me to breathe the vital air. Bid me, then, either live or die, and while I do live be assured that my life will be devoted to you only.' But in vain was all this warmth. Miss Noel sat as unmoved as Erycina on a monument, and only answered with a smile: 'Since your days, sir, are at my disposal, I desire you will change to some other subject, and some article that is rational and useful, otherwise I must leave the room."

There was no need for Miss Noel to carry out her threat, for Mr. Buncle, perceiving that he was hurrying the pace, appeased her by talking for an hour or so on the Hutchinsonian theory of the confusion of tongues. This disquisition Miss Noel capped by one of her own, at the same time more lengthy and more learned, and thereby inflamed her listener's admiration even more than the old

Alicante had done; for he broke out: "My passion had risen so high for such an uncommon female intelligence that I could not help snatching this beauty to my arms, and, without thinking of what I did, impressing on her balmy mouth half a dozen kisses. This was wrong, and gave very great offence; but she was too good to be implacable, and on my begging her pardon and protesting that it was not a willing rudeness, but the magic of her glorious eyes and the bright powers of her mind that had transported me beyond myself, she was reconciled, and asked me if I would play a game of cards. 'With delight,' I replied, and immediately a pack was brought in. We sat down to cribbage, and had played a few games when by accident Miss Noel saw the head of my German flute, which I always brought out with me in my walks. 'You play, sir, I suppose, on that instrument?' the lady said; 'and as of all sorts of music this pleases me most, I request you will oblige me with anything you please.'" Mr. Buncle "obliged" at once in such moving strains that before he left he was able to secure the hand of the lovely Harriot, and the consent of her merry old father. Now we are first cognisant of the sad fate which waited on all the ladies on whom John Buncle looked with favour—and they were many, and all of them "glorious creatures"—for the beauteous Miss Noel fell a victim to small-pox before a week had elapsed, and our hero again set forth in quest of adventures.

On his return from college to his father's roof he found that the old gentleman had taken a second wife—a low person. between father and son soon became strained, and ultimately the latter was turned out-of-doors. He attributed his expulsion to the malice of his step-mother, but his narrative reveals another possible cause—to wit, theological differences. The son, after being trained in the straitest orthodoxy at home, came back from college a Christian Deist. He gives the substance of his arguments with the old gentleman-arguments which left his progenitor without a leg to stand on; and in going through them one is forced to admit that a son who could discourse in such wise and at such length deserved all he got, and more. He crossed over into England, and wandered off into the Cumbrian mountains in search of an old college friend; but he was detained at Whitehaven through meeting a certain Miss Melmoth, a lady with a taste for belles lettres and theology, and with her he continued at the Talbot for three weeks, during which time they always breakfasted, dined, and supped together. "Except during the hours of sleep we were rarely from each other "-a remark which shows that John Buncle, in spite of his taste for holy things, was not

disposed to view the proprieties in an ultra-puritanical light. On leaving Miss Melmoth he travelled "into a vast valley enclosed by mountains, whose tops were in the clouds, and soon came into a country that is wilder than the Campagna of Rome, or the uncultivated vales of the Alps or the Apennines." The pangs of hunger soon assailed him, and by good fortune he espied a hospitable farm in which an old college chum, one Jack Price-not the particular chum he was in search of-was settled. The welcome and the supper were admirable, but nothing in comparison with the fact that Mrs. Price was able and willing to discuss the operations of the spirit and the abstrusest problems of divinity at ten times the length of Miss Noel and Miss Melmoth combined. On quitting these friends he traversed a region which, from the terms he uses in describing it, must have rivalled the Pamirs in midwinter in elemental horrors. Passing through this safely he comes upon a grotto in the foot of a marble mountain, in which dwelt a sort of Calypso, called in the Buncle tongue Azora. Azora lived attended only by women a sort of "princess." She was hospitable and also theological, and, after the traveller's hunger was satisfied, the two talked of "the incomprehensible" and "the law of reason" to the end of the first volume. Afterwards, by way of relaxation, he set the young lady divers problems in algebra, and the way in which they dealt with the reciprocal relations of pistoles and moidores and the fractions thereof makes one wonder whether, after all, Girton represents any great advance on the educational achievements of last century.

On leaving this congenial spot John Buncle set forth again on his travels, and plunged into a region "behind Jack Railton, the Quaker's house at Bowes," in which he comes across Alps to match those of Switzerland, and cataracts of the volume of Niagara. In this horrid region he met with various adventures, such as going into a cave on one side of a mountain and emerging on the other, having crossed, meantime, subterranean torrents and scaled precipices by the light of a tallow candle. Next he found a deserted house with the skeleton of the late owner, one John Orton, lying in a bed. Mr. Orton, though dead, spoke from a manuscript beside him, and gave a long history of his religious opinions and errors. After a long commentary on this document John Buncle delivers a soliloguy over the mouldering bones, shoots a bustard, off which, washed down by some of Azora's admirable ale, he dines, and takes possession of the real and personal estate of the deceased, with the view of settling down at Orton Lodge with Miss Melmoth for a companion. But his wanderings are not yet ever. A little farther on he came upon a place called Ulubra, a settlement of philosophers-male this time-who cultivated their garden and the mathematics with great assiduity. They had, like Buncle, discovered a new method of determining the tangents of curved lines, and they possessed a microscope powerful enough to show him a flea and a louse in mortal combat, the minutest details being exhibited clearly enough to demonstrate the powerful emotion of the former when he found himself in the latter's clutches. On his travels Buncle seldom failed to arrive about dinnertime at some hospitable roof, generally one of consideration and well furnished with books, philosophical instruments, and female theologians. What occurred on Monday is so very much like what occurred on Tuesday and Wednesday, that it would be monotonous to give a catalogue of his doings. Once when he came upon a Mr. Berrisford and his sister, ardent fox-hunters, it seemed as if a new tap might be turned on; but, after the description of a run, which reads like an anticipation of Lady Gay Spanker, Buncle tackled Mr. Berrisford on the decay of Christianity, and found that worthy as good at polemics as at stone walls and timber fences.

After a month or so it occurred to our hero that it might be well to return to Orton Lodge, lest some other wanderer should "jump his claim," but on his way thither he went in search of Miss Melmoth, to whom, in spite of the many charmers of similar type he had met, his heart was still true. On inquiring at the address she had given, he finds her gone, leaving no clue. For some weeks he wandered about in despair, but at last, one day when he was sitting down to dinner at Greta Bridge, the young lady herself rode up to the inn. He set before her all the attractions of Orton Lodge, and besought her to share them: an appeal which brought the answer that she would go with him to Hudson's Bay if he wished. A Franciscan friar—of all unlikely people in the world—happening to pass by, Mr. Buncle, in spite of his hatred to Popery, enlisted his services to conduct the marriage rites, and the wedded lovers at once took possession of the derelict inheritance of the defunct John Orton.

Here they cultivated their gardens, fished the streams, and shot the moors for the means of subsistence; and, after two years of married bliss, a fever carried off the fair Charlotte. Friar Fleming was again called in to the office of sepulture, and Buncle once more set forth in search of "another good country girl for a wife, and to get a little money." As usual, after traversing a region full o every physical and elemental horror, he fell upon a sort of earthly paradise, planned and planted as if Capability Brown had been at work upon it. In the midst was a fair building full of books, globes,

and philosophical instruments, and in the midst of these, sitting in a chair, was another skeleton. The history of this grisly host was written on a parchment scroll on the desk before it, finishing with an exhortation to the reader to prepare for his latter end. Soon the living denizens of this retreat came upon the scene, the father and the daughter of the anatomy in the chair. The old gentleman, Mr. John Henley, gives a long account of his gifted but eccentric son Charles, and so taken was he with the sympathetic bearing of his guest, that he forthwith offers him his granddaughter, the fair Statia, in marriage. By ill fate Mr. Henley died before the affair is settled, and Statia, thinking apparently she might do better, made some demur; but her suitor, by discoursing to her at length on the difference between circumcision and baptism, quite overcame her scruples, called in Friar Fleming once more, and carried his bride off to Orton Lodge, only to lose her by small-pox a few months afterwards.

John Buncle was soon afield again, and as a matter of course discovered another vale in the Cumbrian wilderness. turned out to be a society of married friars, a sort of Protestant La Trappe. He found the life there so happy and delightful, that he was guite ready to become a monk himself. The next pleasaunce he describes as "a parlour in a grove." A peasant whom he meets tells him it belongs to the lovely Miss Antonia Cranmer, and goes on to describe this lady in terms which inflame Buncle with desire to make her his third wife. Unluckily she is from home, and for twenty days the resolute suitor waits for her, beguiling the time by holding arguments with one Watson, a neighbouring recluse, on Bellarmine's Apology for the Catholic Church. At last Miss Cranmer came back, and again Buncle could cry, Vēni, vidi, vici. For six weeks he abode with Miss Cranmer and her cousin, and then Friar Fleming was summoned to tie the knot. The happy pair set off for Orton Lodge, where they lived for three years. small-pox once more robbed John Buncle of his wife. We must lament these frequent bereavements, but we must consider that, but for them, we should have no fresh adventures, neither would Buncle have had occasion to deliver himself of that most original apology for his frequent calls on Hymen. "'Our moralist,' the critics will say, 'has buried three wives running; and they are hardly cold in their graves before he is dancing like a buck at the Wells and plighting his vow to a fourth, the lovely Miss Spence.' To these I reply that a decent and proper tribute of sorrow humanity requires, but when that duty has been paid we must remember that

to lament a dead woman is not to lament a wife. A wife must be a living woman." To dissipate his grief he betook himself to Harrogate. Here he engaged himself to the Miss Spence alluded to above, and also fell in with a lot of rollicking contemporaries from T.C.D. The pace of these youths seems to have been a little too much for him, for he went off into the country to recruit. and naturally came across a fair lady living in a sylvan retreat. This dame proved to be an old acquaintance. "What," he cried, on seeing her, "Miss Wolf of Balineskay. O my Imoinda; and, snatching her to my arms, I almost stifled her with kisses." But Miss Wolf, in spite of her wealth and her lovely house—it contained amongst other wonders two artificial figures which played the German flute-was not destined to displace Miss Spence. After passing two weeks feasting and dancing with the merry company in Miss Wolf's abode he moved on to the humbler cheer of the "Cat and Bagpipes," near Knaresboro'.

On his way thither, passing through a gloomy wood, he noted a solitary house of forbidding aspect, which he set down-not without reason—as a sort of robbers' den. His landlord informed him that two heiresses were mewed up in this fortalice by one Jeremiah Cock. the rascally lawyer who had their affairs in hand. Here was a veritable chance for a knight errant, and Buncle soon showed the mettle that was in him by rescuing the brace of damsels, and hiding them at a lonely inn in Straveret Vale, where he entertained them hospitably for a fortnight or so. In his early raptures about the lovely Miss Spence, now left forlorn at Harrogate, he had described her as possessing "the head of Aristotle, the heart of a primitive Christian, and the form of the Venus de Medici," but. in spite of these charms, his loyalty seems to have wavered somewhat in the society of the beautiful Miss Tilston and the more beautiful Miss Llandsoy. Second thoughts came to the rescue, for he remarks. "But as they were both minors, if such a wife died under age I could be no gainer, and might have children to maintain without any fortune." However, there he was with the two charmers on his hands. He felt it necessary to carry them to some settled home, so he took them off to Orton Lodge, where again his faith must have been sorely tried, for he writes, "If I had not been engaged to Miss Spence, I should certainly have sat down in peace with these two young ladies, and with them connected have looked upon Orton Lodge as the Garden of Eden. They were both most charming women. Miss Llandsoy was a perfect divinity." On reading this one doubts whether the writer could have been a convinced monogamist.

But the Aristotelian, primitive Christian, and Cytherean charms of Miss Spence once more swayed his fancy, and he started for Cleator, where he found the lady living with her uncle, a clergyman. told her the story of his strange abode at Orton Lodge, omitting all reference to its present beauteous occupants, and after Miss Spence had gone to bed he drank two bottles of wine with the old gentleman as they discussed the lawfulness of resistance to a Popish king. day or two afterwards the wooer and his lady set forth to London on The journey, which was altogether delightful, lasted nine days, and Buncle affirms he wishes London had been ten times the distance. The only adventure they had was to lose their way and to take refuge at a village inn. There, after supper, they called for cards, but these not being forthcoming, they diverted themselves with a discourse on Fluxions, Miss Spence being a mathematician superior even to the fair Azora. After the wedding Mr. and the fourth Mrs. Buncle journeyed north to the lady's seat in Westmoreland, but soon a malignant fever made Buncle once more a widower. He gives a harrowing account of the illness, and of the fatuity of the four doctors he called in. Dr. Sharp said that alkali was the cause of her malady, and at once dosed her with orange and vinegar in whey. Dr. Hough laid all the blame on acids, and prescribed pearl and coral and crab's eyes. Dr. Pym affirmed that the only way to conquer the poison was to brace up the animal spirits by alexipharmics and vesicatories, but he was no more successful than the others. Dr. Frost, a mechanician, held that the solid part of the body was controlled by geometry, and the fluid by hydrostatics, and that the only thing to be done was to restore the machine to an equilibrium, but before this could be accomplished the patient gave up the ghost. Medicine in these days apparently had not advanced far beyond the teaching of Pliny and Cardan.

Having buried the *ci-devant* Miss Spence, John Buncle again saddled his horse and rode forth, and almost immediately met at an inn Miss Turner, the sister of the college friend he had originally come to seek in these parts. Turner himself was in Italy, so Buncle promptly proposed to the sister, and, after a short parley, was accepted. For about six weeks he lived a life of almost delirious happiness with his new wife, when the overturning of a carriage cleared the way for a sixth Mrs. Buncle.

For a season now we have a respite from marrying and giving in marriage. Buncle adjourned to London, and there fell in with the notorious Edmund Curll, whom he describes in terms of the strongest opprobrium. In person he must have been hideous, and his morals

were to match; a literary sweater, a frequenter of brothels, if not a procurer, and a gambling tout. It is to be feared that under his guidance Mr. Buncle saw a little too much of the seamy side of He grows eloquent over the charms of the lovely Carola Bennet, tells the story of her betrayal and ruin, and of her subsequent discovery, restored to virtuous paths and the wife of a young clergyman, Mr. Tench, an Irishman of Galway, who had a fine seat in Devonshire. This, however, was not the worst. While he lodged with Curll he met two Irish gentlemen, and was persuaded to accompany them to a gambling house, where, to give his own words, "I lost all I was worth in the world, the thousands I had gained by my several wives. I had sold their estates and lodged the money in my The villains round the table got it all." banker's hands. seems to have sympathised with his lodger's misfortune-whether or not any of the plunder went to him, the victim does not hint—at any rate he put Buncle in the way of retrieving his fortunes by giving him an introduction to one Dunk, a miser, who lived in a wood about twenty miles off. Dunk had a daughter, "the finest creature in the universe, and who must succeed to his great estate whether he will or no." So, naturally, John Buncle was off after her like a shot. He effected an entrance to the house in the character of Curll's shopman, but he soon found an opportunity of declaring his real purpose. He drew a seductive picture of life in the country, and, mindful no doubt of his late transactions with the Irish gentlemen, enlarged on the vanity and perils of life in the great world. Miss Dunk was slightly coy, but Buncle was irresistible, as usual, and in a very short time carried her off to Foley Farm, a residence we now hear of for the first time. Arrived here the bride died almost immediately of a strange sort of fever. For six months he mourned her, and, having remained unmoved this unprecedented space of time, he determined to set out for Orton Lodge to see how the two young ladies were faring, but the fates had many strange adventures in store for him before he should get to his journey's end. The very first night he was all but lost in a snowstorm on the fells, being only preserved through coming to a hospitable house in which dwelt a certain Dr. Stanvil. While he was this gentleman's guest there befell him the strangest adventure he had ever encountered in his strangely adventurous life, for when the wife of his host entered the room he was thunderstruck at the sight of his "late espoused saint," whom he had so recently consigned to the tomb, or of some one who was her veritable double. The lady, having given no sign of recognition, he was almost disposed to doubt the truth of his

impression, when a story picked up by his servant explained the mystery. Dr. Stanvil, it appeared, was an anatomist on a large scale, keeping a regular army of body-snatchers in his pay; and one night his grisly emissaries brought to him the body of a lovely young woman, reft from a churchyard a short way off. At the first touch of the dissecting knife the subject opened her eves and sighed. The doctor, being both a man of resource and modesty, at once clothed her in her shroud, the only available garment, and soon brought her round; and in a few days, according to Buncle, "she sparkled before her preserver in the brightness of an Eastern princess." The doctor was unmarried, so she became Mrs. Stanvil instead of Mrs. Buncle, and all the time of her guest's stay-a trifle of two monthsthey bore themselves mutually as strangers, and seemed to have passed a pleasant time; though it is evident that the spectacle of Dr. Stanvil's married happiness made Buncle curse bitterly his own haste in compounding his charmer with the clay. But there she was, another man's wife, so he again began his quest, which led him as usual into a horrid desert vexed with thunderstorms. Overtaken by one of them, he took refuge in a humble inn, and was informed by the landlord that a little farther on resided one Dr. Fitzgibbons with one fair daughter, for whom he was anxious to find a husband of the right sort. John Buncle had no doubt as to his own fitness for the post, and the sequel proved that his confidence was just. Both father and daughter approved of him, and Miss Fitzgibbons in time became the sixth or seventh Mrs. Buncle—the narrator at this point seemingly having lost count—and very soon the doctor died, leaving his fortune and his practice to his son-in-law. At this point one hopes that fortune has done her worst, and that the matrimonial misadventures of the luckless Buncle are at an end, but it is not so, for the unhappy Julia fell out of a boat and was drowned. After the customary period of despair Buncle suddenly remembered Orton Lodge and the two heiresses left in charge, and saddled his horse and rode off thither only to find the place shut up and a note on the door saying that the young ladies, despairing of ever seeing their benefactor again, had determined to depart. The disappointment was a cruel one, in spite of the fact that the house was left in admirable order, full of provision, pickled, potted, and preserved, for it was clear that Buncle returned to his northern home on polygamous schemes intent. In spite of the beauty of the place, the abundant fruit in the garden, and the discovery of a lovely lady named Leonora, living in a lonely pleasaunce hard by, with whom he discoursed long on the curse of Popery, Buncle could not tolerate

the solitude more than four weeks. He rode off again "to ask Dr. Stanvil how he did, and to look once more at that fine curiosity, Miss Dunk that was."

He was most hospitably received, and, in consideration of his having set up as a doctor, the conversation became severely medical. One day, Dr. Stanvil, having concluded a long eulogy on the cathartic properties of cantharides with the words: "Vast is our obligation to God for all His provident blessings, great are the wonders that He doeth for the children of men," dropped off his chair a dead man; his dissolution having been caused by the blowing up of the stomach. It is needless to say that the ci-devant Miss Dunk now accomplished her manifest destiny by becoming Mrs. Buncle the seventh or eighth. The wedded pair set out for Ireland to visit Mr. Buncle senior, and any grief that the son may have felt at finding his father "paralytic all over and scarcely able to speak," was neutralised by the fact that the old gentleman had become a strict Unitarian, and spoke with abhorrence of the Athanasian religion. Of the hostile step-mother we hear nothing, so we may conclude that she was gone to her account.

We are destined to leave Buncle as we found him—minus a wife. After a year's happiness the small-pox once more intervened, and consigned the former Miss Dunk to the tomb—for good this time—and to divert his mind, Buncle set forth on a more extended voyage. If his narrative be true, he circumnavigated the globe, visiting Terra del Fuego, China, Brazil, Borneo, and other remote lands. Here and there one is inclined to be sceptical; but we come upon one episode which must be set down unhesitatingly as fable. It is the story of the discovery of a solitary island, ruled by a young and lovely queen, whom the circumnavigator left in peace, without wanting to make her Mrs. Buncle the eighth or ninth.

W. G. WATERS.

## ENGLISH SURNAMES AND HEREDITARY GENIUS.

A NUMBER of eminent Englishmen bear, or have borne, surnames which, when first given to remote ancestors, indicated genius, strength, or great personal capacity. The heredity of genius is universally admitted, but I think it has not yet been shown that the mental or physical force denoted by such surnames may reappear, after thirty generations, in the poet, the man of science, or the law-giver.

English surnames are derived (1) from patronymics; (2) from the place of residence of the recipient; (3) from his nationality, as shown by such names as Welsh or French; or even by the colour of his hair or skin, as shown by such names as Black, White, Brown, Green, Reade (red); (4) from his trade or occupation; or (5) from his personal qualifications, such as physical strength, mental powers. or comeliness of form. It is obvious that the three first classes of surnames give no indication of ancestral character, and we are only concerned here with the two last classes, for these often give direct proof of mental or physical excellence in the first recipients. These two classes, and chiefly the last class, will have a scientific value if it can be shown that the qualities or capacities which the names themselves indicate have been transmitted, through a long series of generations, to eminent men of modern times. The intermediate ancestors may have been unknown to fame, or all record of them may have been lost. Yet many of them may, in quiet lives spent in villages or in little towns, have been eminent amongst their neighbours; doing good work, and sometimes acquiring wealth or, at least, some local distinction. As Nature does not move per saltum, it is not to be expected that an immediate crop of eminent men will arise from an eminent ancestor. All that we can expect is, the occasional reappearance, in some form, of those good and striking qualities which raised the ancestor above his contemporaries.

A few years ago a discussion arose in a well-known literary journal about the meaning of the surname Ruskin. The form of the

<sup>1</sup> Notes and Queries, 1885.

name was one which was not likely to have undergone "corruption, or even phonetic change, and on that ground its solution seemed easier than that of most English surnames. The meaning of the word was not, however, made out, though its solution, when we compare it with other surnames indicating personal excellence, is easy. It is the Old Norse roskinn, ripe, mature—a word which is only applied to persons and not to fruit. Of course, a man could not acquire such a surname as Ripe or Mature. The word, however, is akin to röskr, which also originally meant ripe, mature, but is only used in its metaphorical sense of vigorous, doughty, valiant. Ruskin, therefore, means vigorous, doughty; and the surname Doughty is not uncommon in England. The surname Erskine is a metathesis of roskinn, and has the same meaning.

The names Shakespeare and Breakspear imply either personal strength or bravery in the first recipients, and the history of the word virtue seems to show that moral and intellectual perfection are derived from courage or vigour. I have lately seen the surname Shakeshaft at a Lancashire watering place, and this word, like Shakespeare and Breakspear, implies strength or valour. A man of great courage or of military prowess might well have been described as a breaker or shaker of spears, just as the Old Norse pambarskelfir, the string-shaker, was a sobriquet of the famous archer Einar. Such names may have implied no more than great personal strength. We must bear in mind that only the baptismal name was given by the parents, and received the sanction of the Church. The surname or nickname (additional name) was given by a man's neighbours or acquaintances. He had to take whatever surname they chose to give him, and whether it pleased him or not. Amongst the Norsemen a gift, such as a gold ring, was made by the giver of the surname, no doubt for good luck, the giving of a surname being known as a "name-fastening." Thus the boy Wogg, in the old tale, gives the name of Kraki, meaning "pole," to King Hrolf, because the king had a tall, slender body. We may infer from this that a similar custom obtained in England, at all events in the Danish districts. Relics of the old system of name-giving may still be seen in some English villages, where people invent all sorts of nicknames to denote the peculiarities of their neighbours. I knew two poachers who bore the nicknames Gunner and Ramrod, and they seemed very proud of those titles. Even when the nickname was highly obnoxious, it had to be endured, as the recipient had no choice in the matter whatever.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> In the Yorkshire dialect the Old Norse  $\ddot{o}$  sometimes makes u, as in "duff, from  $d\ddot{o}f$ .

It is noteworthy that the surnames of the only Englishman who ever reached the Papal chair, and of the greatest English man of letters, should prove their descent from ancestors endowed with great physical vigour. We know their ancestors only as we know "fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum." But at least we are sure that they were strong men and brave.

Amongst eminent historians I may mention Mr. Froude, whose surname represents the Old Norse froor-learned, wise. amongst poets I may refer to Keats, a name which is derived from the Old English kête-strong, brave, with a final s added. There is no difficulty in this final s, which seems to have been frequently added in an arbitrary way. Thus we have such names as Jenkin and Jenkins, Maple and Maples, and John Earle, bishop of Salisbury, and author of "Microcosmographie," was the son of Thomas Earle, or Earles. The difficulty rather is in supposing that the quality of bravery or courage in a remote ancestor should produce that highly nervous organisation which leads to eminence in literature and art. It really proves the old adage that a poet is born, not made; born, that is, with qualities which would lead to distinction in any profession or calling, according as they were modified by external circumstances, or by intermixture with other qualities derived from various ancestors. It is true that Keats is said to have been a man of delicate physique; at all events he died of consumption at the age of twenty-five. But his sister lived to a great age, and there is no reason for believing that he did not spring from a race of strong and brave men.

The surname Kennedy, long associated with English scholarship, may be explained by comparison with the Old Norse kenni-maor, a teacher. From this word, and from the surname itself, we may infer the former existence of a word kenni-pú, also meaning a teacher, or literally, a teaching servant. Tutors, known as "servants," were attached to noblemen's houses in England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and probably much earlier. For instance, Randle Cotgrave, who published a French-English Dictionary in 1611, speaks of himself in the preface to that book as the "servant" of Sir William Cecil, in whose household he was employed. may, however, derive the word directly from the Old Norse kennandi, a teacher, the third n being lost according to a wellknown phonetic law. For the purpose of our inquiry this by no means common surname is very important, for the "Dictionary of National Biography" gives accounts of no fewer than thirty-four eminent men, and one unmarried woman, who have borne it. same authority gives short biographies of just one hundred persons

called Clark, Clarke, Clerk, and Clerke. A presumption is thus raised that a person bearing one of these surnames will be a man of some mental power. I was amused to find in the first directory to which I turned that the solitary Kennedy which the list contained was described as a "foreman." He was a workman, but he had risen above his fellows. J. Horne Tooke inherited literary power from the interpreter or spokesman (Old Norse túlkr), from whom he was descended. In these cases we have evidence of the long and direct transmission of unmodified hereditary qualities.

A gentle disposition may have been indicated by such a surname as Lamb; a harsh one by the surname Wolf. Goldsmith may have acquired his fine touch in literary art from a quality which enabled his ancestor to work cunningly in gold.

I may refer to a few other examples of surnames which denote physical or mental strength in the persons who first bore them. Striking instances are: Skeat, the Old English skêt, swift; Snell, the Old English snell, Old Norse sniallr, swift, strong; Marvell, meaning prodigy; Swift, Sharp, Quick; Maginn, probably from the Old Norse meginn, strong. A remarkable Northern name is Glegg or Clegg, which represents the Old Norse glöggr, Scotch gleg, meaning quick, clever, and occurring in the Lancashire dialect as clegg. South Yorkshire they say that a quick-witted man is "as glegg as a wumble," that is, as sharp as a gimlet. Every one of these surnames (and there are more of the same kind) is certainly derived from the mental or physical good qualities of an ancestor. No doubt there were many persons, equally clever or strong, who were not so fortunate as to obtain surnames which ear-marked or labelled their descendants for the examination of future ages. But enough of these marks of personal excellence have descended to our time to enable the biographer or the student to say that the man of genius, or the distinguished man, often bears a surname which in itself is a sure indication of hereditary excellence.

As a necessary corollary to the names implying personal worth there are names implying worthlessness, folly, or incapacity. These names are not now so numerous as those which denote good qualities. The reason is that the strong man or the clever man would be much more likely to succeed in the world, and therefore to marry and leave descendants, than the weak or foolish man. And it is probable that many of these uncomplimentary names have been purposely changed, or so disguised in form as to be unrecognisable. A few years ago a bathing-machine man at Whitby bore the surname of Argument, and a curious investigator of his pedigree found that his real name was Egremont

-a place near Whitby. Changes of this kind are wilfully and forcibly made; they are usually intended to be interpretative, or to slur over some ill-sounding word. In this case Egremont may have had an uncanny sound, suggesting an ægir, or sea-goblin. Anthony Wood, who, antiquary as he was, must have known the meaning of many old words appearing in surnames, was always careful to describe himself as A Wood, to obviate any doubt on the point whether wood meant mad, or the collection of growing trees near which his ancestors lived. It would be easy to mention a number of modern English surnames which imply inferiority of character or of body in the ancestors of those who bear them. I abstain from doing so from the fear of giving undeserved offence. But it may be remarked that one or two of these uncomplimentary surnames have become fashionable pranomina, or baptismal names, amongst those who think to add dignity to their families by the use of uncommon words, or to suggest relationship to some noble house. This is one of the cases in which ignorance is bliss, or in which the unknown is taken for the magnificent, for a parent would not knowingly christen his child by a name which, for instance, meant good-for-naught. Our ancestors, in the plain language of their own times, delighted in describing their neighbours by all sorts of facetious names, and it was because they used the slang words of their own time for this purpose that many surnames cannot now be satisfactorily explained. They seem to have been as happy in the choice of nicknames as is the modern schoolboy who, by a swift instinct, at once chooses the right name for his new companion, especially if his appearance or manners be at all peculiar.

It need hardly be said that surnames exhibiting both good and bad qualities may be found in other languages besides English, and that a wide scope for inquiry on this subject is offered. If we approach the subject from the motive of curiosity there is a good deal to interest and amuse us. But we may also approach it for another reason, namely, with a view to determine whether genius has in all cases been transmitted from remote and distinguished ancestors, either male or female, or whether that quality may result, in more recent times, from happy intermarriages, or from happy intermarriages combined with the accidents of fortune. Whatever opinion may be ultimately formed on this great question of heredity, it does at least seem clear that there are, and have been, a considerable number of famous men whose very surnames declare, with no uncertain voice, their descent from distinguished ancestors.

## ERASMUS.1

HATEVER opinion may be held as to the late Professor Froude as an historian, it can hardly be maintained that in his most recent work he has not gone sufficiently to original author-The subject of the "Lectures on the Life and Letters of Erasmus" (the fatigue caused by the delivery of which was too severe a strain on Froude's constitution) speaks for himself, and stands before us vividly represented by his own utterances and those of his contemporaries and friends. There is no appearance of an attempt to draw a highly-coloured picture. Few will gainsay the statement in the preface that "the best description of the state of Europe in the age immediately preceding the Reformation will be found in the correspondence of Erasmus himself. I can promise my own readers that if they will accept Erasmus for a guide in that entangled period they will not wander far out of the way." The interesting volume published only a few weeks before the Professor's death fully redeems this promise. This voluminous correspondence has been laid largely under contribution, no less than 164 of the letters being translated or abridged; but the Professor does not undertake to give any summary of this remarkable character. It has been his object "rather to lead historical readers to a study of Erasmus's own writings than to provide an abbreviated substitute for them"; and in his last paragraph he says: "I have left myself no time for concluding reflections, and I do not know that any reflections are necessary. I have endeavoured to put before you the character and thoughts of an extraordinary man at the most exciting period of modern history. It is a period of which the story is still disfigured by passion and prejudice. I believe that you will best see what it really was if you will look at it through the eyes of Erasmus."

We may pass briefly over the boyhood, the youth, and carly manhood of Erasmus, his being placed at nine years old at a school at Deventer, whither his mother removed him from Rotterdam, and where "it was early recognised that he was no common lad, though

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;Life and Letters of Erasmus." By J. A. Froude. London: Longmans.

he could never have been the model good boy of story-books, who learnt his lessons and never did wrong"; how after his father's death he was ill treated by his three guardians, who defrauded him of his patrimony and placed him for two years in a house of Collationary Fathers (who these people were we need not inquire, as Froude confesses that except from Erasmus's account of them he never heard of them, nor could learn any more about them); how on his return home every argument and artifice was used to induce him and his brother to enter a monastery. The brother yielded, but not so Entangled, however, by a companion Cantelius, as a compromise he agreed for a few months to enter an Augustinian monastery, and submitted, after a hard struggle, to become a novice. "For a time he was allowed to comfort himself in the library, but it was found necessary to teach him the lesson of holy obedience, and the books were taken away. He found that he might get drunk as often and as openly as he pleased, but study was a forbidden indulgence."

From the prospect of this lifelong slavery he was fortunately rescued by the prior, who had observed his misery and felt some twinges of conscience. He procured him an appointment secretary to the Bishop of Cambray, who authorised him to go to Paris, which had long been the goal of his ambition, and continue his studies there. He had already been ordained priest at Utrecht, but he was permitted to modify his monastic dress, and his life seems to have been more secular than ecclesiastical. At Paris he taught himself Greek, and earned a precarious subsistence, eking out the small allowance made him by the Bishop, by taking pupils. he made the acquaintance of Laurentius Valla, and there it was that he attached to himself, among those who attended his pupil-room, the son of Lord Mountjoy, and Mr. Thomas Grey, the uncle of Lady Jane Grey; the former of whom became the architect of his fortune. It was on his invitation that Erasmus, at the age of thirty, was extricated from the adventurous, unsettled, and unsatisfactory life he was leading at Paris, and accompanied his pupil to England at the end of the year 1497.

From this point the life of Erasmus falls into three divisions that can be marked with tolerable clearness. I. There are the seventeen years from 1497 to 1514, when he finally left England after his fourth visit. II. There is the period from 1514 to 1529, during which he lived sometimes in the Netherlands, sometimes at Basle. III. There is the last portion of his life, marked by his removal from Basle to Freyburg on the ascendency of the Reformed party, and his

return to Basle the year before his death, which took place there on July 12, 1536.

The first of these periods must, we cannot doubt, have comprised the happiest days in his life. For though there was one year in it. when he went to Italy as travelling companion to Dr. Baptista's sons, of which he says it was the most disagreeable he ever spent, yet as a whole this must have been a most delightful time to look back upon, and especially the first of his four visits to England. being introduced at once to the most cultivated and intellectual society of the time, he gained experience of English life as it was in country houses. Soon after his arrival in London he was invited to Oxford, where he was the guest of Charnock, the Prior of St. Mary's College, on the site of what is now called Frewen Hall. come to Oxford not to teach, but to learn. "I have given up my whole soul to Greek learning" (a rare acquisition, we must remember, in the fifteenth century), "and as soon as I get any money I shall buy Greek books and then I shall buy some clothes." So he had written in Paris, where he had made a bare beginning, but he completed the structure under happier auspices at the feet of Grocyn— Grocyn who had himself crossed the Alps to study under the Greek exile Chalcondylas. What he gained at those lectures, which form an epoch in our literary history, amply repaid Erasmus for not having gone, as he had wished to do, to Italy. A well-known passage expresses what he felt: "When I listen to my friend Colet it seems like listening to Plato himself. Who does not wonder at the wide range of Grocyn's knowledge? What can be more searching, deep, and refined than the judgment of Linacre?"

In connection with Erasmus's sojourn at Oxford, it is interesting to recall the language which he used of one of its Colleges-Corpus Christi—founded a few years later, predicting that it will rank among the chief glories of England, and that its trilingual library (i.e. in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew) will attract more scholars to Oxford than were formerly attracted to Rome, his hope that this little College would be to Great Britain what the Mausoleum was to Caria, and what the Pyramids were to Egypt. This language may seem toolofty to us, but it must be interpreted in the light of the great expectations formed by the promoters of the New Learning from the new departure taken by the institution at Corpus, for the first time in either University, of a Professorship of Greek. He resided at Oxford for about two years, and while there he enjoyed sweet converse "with that small, transfigured band," to which he himself contributed so much besides learning, by his gaiety, his ease, and

his playful irony. He did not always agree with Colet, who converted him to his own opinion as to the merits of Thomas Aquinas. After a more careful study of the "Summa Theologiæ" than he had as yet given to it, he was brought round to see that Colet was right in his low estimate of the scholastic theology, from the trammels of which he was thus liberated, so as heartily to endorse the advice "to keep firmly to the Bible and the Apostles' Creed, and let divines, if they like, dispute about the rest."

The picture of this scholarly group would not be complete without the figure of those two other lifelong friends—Thomas More, then a lad of twenty, to whom he was introduced by Mountjoy, and William Warham, who three years after Erasmus's arrival in England was made Primate, and afterwards Chancellor. On More, Erasmus adds to the words above quoted: "When ever did Nature mould a temper more gentle, endearing, and happy than that of Thomas More?" But, indeed, to attempt to describe the domestic happiness of that home at Chelsea, the care of the father for his children, their pets, the monkey that figures in Holbein's painting, the wit, the genuine picty of More, or, again, his unaffected behaviour at Court, is impossible here. It is engraved for ever in Erasmus's long letter (No. 447) to Ulrich von Hutten. Of souls so nearly allied as were these two, Dryden's lines are true:

One common note on either lyre did strike, And knaves and fools we both abhorr'd alike.

His relations with Warham were even more remarkable, for, at first sight, they seem difficult to reconcile with self-respect and independence on the side of Erasmus. But he lived always more or less upon other people's purses, "a literary Bohemian," as the latest biographer of Colet has termed him. Warham was his most munificent benefactor. The pension charged on the rectory of Aldington, in Kent, settled on Erasmus by the Archbishop, continued to be paid him for the remainder of his life. Erasmus was full of gratitude to his patron, and never wearied of singing his praises. The character of Warham in *Ecclesiastes* is a gem in itself, but it should be read *in extenso*, as it would be spoilt by quotation.

Of the rest of Erasmus's sojourn in England, the chief interest centres round his two residences at Cambridge, where he lodged at Queen's College on the invitation of Fisher, the President, afterwards the Bishop of Rochester, and where "Erasmus's Walk" is still shown. He is not enthusiastic about the Cambridge Society, and grumbles a good deal about his discomforts—the fogs, the sour beer, and the

annoyance of having a cask of Greek wine he had sent him (from his weak health he was always particular about his wine) opened on the way and watered. The result was an attack of stone. But through all this he was deeply engaged on Jerome, and on his opus magnum—his celebrated edition of the New Testament in the original Greek, with a new and free Latin translation of his own, and remarkable notes attached to special passages. The mighty influence of this work we can hardly overestimate; and the words in which he expressed his wish for a Bible open and intelligible to all, though so often quoted, may bear to be quoted once more: "I long for the day when the husbandman shall sing portions of the Gospels and Epistles of St. Paul to himself as he follows the plough, when the weaver shall hum them to the tune of his shuttle, when the traveller shall while away with their stories the weariness of his journey."

The occasion of the last visit to England was a pressing invitation to him to return, in an extremely interesting letter from Henry VIII. which Professor Froude gives at length. It was one of the first acts of the King on his accession. Erasmus had been introduced to him some years before, when he was a boy of nine years old, being taken by More to the Royal Nursery at Eltham, and he met him on, at least, one other previous occasion. Henry proposes that he should make his settled home in England. Erasmus alone can stop the tide of heresy and impiety. He is assured of a hearty welcome, and shall name his own terms. Considering the very flattering language of this letter, and the offer it holds out of some distinguished position as adviser to the King in Church reform, we are somewhat surprised at Erasmus resolving to leave the country so soon. But Henry very soon had other work to do, with a rebellious Ireland and a French war on his hands, and Erasmus was disappointed of his hopes of promotion. His expenses at this time were heavy. Teaching the elements of Greek to schoolboys (for his lectures amounted to this) became irksome, and freedom of action and literary leisure were always his first object. It was not that he disliked England-far from it—but as Froude says: "He had higher ambitions, which, it seemed, were not to be realised for him in England, and his thoughts turned once more to his friends the Cardinals at Rome. At Rome he might have to submit to harness, and the sacrifice would be a bitter one. But the harness would be better gilded than at Cambridge." Thus it came about that he finally sailed from Dover on July 8, 1514, and thus ended the seventeen years of this period of

During them were composed some of his most important works:

(1) his "Adagia," written partly to raise the wind and partly to improve himself in Greek, by which he at once became famous, and won the heart of Warham, who always carried a copy of it wherever he went; (2) the "Enchiridion Militis Christiani," a manual of practical religion—the finest of his minor works. This small volume was not very popular at first, but later on it had a wide circulation among Protestants; and it is interesting as showing that he had already taken up the anti-Augustine position as to freewill and grace. to which he adhered through life; (3) his "Encomium Moriæ: the Praise of Folly," the title being a play on More's name, at whose suggestion it was first sketched to beguile the hours of sickness, and then talked over with Fisher at Rochester just before his departure. This most witty satire on all sorts and conditions of men was the outcome of all he had seen and brooded over on his visit to Rome, and at roadside inns on his journey thither. No less than seven editions of it were issued within a few months of its publication, and twentyseven in Erasmus's lifetime. (4) His edition of the New Testament. of which we have already spoken, belongs to this period, though it was not brought out till two years after his leaving England, March 7, 1516. During these years he had made here in England the dearest friends he ever had, and if he made some enemies by his "Praise of Folly," on the other hand, he had won himself an European reputation. In after life his letters contain many expressions of regret for his decision. The best and brightest of his "Colloquies" are his pictures of England. And Martin Luther had not yet appeared upon the scene.

II. The succeeding fifteen years are a period of storm and stress, of embarrassment and conflict. The course of European history leads through a tangled and thorny path, to issue in more than a century of bloodshed.

The Pope, the great religious orders—mortally opposed to the "New Learning"—the Kings of France and England, Luther, Young Germany goaded on by Ulrich von Hutten and his friends, the anonymous joint authors of the "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum," the mighty and daily increasing power of the printing press, sending forth faster and faster copies of the New Testament—here were sufficient materials for strife. The Reformation was inevitable, but the method of its evolution was deplorable. It is hard for us to realise what the displacement of authority, the dethronement of the Papacy from its hold upon men's minds, was after ages of unchallenged supremacy. Neither the fighting Pope, Julius II., nor Leo X., the worldly man of culture, could shake the allegiance of Erasmus

for a moment. "You may assure yourself that Erasmus has been, and always will be, a faithful servant of the Roman See." So he writes to Cardinal Campegio. "Death will not part me from the Roman Church till the Church departs from Christ." The one conscientious Pope of his time, his old schoolfellow Adrian VI., of Utrecht, the tutor of Charles V., who had accepted the Papacy with the honest intention of reforming the Roman Curia, and invited Erasmus to help him in his difficulties, died within little more than a year after his election. "The world was changing, and the Church party would not understand it."

Erasmus could read the signs of the times. After the storm aroused by Tetzel and his sale of indulgences, he saw how Rome had mismanaged the whole business. Had the Pope interfered at that critical moment, and condemned the grossness of Tetzel and his doings, Luther, much as he disliked the teaching and practice of the Church in general, would have said no more. He had not meant to raise such a tempest. He had merely protested against a scandal—so at least thinks Froude. As it was, the blame of what happened was thrown upon Erasmus, and not altogether without justice. For the saying was indeed true, that "he laid the egg, and Luther hatched it."

When Erasmus left our shores at the age of forty-seven a ludicrous attempt was made by the Augustinians to recapture him. He was at the zenith of his fame. Henry tried at the last moment to bribe him to stay by the offer of a house and a pension of 600 florins. On the Continent all the great powers, Francis I., Leo, the Archduke Charles, and his brother Ferdinand, were contending for his possession. The position he occupied was unique.

He was eagerly courted and sought after for his opinion, while he was the best hated man in Europe.

To the religious orders, especially the Carmelites and Dominicans, he attributed the whole convulsion preceding the Diet of Worms. "He was railed at in lecture-rooms, insulted in the pulpits, cursed and libelled in the press." The virulence of the doctors of Louvain was so excessive that at last the place became intolerable to him, and in 1522 he settled at Basle, living with his friend and publisher Froben, where six years before he had brought out his "Jerome" and the New Testament.

The secret of Luther's concealment in the Castle of Wartburg, after he was spirited away by the Elector of Saxony, on his way home to Wittenberg, was kept so well that Erasınus remained for some time under the delusion that he was dead. "Luther is done with—I trust

well done with, and for my own part, I return to my studies," he wrote in the autumn of 1521. Thus he was encouraged in the dream he had fondly cherished, that extreme measures might be avoided. Change he knew must come. But he hoped that it would come in the guise of a gentle orderly reform conducted *inside* the Church; that if the friars were curbed or, perhaps, even suppressed, if the graver forms of superstition were abolished, and the Scriptures made the rule of life, all might be well. But, when it was known that Luther was alive, and by no means done with, pressure was brought more and more from various influential quarters to induce Erasmus to speak out, and answer him with argument. He began to feel that he must comply. "I do not see what business it is of mine," he writes, "but I will think of it."

Thus it came about that at last he took up his pen, and composed his treatise on Free Will. It seems at first a curious subject to have chosen at such a moment. But he did so in fear of seeing dogma added to dogma (for himself he would have been satisfied with the Apostles' Creed). He meant thus to strike at the very heart of the Lutheran doctrinal system, according to which man could not of his own free will please God—a system which he saw would lead to a host of difficulties, and lay fresh burdens on the human conscience.

After writing the book he strove more eagerly than ever for peace. "The sum of religion" (he once said) "is peace, which can only be when definitions are as few as possible, and opinion is left free on many subjects." But peace was not granted to Erasmus for any length of time. Many troubles and anxieties followed: the question of Catherine's divorce, the breach between the Emperor and the Pope, the gathering confusions in Germany, the threatened examination of his own books by the Inquisition (this danger, however, passed over), the iconoclastic excesses at Basle. On these last his old humour breaks out: "The roods and the unfortunate saints were cruelly handled; strange that none of them worked a miracle to avenge their dignity, when before they had worked so many at the slightest invitation."

He felt if he stayed that he would seem to approve what was done, and he would also be at the mercy of the rabble. Accordingly he made arrangements for the secret despatch of his books, his plate (valuable presents of which he was constantly receiving), and his property to Freyburg, within the Austrian frontier. He was careful to provide nimself with a safe-conduct from the Archduke Ferdinand. He tried unsuccessfully to start from a private landing-place, but the Senate would not allow this: Basle was free for everyone to come

and go. As we look down on the rushing Rhine from the bridge, we can imagine we see the pale features, the figure worn by study, as he embarks with a few friends, and looks anxiously round in fear of any contretemps at the last moment.

Thus ends the second period of his career.

III. The few remaining years of Erasmus's life have not much to detain us. He was now sixty two years old, broken down by the gout and stone, "shot at from all sides," harassed beyond measure with the news brought to his sick-bed of the turn things were taking at the Diet of Augsburg. He had also to hear of the death of Warham, and the execution of Fisher and More, which at first he refused to believe. But the evening of his days was cheered by several gleams of light. His opinion was as eagerly sought as ever. He received offers of high promotion from Prince Ferdinand and Clement, and on the death of the latter and the election of Paul III. to the Papal throne, the prospects of conciliatory measures seemed more hopeful. The end, however, was very near. Once more he returned to Basle in 1535, meaning only to stay till his shattered health was set up by its climate, which suited him. He had to be carried in a woman's litter, and died there in the following summer.

The letters of Erasmus are a rich mine full of materials for a study of the sixteenth century, in many aspects, and not only in its religious controversies. We have an insight into courtly, social, and literary life. The paid tutor in the prince's house had now become a regular institution. We see the value of a dedication to a wealthy patron. We have a vivid picture of what travelling must have been. the difficulty of procuring carriages, the slow pace by horseback, the wretched taverns. How we pity poor Erasmus in that journey from Basle to Louvain, with his frail constitution, arriving at Aix after a fearful shaking on bad roads, and being regaled with cold carp by the precentor, and next day at the vice-provost's with nothing but eels and "bacalao," salt cod almost raw! Though suffering much from illness aggravated by the journey, he managed to reach Louvain. where his miseries culminated in an attack of what was supposed to be the plague, and hardly any one would come near him. He concludes, however, thus: "I send doctors to the devil, commend myself to Christ, and am well in three days." Most of the personages of a period fertile in great men are brought before us in these letters, and we can form a good idea of two of its most remarkable The contrast between Erasmus and Luther is the eternal contrast between the moderate reformer and the enthusiast, like that between the Whig and the Radical in politics, between the rough spokesman of peasants and plain men, and the refined student thinking out in his library schemes for allaying the troubled waters. The two minds and tempers were hopelessly uncongenial. The difference is tersely expressed in one of the letters: "It seems to me that I have taught almost everything that Luther has taught, only not so truculently" (non tam atrociter). Erasmus never failed to recognise the courage, the integrity, the lofty purpose of the son of the Saxon miner. It was his style and methods that jarred upon the fastidious scholar. He was constantly urging that he should be answered by argument and not crushed. In a long and important letter to Cardinal Albert, he protests against injustice towards him, in language that is highly to his credit.

Perhaps the greatest risk that Erasmus ever ran was in addressing this prelate as he did, for Albert was the most powerful Churchman in Germany, and personally interested in the indulgences. Luther's works had a far smaller circulation than those of Erasmus, being written chiefly in German. The latter for a long time persisted in refusing to read them. "I have glanced at his books, but have had no time to read them "-this is the least defensible part of his action, the reason of it being that he might be able to say that he had no communication with him. Again, his reply in 1519 to Luther's straightforward and genuinely humble appeal to him strikes one at first as a little cold in its tone. It possesses, however, the merit claimed for it by Professor Froude of saying neither more nor less than he felt, and only repeating what he had said about Luther to everyone else. The greatest service he could render to his age was, he felt, to devote himself to the revival of good literature, including first and foremost the Scriptures. Judged in this light, the letter to Luther is not the language of a coward, but of one who knew the limitations of his own powers, and was determined to make the best use of them that he could.

After all has been said of Erasmus that can be said to his discredit, on his cautiousness, his timidity, his want of religious fervour, it remains true that he never shrank from putting clearly before his age the picture of Christ as a living Person, and Christianity as it should be, in fearless contrast with the Christianity of the Vatican. "Men talk of heresy and orthodoxy, but none speak of Christ." He was not a hero; he was not a saint. He was very far from having the spirit of a martyr, as he himself confessed. But he was a mighty instrument in working out the evolution of the New Learning and the New Age. He stood up for light and truth against ignorance and lies, for moderation and concession against violence and perse-

cution, for peace against war, for fair play against intolerance. Had his counsel been listened to, had the Papacy vigorously carried out the reforms he saw were most needed, and set its house in order betimes, Christendom might have been spared many a crime perpetrated in the name of religion, the horrors of the Anabaptists at Münster, and the spectacle of Zwingli dying, battle-axe in hand, on the field of Cappel.

FRANCIS ST. JOHN THACKERAY.

# "WHEN MEMORY IS NO MORE."

(FOR MUSIC.)

THEY blame me that e'er I met you,
That e'er my lone heart found bliss;
They say that I must forget you,
Be torn from your clasp, your kiss!
As if no more to remember,
To quench the one joy Life gave,
Were just to tread out an ember,
Or trample a rose's grave!

To love you, they say, is madness!
I reck not of aught they say;
Too deep have I drunk its gladness,
To thrust Love's chalice away!
No! better not ev'n to regret you,
By Death's dark eddy to part,
Than suffer my heart to forget you
And find it a broken heart!

What is the world to divide us,
To rob us of Love's free sun?
Heaven it was that allied us,
And Heaven shall keep us one!
In the shrine of my heart I set you,
More hallowed than e'er before,
To forget, if I must forget you,
When memory is no more!

WILLIAM TOYNBEE.

## TABLE TALK.

#### THE BIRDS AS LABOURERS.

THIS title I take from a tract written by Mrs. Aplin for the Society for the Protection of Birds, an organisation for the establishment of which I was in a sense to some degree responsible. The pamphlet in question is more sensible and less extravagant than partisan literature, even when its subject is laudable, is apt to show itself. It owns that some birds are marauders, and that many species during certain months inflict some damage upon fruits and cereals. Twenty-eight birds in all are included in the black list. the ring-dove, as most know, is the most serious offender, being, it is said, "a most destructive bird." The stock dove is less harmful, and concerning the turtle dove complaint is very rarely heard. birds, thrushes, larks, finches, and the like, do some damage to farmers and gardeners, "but only at certain periods of the year." Magpies, jackdaws, and rooks are all liable to be mischievous at times, and the raven is known freely to attack young lambs, and so is a veritable bird of prey. In all cases but the last named—and the raven is now so scarce in England that he does not come into computation—the service rendered by the birds is so far in advance of the injury committed by them that they are benefactors to the farmer rather than enemies. Perpetually in the fields destroying the grubs and larvæ of insects, slugs, snails, caterpillars, and the like, and seeking by preference the seeds of weeds rather than those used for the production of human food, they confer on us inestimable benefits which they alone are able to bestow.

#### THE WAGES OF THE BIRD.

I T is as wages Mrs. Aplin chooses to regard the toll of fruit and cereals taken by our winged workmen and benefactors. The work of clearing the land of weed seeds and insects must be done, and the birds alone can do it. The beak of the bird is the only thing that can deal with field pests—thwart the injurious effects

of insect and weed, and maintain the balance on which nature insists. Ought we, then, to starve or destroy birds out of existence, or even to grudge them during certain short seasons a "minute fraction of those crops which they have preserved for our use?" The process of so doing is fatal, as France found to her cost when the noblest vine-yards of Burgundy and the South Rhone were ravaged by the phylloxera. Farther than this goes the latest advocate of consideration and tenderness for the birds. She would have us, in prolonged spells of hard weather, "when work and wages alike lie buried under the snow," bestow some eleemosynary contributions upon those whom we have so long misjudged and persecuted.

## THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

¶ RS. APLIN, from whom I have quoted, is a member of the society named above, and is the author of "The Birds of Oxfordshire." To the work of the society I have previously directed attention. Constant iteration is, however, an indispensable preliminary to the accomplishment of any task of reparation or reform. attention once more, accordingly, to the work for the accomplishment of which it was formed. This work is only secondarily the enlightenment of farmers as to who are their friends and who their enemies, and is primarily to repress the pitiless destruction of birds, especially during the nesting season, to supply the demands of a barbarous fashion in dress and decoration. "For this ignoble purpose many species of beautiful, useful, and melodious birds are being massacred almost unto extermination." That the world can ill spare the brightness and song all thinking persons will concede. "Only one weapon," says Dr. Talmage, "has been found powerful enough to wage successful war on the whole species of animalculæ, and that is a bird's beak." This weapon the society seeks to preserve, and it aims also at diminishing the wanton and reckless slaughter of birds, and to protest against the murderous "millinery" for which the greed of tradesmen and the ignorance of womanhood are responsible.

#### WAYS OF HELPING THE SOCIETY.

THE subscription to the society is but a shilling yearly, which may be sent to Mrs. F. E. Lemon, Hillcrest, Redhill, Surrey. The president is the Duchess of Portland, and other duchesses and people of distinction, besides authors such as the Rev. Augustus Jessopp, D.D., and Sir Herbert Maxwell, are on its board. Apart from sub-

scribing, however, if subscription it can be called, readers are urged to induce landlords to prevent bird-catching and nest-robbery on their estates, to themselves abstain from the use of feathers obtained from birds not killed for food, the ostrich alone excepted, to procure the enactment and enforcement in country places of by-laws for the protection of birds as public property, and, perhaps most of all, by promoting the study of the use and beauty of free-living birds, to quicken the interest felt for their protection in all classes of society. To all which I say "Amen," adding only that speedy action is necessary. The two cruellest things in the world—ignorance and vanity—are enlisted against this crusade, and indolence uses its potent influence to prevent the success of schemes established by the merciful, the humane, and the enlightened.

#### Mr. Swinburne's Prose.

THERE are few ways of spending hours in a library more pleasant and edifying than that of studying Mr. Swinburne's prose. The verse of the same writer may be read anywhere. "Poems and Ballads" suits equally well the perfumed air of a boudoir and the breezy and balmy summit of the summer hills. "Atalanta in Calvdon" is to be within constant reach and at hand wherever the hand may be. "Chastelard" is to be sighed over by youth equally with "Romeo and Juliet." "Songs before Sunrise" may be dreamed over in some modern Thebaid. I might, somewhat fantastically perhaps, deal in like fashion with each successive golden gift of poetry. Mr. Swinburne's prose suggests, however, an old-fashioned library, with shelves groaning under massive folios of Shakespeare and Beaumont and Fletcher, or agleam with golden bound duodecimos of Drayton and Herrick, and containing even solemn crypts in which may lurk the unblushing quartos of Mrs. Behn. Not in the least does it detract from the fitness of a haunt such as this that a portion of the contents of the latest collection, "Studies in Prose and Poetry," 1 has previously been perused in Magazine or Review in the favourite club corner, or in some dainty volume of the Muses' Library of Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen, in the quarter of an hour's attendance and expectation in a drawing-room.

Mr. Swinburne's "Studies in Prose and Poetry."

ROM sources such as I have indicated come the contents of Mr. Swinburne's latest volume. With most of them I was already familiar. They belong, however, to the order of things of Chatta & Windus.

which one no more tires than one tires of the things with which they are concerned. The new essays, for such in their collected form at least they are, have all the character of the old. The unbridled impetuosity and fervour, the rapture of eulogy, which in these "tame villatic" days almost take away the breath, the outspokenness of condemnation always strongly motived and worthy, but fringing at times recklessness and severity, the interpretative and illuminative insight, the stores of varied knowledge, the unfailing instinct, the firm grasp, all to which Mr. Swinburne has accustomed us, and all from which we have received continuous delight, are That every opinion should carry conviction, and every estimate win immediate acceptance, was not to be anticipated. None the less, I know not where to turn in order to find an equal body of criticism so just in judgment, so overmastering in influence, so independent, so eloquent, so true. One is disposed at times to marvel at the chance that bestows on one man supreme and immortal eulogy, while another, all but his equal in inspiration, languishes in comparative coldness and neglect. Upon looking, however, through Mr. Swinburne's prose miscellanies one finds, so far as England at least is concerned, few worthies on whom he has not bestowed the accolade. If I were to pick out the few cases in which, in my opinion, he has been unjust, they are so few, and in a sense so unimportant, as not to come practically into consideration.

#### Mr. SWINBURNE ON WEBSTER.

EALING with the English portion of the volume—the portion, that is, which is not occupied with the posthumous works of Victor Hugo—one finds three articles wholly critical, and dealing with three, or, in a sense, four, English poets. To these I will confine myself, passing over others which are personal as much as critical, satirical, or purposely fantastic. John Webster, the dramatist, is the most potent spirited with whom Mr. Swinburne directly deals. "The White Devil," or "Vittoria Corombona," revealed Webster to the world then existing, Mr. Swinburne unhesitatingly declares, "as a tragic poet and dramatist of the very foremost rank in the very highest class." Of Webster's other great work, "The Duchess of Malfy," he adds that all the great qualities apparent in "The White Devil" reappear "with a yet more perfect execution and utilised with a yet more consummate skill." "The Duchess of Malfy" Mr. Swinburne calls "the most tragic of all tragedies save 'King Lear,'"

and he adds that it "stands out among its compeers as one of the imperishable and ineradicable landmarks of literature." To those unfamiliar with the two immortal works of the clerk of St. Andrew's, Holborn, this praise may seem startling. It is, in fact, no more than Webster's due. Dues are not, however, often paid in similar fashion, and the shade of Webster, supposing it to have mourned over the neglect to which for a couple of centuries his works were subject, may be content with its final apotheosis. Mr. Swinburne concludes his notice with an utterance of Webster, whence derived I know not, but wise, poignant, and soul-satisfying, "I rest silent in my own work."

#### ON BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

IF I may intrude once more my own personality I will say that among things once regarded as misfortunes, but since seen to be blessings in disguise, was a long illness in the period of adolescence which, removing me at an important epoch from other educational influences, enabled me to revel in the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, with every play of which writers I was familiar before I came to man's estate. Nothing Mr. Swinburne has written has given me more delight than his analyses and praise of these works. As I am unable to quote the whole of Mr. Swinburne's article, and as nothing less would satisfy my aspiration, I may as well content myself, so far as I am able, with a few phrases. I will premise that the difference between the two poets, which was impalpable to Coleridge, has always been to me, as Mr. Swinburne finds it, unmistakable. Beaumont's influence is a haunting presence rather than a revelation. One hardly sees, one feels that it is there. Mr. Swinburne says it must be admitted "that Beaumont was the twin of heavenlier birth," and he holds that "few things are stranger than the avowal of so great and exquisite a critic as Coleridge, that he could trace no faintest line of demarcation between the plays which we owe mainly to Beaumont and the plays which we owe solely to Fletcher." To others the line has always appeared in almost every case unmistakable. To supply Mr. Swinburne's critical observations on the difference between the two poets is needless to students of the old drama who are, or will be, familiar with its every passage, and is superfluous and idle, so far as those are concerned who know not the works with which he deals. More than ever does Mr. Swinburne's praise make us long for the new and final edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, which one of the finest of editors has promised, but of which few signs are as yet perceptible.

#### ON HERRICK.

WITH one more of our past worthies does Mr. Swinburne concern himself, namely, with Robert Herrick. Speaking of the great age of English dramatic poetry, Mr. Swinburne expresses his surprise "that the lyric school should have advanced as steadily as the dramatic school declined from the promise of its dawn. While the dramatic school, beginning with Marlowe, reached in Shakespeare "heights inaccessible before and since and for ever," the "lyrical record that begins with the author of 'Euphues' and 'Endymion' grows fuller, if not brighter, through a whole train of constellations, till it culminates in the crowning star of Herrick." It is on the strength of his singing quality that Herrick is promoted to so glorious and glowing a throne. Other poets of higher endowment have left us only a song or two fit to be set to music. Herrick, however, overflows with music, and his songs are always "nothing more, but nothing less, than the work of the greatest song-writer—as surely as Shakespeare is the greatest dramatist—ever born of English race." Having repeated these few inspired utterances of our poet-critic, I quit his book. I should like to deal with his hearty and worthy tribute of affection and admiration to Scott, with his delightful recollections of Jowett, his estimate of Wilkie Collins, and other matters of interest in a volume that has not one dull page. I have done enough, however, to send readers of taste to the book where they may get the full music, instead of listening to it bruised and tortured through my own "scrannel pipe." In so doing I am rendering them highest service.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

### THE

# GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY 1895.

## THE GENESIS OF A DOCKER.

By John Kent.

TO Miss Helen at the Vicarage: -

I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, Miss Helen, and beyond the fact of your living "in the fur part of Dorset," I know no more of your address than this superscription conveys. But should chance bring the "Gentleman's Magazine" under your severe young eyes, I would fain hope that the momentary reappearance of "Jarge Yowde" on the horizon of your interest may win from you "the passing tribute of a tear."

HE was sitting on the chalk-powdered grass by the side of the London road, shaking out an unclean sock just peeled from a hot and swollen foot. The shadow of the solitary tree against which his back was propped fell away from him and lay like a black cloak dropped in the middle of the blinding highway. The group was raised against a background of dull gold, a league-wide monotony of yellowing corn, baking in the torrid heat of an August afternoon and seamed by that strip of blazing white.

I was going on without a second glance. He hailed me.

"Hi! Master! Be I right fur Waysham?"

The voice was as mellow as an April cuckoo. No professional tramp had ever a call like that.

He was a sturdy young fellow, with brown face varnished like a fiddle with sun and sweat, tanned hair cropped close to a brown nut head, and teeth that showed, when he opened a wide, honest mouth, like the inside of an October walnut. "He was a countryman, there was no mistaking that if you looked," as Theocritus said of his goatherd, "for he was the very picture of a countryman." Beside him lay

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a new-trimmed ash sapling, with root smelling of the ground, and a bundle much knotted in a blue handkerchief. I never saw a man much earthier, but he looked as wholesome as a steer in a meadow. To judge from his hands and arms, which were masses of solid sinew, I should have put his age at five-and-twenty. But the yellow down upon his round face wanted years of that period of hirsute maturity. I dare say he had just disposed himself for a rest, for coat and hat hung upon an abortive bough above his head.

"Road to the left a mile on—but there's a short cut would save you half a mile."

"Aye. If so be I knowed it."

"Come with me if you like. I'm going that way."

His eyes travelled slowly over me. A local thunderstorm with which I had foregathered ten miles back had prepared my surface admirably for a coating of the chalk dust stirred up by the arid tornado that eddied round its cataclysmal nucleus. Lot's wife in an early stage of transformation must have looked much as I did, costume of sex and period apart. Under inspection, I found myself slowly becoming aware that appearances were against me. Vanity, like a hunting watch, can be warranted dust- and rain-proof. I was relieved when he decided in favour of my eligibility as a companion.

"Can ee wait a bit, while I do put on this here?"

He drew on the grimy sock, and forced his foot with resolution into a hobnailed boot, as hard and as heavy as one of those uncomfortable instruments of moral orthopedy which were on view a year or so ago in Maddox Street. When he had laced it up with exactness and secured the thongs in an elaborate knot, he stood up and tested his work with a stamp that brought the blood into his face. Then he took down his hat with respectful care. It was a black bowler, a size too small, utterly inappropriate to the weather and agonising to the wearer. At last he was ready, picked up his stick and bundle, hitched them over his shoulder, and joined me, limpingly but without a single expression of discontent.

I moved reluctantly enough out of the patch of black shadow into the glare, and we plodded on together, the sun heavy on our backs, and our feet smothered in white dust. For a quarter of a mile or so I think he was trying, steadily but unsuccessfully, to find a place for me in the world of his experience. At last a dubious question showed that he had given it up.

"You be a traveller, bain't ee?"

(In country places, "traveller" is euphemistic for tramp.)

"Not regular. I have only a couple of miles more to go just now,"

"I wish I hadn't no furder. I'm bound for London, I be."

He shifted his bundle and stepped out with footsore resolution, but his energy seemed factitious. The exhilaration the word ought to have excited somehow hung fire.

"Come far?"

"Out o' the fur part o' Dorset. I be travelling afoot cos I thought' I mout get a bit o' work along the road as would help me out like."

Silence on my part. We turned over a low, wooden stile, highly polished in the middle by the attrition of a century or so of corduroys. For a moment the wheat looked almost black after the white heat of the highways.

"Main dusty they roads be," said my companion, taking off his villainously respectable hat, and mopping his face with what had once been a red cotton handkerchief. "In London they do water them, I've heerd say."

"Some streets they do."

"Ah, there's a deal goes on in London, I do suppose. . . . You be gwine back, then?"

"Worse luck."

"Now 1 be gwine for to get luck. Seems like as if it warn't every un as London did suit."

His tone suggested an uneasy stirring of curiosity as to the non-apparent causes of my manifest want of success. We went on in single file, dragging heavy feet through bindweed and couch grass that half choked the track. Not a breath of air now, a hot redolence of ripening grain that made breathing a labour. Even the scarlet poppies seemed to feel the heat.

"Coming on fine, bain't it?" said my follower, who had picked an ear and was testing its quality between his square white teeth, with the gusto of an expert. "There bain't none o' that in London."

"Bricks and chimney-pots."

I suppose my answer set up a slow process of fermentation in his brain, which by-and-by swelled to speech, but it took about a field and a half to do so.

"Come now! you as has seed it, don't you be back'ard to speak! Mortal fine place, bain't it now?"

Fading anticipation begged for encouragement. I almost wish I had given it with more liberality.

"Not bad-for those who like it."

"I seen pictures on it, most beautiful; and summut going on constant."

I was too tired to be talkative. My silence provoked him to further effort.

- "I say, master!"
- " Well?"
- "Now you're a man"—insinuatingly—"as is well spoken, and respectable like; and you do say 'Wuss luck,' when you do talk o' going back. Now, I ax you, what fault do you find wi' ut? There's theaytres and gaslights as 'tis most brighter by night nor what 'tis in the day; and the women dressed out as they might be born ladies, every one on 'em; and vittles cheap. Come! it won't do ee no harm to tell."

I had not an answer ready. It is not so easy to sum up dislike in a word. He thought my feelings were hurt.

- "But there's them as is unfort'nit wi'out no fault o' their'n. I'm sorry I thought for to ax ee."
- "Well, we can't all make our fortunes. I hope you'll like it better than Dorset. How did you come to think of London?"
- "'Twas partly along o' breaking my leg last summer off Parson's rick. Two months I were in bed. I'd most forgot my schooling, ploughed of it into the ground, like. And, lying theer abed, I did kind o' larn it over again. And when I come to get about a bit, I could read the paper as they do take at the Bell fluent. About London, most on it. 'Tis a cricket match here, and race hosses theer, and if they bain't content they ups and off wi' flags, and Parliment's bound for to give it 'em; and ships coming and going constant, as Poole bain't more nor seven mile from we."

This last sentence was by way of explanation of his interest in matters maritime, I suppose.

"Went to school to a broken leg, eh?"

"I'll tell ee how it come about. It were main dull at fust, I tell ee, and the old gentleman did come one day for to see I, and Miss Helen she come wi' un. And 'twas 'Why don't ee read?' 'I can't, miss,' I says, 'not but the book I did read in in school.' 'Well, I'll look ee out a book,' she says, 'and you read it.' She kep' a liberry for the village, as I'd heerd 'em talk o' the books. And she sends up James Agget wi' a yaller un, 'Lady Oddley' 'twere called; and I tuk to it, and 'twarn't three weeks till I'd finished of it, and axed for another un. Beautiful books they be! Sometimes 'tis fighting as they be about, and murder, and pison. But mostly 'tis love, and the young women in 'em do talk so sweet, most like Miss Helen they be, some on 'em. Now them in our village be like so many cows."

He stated the fact with perfect simplicity.

"Well, if fighting takes you, why don't you 'list?"

"'Cos I seen them as has," with finality.

His opinion of my intelligence was evidently shaken by the suggestion. He was silent for a hundred yards—I reckon by distance for I was too tired to think of time. When we had got out of the cornfields, however, he ranged alongside and went on. The impulse of expansion was too strong, I suppose.

"But you be a decent man, and I'll tell ee the rights on it. 'Twarn't along o' the paper, nor yet o' the yaller books, but a young woman as were parlour-maid at the Vic'rage. The old gentleman he would say to I, when I were beginning to get round, 'Jarge,' a would say, 'you just see if you can't hop down on them crutches o' your'n so fur as my kitchen.' And there I'd be so often as three time a week. 'Twere most as though I did belong to the place, as you might say, being as I'd been one o' the ringers and sung reg'lar in the quire, as Miss Helen she larned me herself. And if work were slack, he'd use to find me a job in the garden, cos James Agget he be getting a bit elderly. And I be main fond o' breadan'-butter cut as the gentlefolks do like it. And the cook, as she were a good un to laugh, she'd say, ''Liza,' she'd say, cos her name were 'Liza, and she'd been at the Vic'rage going on vower year, 'come and cut bread-an'-butter for Jarge Yowde,' and she'd pour out the tea, and theer I'd be wi' the leg up on a chair and the pair on 'em a-serving of me. And arter I were fit to go to work, I'd still be theer now and again, and allus kindly welcome, and a word from Miss Helen whenever she did chance to come in, as she did frequent, along o' cook as had knowed her from a baby. And I ax you, as is a knowledgeable man, were there aught out o' the way in that?"

"Not so far, certainly."

"No, and no more there warn't," indignantly. "And 'twere the same and no ways different till this here hay harvest, a matter o' three weeks gone. And I'd just looked in, when we'd done up the cocks in the Vic'rage field, being that the weather was catchy like, and theer I were, a standing wi' 'Liza next the back kitchen door, as cook she'd stepped in for to fetch summut; and we was a-looking at the moon, as was like a haystack afire, she were that red. And 'Liza she reams up to I, carneying like, and she says, 'And when be you gwine to put our names up, Jarge?' I were that struck as you mout a took and shook me. And I drawed back from her and I says, 'I ain't no thoughts o' marrying,' I says, 'nor I never give you to understand different.'"

His accent of startled propriety presented the situation dramatically.

"And 'Liza, she carried on owdacious, a-crying and a-sobbing as you never heard the like."

"Don't they do that in the yellow books?" I asked innocently.

"Frequent they does, but they does it delicate like, as goes to a man's heart."

"I see; and then?"

"Cook she come in and said as I were a villain, and 'Liza she runs in crying, and I were for going off home, but cook she says, 'Here you bide,' she says, 'and we'll hear what Miss Helen do say.' And 'twere mortal long till Miss Helen did come, for 'Liza she'd up and told her; and she come in and she says, 'Jarge,' she says, 'I thought different of you. Martha'—as it were cook's name—'let him go!' All one as if I'd been a fox got into the henhouse. And theer were 'Liza, a-blubbering most scandalous, behind her."

"Well, I wonder you didn't put the banns up."

"It's easy seen as you ain't read them yaller books. There's a deal o' differ between 'Liza and them young women, and I couldn't stomach her, so to speak. I did think on it in the night, along o' pleasuring Miss Helen; but it warn't no manner o' use. And I says to myself, 'I be done for here, and there's London as is full o' all sorts; and I'll never think o' Dorset no more.'"

He stopped for a moment and swallowed the lump in his throat.

"And 'twere main hard, I tell ee. And when morning come I puts my bits o' things in this han'kercher—as I hadn't but two shilling—and I were for getting off while the rest of 'em was in the field, afore breakfast; and if you'll believe me, as I come for to pass the Vic'rage gate, theer were the old gentleman w' 'is stick, and Miss Helen along of him, as they did use to be about early of a summer morning, the pair on 'em, and I stops, I tell ee, but there warn't but the one road, so pass 'em I must; and parson he stands and he says, solemn like:

"' Jarge Yowde, you be gwine away."

"'I be,' I says, 'and the Lord have mercy upon me,' for I war that caddled as I couldn't think on another word.

"'Go,' he says, 'and don't you come back no more not while I do live.' And Miss Helen, she were looking over field, and 'Good-bye, miss,' I says, and she never so much as turned her eyes. And there were a dog along of 'em—'Vicarage Jack' they did call un in the parish, as he were white, wi' a sharp nose, and a tail as

come forrud like a squirrel; and he knowed me well. And you'll not believe it, but that dog he come at me so fierce as if I were the postman, as he never could abide the postman along of a horn he did blow."

"' Little dogs and all,' said I.

"No, there warn't but one on 'em. And theer were the tower, wi' the sun a-shining on it—as I'd been a ringer ever since I done wi' schooling—and sung in the quire—I had—and Miss Helen—she—larned me——"

The little dog had been nearly too much for Jarge, but at this point he gave in and choked. The effort of keeping down his sobs forced the tears out of his eyes in pitiful fashion. I was getting interested, and did not look round when I heard wheels behind us. We had just come out upon the Waysham Road.

"Well, you are dirty!" said a voice I knew. "Here, get in directly." It was my cousin in her little pony carriage.

I waved my hat to Jarge as we trotted past him. He was trying to get the old red rag of cotton out of his pocket, and the tears were streaming down his distorted face.

Oh, Miss Helen! Miss Helen!

## FURTHER TRAVELS IN BOZLAND.1

NE of the most spirited and dramatic passages in Dickens's writings is the memorable pursuit by Bucket and Esther Summerson of the unhappy Lady Dedlock, in "Bleak House," It is easy to see that it was written in almost the living, breathless excitement of an actual chase—the author was himself in the carriage flying through the night. The late George Lewes, as we have seen, declared that Dickens "had hallucinations"; and in this sense it might be true, for no one can write in the right spirit unless he be in a sort of "exalted" state—when the figures will move before him, act and speak, as though he were looking on at some scene in real life. In these scenes of hurried movements Dickens was admirable, but he has done nothing better than this, which must certainly have been written at one "heat," or, at most, in a couple of "heats." He had, perhaps, before his eyes a headlong scene of the same kind—Turpin's ride to York, in his friend Ainsworth's "Rookwood." The latter sat on through the whole night, riding with the highwayman, and with him rode into York at the dawn of day. In his enthusiasm and haste, however, our author made his characters perform prodigies of movement that were well nigh superhuman.

It might puzzle us to identify the town residence of his Lady Dedlock, whence she took her flight. It was a "dull street," in which the two rows of houses seemed to have "stared each other into stone," rather than to have been built of that material. The doors and windows wore "black paint and dust." There was twisted ironwork at the doors, extinguishers—loops for the old oil lamps—and even an oil lamp itself. Where is there a street in London with half a dozen stone mansions? In Berkeley Square there were then some three or four together, with the fine twisted ironwork and extinguishers, so it may have been that, after his favourite method, he disguised the place. But the house is likely enough to have been in Eaton Place, which has this gloomy, "stony" air, and, though not of stone, has the look of stone.

<sup>&#</sup>x27; See also "Bozland," Gentleman's Magazine, Nov. 1894.

Esther was roused from her sleep about midnight, and taken by Bucket to various places—to a police office (at Bow Street, perhaps) "at half-past one in the morning"—which was close to their lodgings They then started in a chaise for a waterin a retired street. side place, which, from the description, seemed to be in the St. Katharine's Dock quarter, for here were swing-bridges and masts, docks and basins, and a little slimy turning; she says also that "they crossed and recrossed the river," why it is not clear. then took the northern road out of London, past Barnet, stopping often, Bucket entering the public-houses to make inquiries, and ordering drinks and putting questions. "Between five and six o'clock," we are told, they were close to St. Albans. Yet they could not have left before three o'clock. All that stopping at public-houses, getting down to question, &c., must have taken nearly an hour, so that there was scarcely about an hour and a half to get over the distance between London and St. Albans—a prodigy of good going.

But here we find a still more astonishing thing. The fugitive had left her home—on the same night that they did, about four or five—and by the time the pursuers had arrived near St. Albans they ascertained that she was on before them, "having passed through here on foot this evening about eight o'clock." This was a wonderful performance for a woman—a walk from Eaton Place to St. Albans performed in two or three hours! It is odd, too, that Bucket should use the words "this evening" when he was speaking at five or six o'clock in the morning.

"The day was now breaking," and after visiting Bleak House, and making further investigations, they set off again, pursuing their journey. They seem to have travelled the whole day, for "the sleet fell all that day unceasingly." By evening they had stopped at an inn, where Esther fainted. Then Bucket announced that he had lost the track, having, as we know, followed the wrong woman. Dedlock had changed clothes with another. They determined to return. It was three o'clock next morning before they began to draw This again seems confused, as the time for the return near to town. journey does not fit with the outgoing one. By "three or four o'clock we got to Islington." "We stopped in a High Street," of that place, of course, and, strange to say, at that hour found a hackney coach on the stand. They drove about "the narrowest and worst streets in London," and at last came to Chancery Lane as "the clocks were striking half-past five," and here, by a marvellous coincidence, they met the lover, Woodcourt, Then came the visit to "Joe's burying ground," and the discovery. Such is this spirited, brilliant

account. Its slight incongruities, which do not interfere with its dramatic power and action, are merely a sort of curio.

Some of the most effective passages in Dickens's writings are, as we all know, directed against crying public abuses. He has scarcely been given sufficient credit for his work in this direction as a reformer but it is really extraordinary how much he has done. He certainly enjoyed the task, and his "flaying" was the more acceptable to him, as it supplied him with a certain dramatic stimulus or motive power. Once started, and furnished with something real or living to work on, his imagination kindled; fancies rushed upon him, and he put the topic in all sorts of forms. It supplied him with characters and situations. It would be idle to say that there was no exaggeration; but he generally succeeded in his purpose. We need only point to the Fleet, and imprisonment for debt, in "Pickwick"; to the Yorkshire schools in "Nickleby"; to the American abuses, slavery, &c. in "Chuzzlewit"; to the workhouse system and tyrannous magistrates in "Oliver Twist"; to the Christmas book characters, Mr. Fang and Alderman Cute; to the law's delay in "Bleak House"; to capital punishment in "Barnaby Rudge"; and to the nurses and nursing in "Chuzzlewit." "Bleak House," of course, was an entire brief drawn up against the abuses of the Court of Chancery. "Hard Times" gibbeted the strikes and the oppression of the manufacturers; "Little Dorrit," the abuses of the Government offices and their system. In all these cases he was successful in bringing about reform, or in rousing the public feeling.

No doubt, as we read the scenes with the Tite Barnacles, their answers and puttings-off, we are conscious of some caricature. We feel that the thing as described is impossible and too formal for the reality. But Dickens merely presented the reality under the conditions required by a humorous story. Even in the present day we see enough of the official methods of dealing with a complaint when you are "referred" to "the proper department," and are overwhelmed with "forms" to be "filled up." The "circumlocution office" seems a title lacking in probability, as it is not said that it was a nickname; and yet even the Tite Barnacles would hardly have adopted so grotesque a term. It was odd that it was his friend Sir E. L. Bulwer, shortly after the publication, who furnished a striking instance of the abuses of the department. He was Minister of the Colonial Office, and, being waited on by a deputation, it was found that their memorial had been lost, or lost sight of. And he explained to them that "in the public offices papers of importance passed through several departments, and required time for inspection.

First they were sent to the Emigration Board, thence to another office, and then to the Secretary of State, who might refer it to another department." Now, this was the official plausible statement; but it almost amounts to the same thing as the fanciful methods by which Clennam and his friend Joyce were obstructed. Had Dickens presented it as his friend did, it might have passed and seemed no crying grievance. He had to bring it home to light novel readers.

His boldest and most elaborate of these attacks were those in "Bleak House" and "Little Dorrit," in which, with much art, he makes the stories themselves turn on the abuses which he gibbeted. In "Jarndyce v. Jarndyce," as is well known, he had in view a monstrous Chancery suit relating to the Jennings' property, which had dragged on in the Courts for years, and in the end left nothing for the claimants. In his "Household Words," where there are many exposés of abuses, he had attacked the Court of Chancery on the score of the abuses of "contempt of Court." This article was called "Martyrs in Chancery," and was replied to in the Times of January 7, 1851, by no less a person than Sir Edward Sugden, who proved that the account was exaggerated, if not incorrect.

"Bleak House" was not merely stored with these familiar localities, but also presented a number of portraits. The sketch of Savage Landor was faithful and admirable, and its "boisterousness" was recognised by all. Bayham Badger, not being so well known, was scarcely noticed. It was recognised by friends, but I doubt if it was by himself. The tempestuous style was admirably given. Mrs. Jellaby was assumed to be drawn from Miss Martineau, who boldly attacked the author for his caricature of Boriboola Gha. Chadband was Stiggins revived, but with inferior effect. The case of "spontaneous combustion" excited controversy and denials—notably from Mr. George H. Lewes, and the author was able to quote several authentic cases; but phenomena so rare became improbable and incongruous in a fiction. A painter may really have seen a cloud in shape like Polonius's camel, but it would hardly be accepted if introduced into his picture.

Hortense, Lady Dedlock's French maid, it is known, was suggested by the notorious Mrs. Manning (the murderess of Mr. O'Connor), whose trial and execution Dickens had witnessed. She was, I think, a Frenchwoman, too. Her manner and phrases are exactly reproduced in the story. His letter on the execution contributed to the reform of their being performed in private.

In this story the author introduced graphic portraits of two of his friends—Leigh Hunt and Landor—who are exhibited as

Skimpole and Boythorn. The sketch of Skimpole involved some painful and most awkward explanations and softenings, which could not really explain or soften anything. The defence was that the manner but not the character was borrowed.

That "sort of gay and ostentatious wilfulness in the humouring of a subject, which had many a time delighted him, and impressed him as being unspeakably whimsical and attractive," was the airy quality he wanted for Harold Skimpole. "Partly for this reason, and partly (he has since often grieved to think) for the pleasure it afforded him to find that delightful manner reproducing itself under his hand, he yielded to the temptation of too often making the character speak like his old friend. He no more thought, God forgive him! that the admired original would ever be charged with the imaginary vices of the fictitious creature than he has himself ever thought of charging the blood of Desdemona and Othello on the innocent Academy model who sat for Iago's leg in the picture." Even as to the mere occasional manner, he meant to be so cautious and conscientious that he privately referred the proof sheets of the first number of that book to two intimate literary friends of Leigh Hunt (both still living), and altered the whole of that part of the text on their discovering too strong a resemblance to his "way."

Chesney Wold, in "Bleak House," was suggested at least by "many bits chiefly about trees and shadows"; and observations made at Rockingham, the house of his attached friends, the Watsons.

"Blunderstone Rookery" was the name of the Copperfield mansion in Suffolk. It might seem a fanciful one—such as Dickens might have devised. But the fact is, that before writing the story he went down to Yarmouth on January 7, 1848, "on an exploring expedition," and walking over to Lowestoft actually saw the name on a direction post, half-way between the two places. His Swiss friend Cerjat seems to have suggested to him some strange coincidence about this Blunderstone, which struck him "of all the odd things he had ever heard, to be the oddest." Something real, no doubt, and like the story, had happened, but it is impossible now to discover his meaning.

Mr. Ashby Sterry has taken great pains to discover Miss Trotwood's house at Dover, and believes that he has done so. But the description is almost too general. At the market-place a hackney coachman pointed "towards the heights," bidding the inquirer "go up there and keep right on till you come to some houses facing the sea." The boy walked on "a good distance" without coming to any house, and inquired again at a shop. He then came to a neat little

cottage "with cheerful bow windows" and a garden in front, with a little piece of green in front. All which must have been somewhere on the road leading up to the barracks on the West Cliffs.

Mr. Wickfield's house at Canterbury is very minutely described, and might be recognised now. Coming from Dover you go through the market, and come to "a very old house, bulging out over the road, with long lattice windows bulging out still further, and beams with carved heads on the ends bulging out too, so that I fancied the whole house was leaning forward," &c. The "low arched door" was ornamented with carved garlands of fruits and flowers; there were two steps, angles, corners, carvings, mouldings, quaint little panes, and quainter windows. A little round tower formed one side of the house.

Captain Jorgan, in the "Message from the Sea," was taken from an American seaman to whom Dickens was very partial, Captain Morgan. In "Little Dorrit," Merdle was, of course, recognised as a drawing of John Sadleir. The dining-out doctor and barrister were also taken from life.

It is curious what a penchant Dickens had for certain melodramatic situations, which seemed to his fancy so telling that he repeated and reproduced them many times over. He had a lively dramatic turn, and I always thought would have had extraordinary success as a dramatist. I once asked him why he had not taken up this "line" seriously, and I think he made the excuseit was long ago, many years before his death—that he had not time, taste, or patience. The real reason, no doubt, was, that he could not work without expanding, and could not "carve heads upon a cherry stone." A literary friend, who has his "Boz" at his fingers' ends, has with great acuteness pointed out to me that Nicholas Nickleby was a genuine "Adelphi walking gentleman"; his manner, heroic bursts, protection of his sister, bearding of Ralph, &c., were all elements in the Adelphi melodrama. Ralph was a regular stage villain. That his works are all dramatic and conceived in the true spirit of the stage is plain from the vast list of adaptations. Each story has been adapted again and again, and will bear the process admirably.

One method for winding up his plot, to which he was excessively partial, was the unmasking of the villain owing to the betrayal of some confederate. The parties are generally brought together in a room by the more virtuous members; the confederate then emerges from his concealment, and tells a long story of villainy. We have this *dénouement* first in "Oliver Twist," where Monks makes his revelations. In "Nickleby" Ralph is confronted with "the man

Snawley," and Squeers. In the "Old Curiosity Shop," Quilp is similarly exposed. In "Barnaby Rudge," Haredale forces his hereditary enemy to make revelations. In "Chuzzlewit," Jonas is confronted with another betrayer. In "Copperfield," Uriah Heep is denounced and exposed by Mr. Micawber. In "Bleak House," Lady Dedlock is similarly tracked. In nearly all the cases the guilty person goes off and commits suicide.

Another favourite method of his was the introduction of a person who is being "blackmailed" in some way. Thus in "Barnaby Rudge" we have the widow and Stagg, and the operation seen and suspected by her mad son. In "Copperfield" we have Miss Trotwood blackmailed also, and the proceeding watched by the mad Mr. Dick.

When Mr. Pickwick could not find his solicitor, Perker, at Gray's Inn, he was referred to the solicitor's clerk, who, it seems, was joyously spending the evening at a sort of free and easy club, held at a tavern. Here Mr. Pickwick sought him, and Boz describes the locality with an accuracy sufficient to help us to find it. It was "situated in a court, happy in the double advantage of being in the vicinity of Clare Market and closely approximating to the back of New Inn." It bore the name of "The Magpie and Stump," and was in part a sort of public-house. In front there was a sort of hutch. which was occupied by a cobbler, who shared his premises with a pie man, or, in Dickens's graphic phrase, "a small bulkhead beneath the taproom window, in size and shape not unlike a sedan chair." In the windows were cards announcing that Devonshire cider was to be had, while a black board proclaimed that "there were 500,000 barrels of double stout in the cellars of the establishment," leaving the mind in a state of doubt "as to the precise direction in the bowels of the earth in which this mighty cavern might be supposed to exist." Such are some of Boz's favourite touches in these days, which could create an interest and a smile, too, in connection with so homely a thing as a "pub." It is worth noting that our taverns disdain such vaunts as this, perhaps because they are so flourishing.

Thus guided we can easily find our way to the court behind Danes Inn; and there now, all ruined and squalid, and really waiting destruction, we find two taverns side by side—the "George IV." and the "Old Black Jack," a most ancient house now closed. In the "History of Pickwick" I was inclined to think—but I had not thoroughly investigated the point—that the "George IV.," a crazy picturesque old thing a couple of centuries old, and supported on wooden columns, was the tavern; but I have since discovered that beyond a doubt Boz intended to describe its neighbour, the

"Black Jack." The chief difficulty was, was it likely that such a "publichouse"-so it must have been-could have been used by respectable clerks as a club or place of convivial meeting? A garrulous and rather entertaining solicitor, Mr. Jay, son of a well-known Dissenting clergyman, has written his reminiscences, and supplies exactly the information that we want. "I belonged to a club," he says, "held every Saturday at the 'Old Black Jack Tavern,' in Portsmouth Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. It consisted for the most part of barristers and attorneys." He describes how he met there Curran, the Irish orator, whose health was proposed; Pearson, one of the proctors; with common councilmen, and others. Curran, who was a guest like Mr. Pickwick, merely thanked them, instead of making the expected speech. "The room was a large one," he adds, "and a number of pictures of old actors were hung on the walls. The dinners were plain and the wine good." This must have been about the year 1840. He visited the place again some seven-and-twenty years ago, in 1868, and found the room, as might be expected, quite altered the pictures gone, the tavern become a public-house—there was then a notable distinction between a tavern and a public-houselines were hanging from one end of the room to the other, on which clothes were drying. At this moment, as I said, the "Black Jack" is closed, and only awaits destruction—a sombre, desolate-looking place, the name almost faded out; the walls caked and grimed with the dirt of centuries; the old "hutch" even is still there. True, it does not bear the name of the "Magpie and Stump," which is, however, to be found close by in Fetter Lane. This was part of Boz's system; he supplied the thing accurately enough and the locality, but shifted or transposed the name—generally by design, often by accident.

It has often been said that Dickens's earlier works will be invaluable as a record of the manners and customs of London in the early part of the century. Even this little sketch shows us a fashion that then obtained, and which has passed away. The tavern in the thirties was a marked and dramatic feature of social life, and a great deal of the business of his stories was transacted there. Witness some curious scenes in "Nicholas Nickleby." It was rather bold of our author to select as the title of another book "Dombey and Son," considering that there was in Fenchurch Street "Dombey & Son, high class tailors, American and Colonial outfitters." This was a curious coincidence: perhaps the "high class firm" in question, who before were less well known, eagerly seized on the chance for bold advertisement, and perhaps emphasised "and Son" to make it fit the title of the novel.

The magistrates in Dickens's youth must have been terrible tyrants. and he laid his lash on their backs with tremendous force. As is well known, there was a Mr. Laing, who is described with extraordinary dramatic effect as Mr. Fang-half-despot, whole bully-and his treatment of the witnesses is in keeping. It has been pointed out by Mr. Theodore Taylor that to this sketch we owe Hood's "Song of the Shirt," which is connected also with another magistrate, Sir Peter Laurie-introduced into the "Chimes" as Alderman Cute, who was determined, like Sir Peter, to "put down" all offences in general. and suicide in particular. In a letter to "Hood's Magazine" Boz called his attention to the case of an unfortunate sempstress "making shirts at three halfpence apiece," who, being robbed of her wretched earnings, attempted to drown herself, and was told from the Bench that she had "no hope of mercy" in this world; and he invites Hood to look in the papers of Wednesday, April 17, 1844. In the same number of "Hood's Magazine" we find the celebrated song. The angry magistrate took occasion to ridicule Boz's description of localities in "Oliver," declaring that there were no such places as Tacob's Island or the Folly Ditch.

Many a reader has amused himself by noting Boz's lapses and oversights. Some of them are amusing enough, but we do not think the less of him on this account. As when the "rough and tough" Bagstock sits down to play piquet with Mrs. Shenton we have: "Do you propose?" which, of course, belongs to écarté. So when Dr. Blimber directs that St. Paul's "first Epistle to the Ephesians" should be written out as a task—there being only one. We should have smiled at the next instance. A clerk in "Dr. Marigold" is described as being in charge of, and taking about with him, a quarter of a million in specie. This, someone (in "Notes and Queries") calculated would weigh one ton and seventeen hundred-weight! A thief makes off with "a carpet-bag full of sovereigns," which would weigh five cwt. And Tatty Coram enters with an iron box "two feet square," which no girl could carry.

A pleasant oversight, too, is found in Lord Decimus Tite Barnacle's speech, which he was always repeating. "My Lords, I have yet to be told," &c. Being an Earl's son, as his name shows, he could not have addressed the House of Lords. In the "Haunted Man" the prayer which he quotes, "Lord, keep my memory green!" properly refers to the preserving of one's faculties—not to the having a good reputation.

Anything associated with the illustrations of Dickens's stories must be interesting from the personal *inspiration* which the gifted writer contributed. Though he could not sketch himself, he knew when the sketch did not correspond to his intention; he could discern what was suitable or the reverse. Our leading actor has much of this instinct, and though not a scientific musician, can decide whether a particular passage supplies what he desires. The pains that were taken by both author and artist to supply correct adornments to the twin tales, "The Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge," is shown by a series of the original drawings by Cattermole lately offered for sale: "His first ideas of the 'Maypole Inn';" "The Four-post Bedstead in the 'Maypole';" "Mr. Chester at the 'Maypole'" (this sketch represents Mr. Chester looking out of a bay-window, but this was afterwards altered in the published version. See "Barnaby Rudge," first edition, page 291); "Rough Designs of Fire-place in 'Maypole Inn';" "Exterior of the Church;" "Interior of ditto;" "Little Nell Sleeping;" "Quilp's Wharf" (two sketches); and various small designs for clocks, chairs, figures, &c., including initialled proof of the frontispiece of the "Old Curiosity Shop," and a coloured drawing of "Little Nell."

We are naturally interested in Pecksniff and all that concerns him. The portraits certainly suggest Sir Robert Peel, and this idea was for a time accepted by the public. Dickens, however, had this been so, would have acted as he did in the case of Mr. Potts, in "Pickwick," who originally presented a startling likeness to Lord Brougham. In later plates the face was altered. Another original has been named in the person of the late S. C. Hall, who, when he went to lecture in the United States, was awkwardly heralded by American papers as "the original of Pecksniff." Having heard the novelist speak of this writer, I might be inclined to think the theory is not so far-fetched. It is said that there is a house pointed out at Aldersbury, just two miles from Salisbury, which was the Pecksniffian residence. And here can be seen the turret from which his young men were supposed to prepare his "elevations" of the cathedral.

Few localities have been described so accurately and with such vividness as Golden Square, where was Ralph Nickleby's mansion. To this hour these touchings help us to recognise it, so little changed is it. Close as it is to Regent Street and that great tide of traffic, it might be far away in Bloomsbury, or be taken for Red Lion Square, whose tone and complexion of old fashion it almost exactly suggests. Private persons, however, do not now seem to dwell there, and the various houses are given up to offices, agencies, and places of business. Not long after Ralph Nickleby's time the late Cardinal Wiseman was living here in a substantial old mansion. We cannot

go as far as an eager American, who declares that "Ralph Nickleby's dwelling can be identified without question, since it is the only double house in the square." And a picture of a fine windowed mansion at one corner is supplied.

Dickens always, in his pleasant way, looked on Gray's Inn "generally as one of the most depressing institutions in brick and mortar known." He speaks of "its arid square, with the ugly old tiled tenements, the dusty windows, the bills 'To Let,' 'To Let,' the doorposts inscribed like gravestones, the crazy gateway swinging upon the filthy lane, the scowling, iron-barred, prison-like passages in Verulam Buildings, the mouldy, red-nosed ticket-porters with letter coffin-plates, and why with aprons? the dry, hard, attorney-like appearance of the whole dust heap "—a very vivid pictorial sketch, and expressing the scene with touches of wonderful vivacity.

Just beyond the churchyard of St. George's-in-the-East, at Stepney, there is a court where Dickens placed the scene of Jasper's opium-smokings. The Rev. Harry Jones, rector from 1873–82, mentions that the old crone was known as Lascar Sal, and was living at the time he wrote, 1875. Mr. Jones also knew the John Chinaman of

whom she was so jealous in her trade.

There has recently appeared a small volume or monograph entirely devoted to the history of the engaging Cheeryble pair, who it has long been known were named Grant, and whose firm was settled There have been attempts, not so successful, to at Manchester. identify their house of business, which is so picturesquely described. Indeed, no one has done so much as Dickens to lend poetry to City localities, and he has really preserved for us their old flavour. Fortunately this is likely to endure; as, however buildings may change or be destroyed, the original arrangement of streets, alleys, and courts is likely to remain. They reached the Bank, we are told. and the old gentleman hurried Nicholas along Threadneedle Street, and through some lanes and passages on the right, until at last they emerged in a quiet, shady little square. Into the oldest and cleanestlooking house of business he led the way. "It was, indeed," as he described it further on, "a desirable nook, and one which occupied a high place in the affectionate remembrances of several grave persons domiciled in the neighbourhood, whose recollections, however, dated from a much more recent period, and whose attachment to the spot was far less absorbing than were the recollections and attachment of the enthusiastic Tim." There seems something enigmatical in this allusion; and I have often been puzzled to know why these "several grave persons" were thus introduced, and what

their being "domiciled in the neighbourhood" had to do with the matter. There was probably some private or personal allusion intended, otherwise the fact that persons who did not live in the square should care for it less than one who did was scarcely worth while recording.

Following the author's directions, we shall certainly find no square of such a kind between Threadneedle Street and Cornhill. But explorers always forget that, while the author would be thus minute in his directions, he did not, as it were, hold himself bound by them. His account of Dodson and Fogg's office, in the same quarter, is similarly misleading. He would seem to have described the route minutely, but selected for the place itself whatever seemed most effective—provided it were near at hand. I have little doubt that Dickens had in his eye one of the most effective and picturesque of City squares-Laurence Pountney Hill-which strikes out of Cannon Street, and is no more than a few hundred yards away from the place he had just described. This enclosure, apart from Nickleby associations, is interesting and picturesque. There is a small burial-ground at one side, which, I think, is alluded to somewhere in the text, though I cannot point out the place. "The City square," we are told, has no inclosure save "the lamp-post in the middle, and no grass but the weeds which spring up round its base. It is a quiet, little frequented, retired spot, favourable to melancholy and contemplation." People make appointments under the shadow of "the tall, silent houses." There is a distant hum-of coaches, not of insects-but no other sound disturbs the silence of the square. The old tall Queen Anne or Georgian houses on the right. as we enter from Cannon Street, are fine substantial specimens, and are striking from their stately and elaborately carved doorways. is not too fanciful to identify one of these as the Cheeryble residence. as they are the most important in the enclosure; and, indeed, when Tim Linkinwater's sister was looking out eagerly, expecting her cap to arrive, we are told that the porter might be considered to be come, "as the distance to the corner was not quite five yards"; and this, odd to say, and a little more, is about the present distance of the houses from Cannon Street corner. Facing these mansions are some rather mouldering houses—in one of whose windows we might readily place the poor crippled boy who fostered hyacinths in the blacking bottles. Not, however, so much from these details, which are too often fanciful, as from the very striking character of the place, should we be inclined to fix on it as the residence of the immortal Cheeryble Brothers.

It is difficult to recognise that familiar Pickwickian inn, the "Golden Cross," and its surroundings—then a "mouldy sort of establishment in a close neighbourhood." At that time it was almost faced by Northumberland House, now swept away. Not then was the open space in front of the South-Eastern Railway and its stately hotel, in lieu of which was the tumbledown Hungerford Market and "the footbridge." Charing Cross is now a brilliant animated centre, where the tide of traffic runs strongest. David's small bedchamber smelt like a hackney coach, and was shut up like a family vault, and was over the stables, we may suppose, in the yard whence the coach started. This yard has now been made into offices, and the "Golden Cross" itself looks a comfortable and imposing place enough. Boz had clearly a fancy for it. He started his long line of fictions from this house, and the first adventure in "Pickwick" occurred at the Golden Cross. We learn, also, that the statue of Charles I. was the centre of a hackney coach stand. Little Copperfield also stayed there.

Mr. Pickwick's pleasant incident of finding the stone at Cobham, with the Bill Stumps inscription, was, I have always suspected, an actual incident that occurred during the years 1836 or 1837. He says, indeed, that it was submitted to the Royal Antiquarian Society—or Society of Antiquaries. One of the same kind was described in Scott's "Antiquary," where Edie Ochiltree explains the mystery of the letters. It is, however, a "common form" of jest, and we find an instance in the Memoirs of Bachaumont, which Dickens may have seen. There was once dug up in the quarries of Belleville, near Paris, a stone with these letters:

I. C.
J.
L.
E.
C. H.
E. M.
I. N.
D. E.
S. A. N. E. S.

It was taken to the Academicians, who could make nothing of it. Savants were consulted without result. At last the beadle of Montmartre chanced to see it, and at once read it off, "Ici le chemin des ânes," that is, the path for the donkeys who carried away the sacks of plaster from the quarries. Another antiquary some years ago purchased a plate, on which he found a rude inscription, "Pomans"; which, after much study, he read as P. O. Man. S., i.e. "Publii Ovidii Manibus Sacrum." Showing this with delight

to a brother savant, the latter smiled and said, "I can let you have another, or as many as you please." Pomans was a manufacturer of dinner services. These are all good stories.

After his first six novels, "Pickwick," "Oliver Twist," "Nickleby," "Curiosity Shop," "Barnaby Rudge," and "Chuzzlewit," Dickens seems to have lost his taste for idealising scenes and places. In his later stories, though he attempts this sort of description, the result is quite a different thing. He is far more minute and laborious in his touches, but he does not convey the *tone* of the place. His last description of Rochester, in "Edwin Drood," has not the vividness and reality of the few strokes in "Pickwick."

In a recently published biography of an Irish Dominican friar we find: "Pickwick," he says, "chanced to fall into my hands. I had never before read it, and the loud laughter which it drew from me made a Father come to my cell to see what was the matter. Years after I found 'Pickwick' hid away under the bed of a novice. I was about to visit him with a severe penance, when I remembered my own weakness for the book, and the happiness it had afforded me." Lately I read in the newspaper that near Peterboro' a small boy had swallowed no fewer than twenty-eight plum-stones—thus oddly vindicating the story of the child that swallowed the necklace, as told by Jack Hopkins.

Not long since Mr. Frank Lockwood, Q.C., one of our leading forensic humourists, published a lecture on the legal humours of "Pickwick," which was delivered both at York and at Hackney. There is, however, more of Dickens than of Lockwood in the book, no less than sixty out of one hundred pages being filled with extracts from the immortal work. Mr. Lockwood has not much to tell and little to note that is new; he scarcely pierces below the surface to the rich vein of Pickwickianism. We should, indeed, scarcely consider him a true Pickwickian. He might have a sympathetic feeling for Serjeant Buzfuz's junior, Mr. Simpkin, that "promising young man of two- or three-and-forty," whose happy method he has often had occasion to reproduce on the public stage.

He considers that the low practitioner Pell is the most "interesting, as he certainly is the most humorous," of the legal group; that Dodson and Fogg were not nearly so black as Boz meant to paint them; that Perker, "if he had lived to-day, would undoubtedly have been tried for the part he took in the Eatanswill election." He oddly introduces us to a member of the Bar—Mr. Prosee—of whom all that Dickens literally says is: "Mr. Prosee, the eminent counsel." Mr. Lockwood, however, knows a great deal more, Mr. Prosee is

"a person seldom alluded to, but of whom I wish to say something." And this is the "something": "Ladies and gentlemen, I do not know how it is, but I have always associated Mr. Prosee with the Equity Bar. It may be that his name suggests it."

Nothing is more happy than Dickens's light touchings in dealing with the coarse enormities of a contested election. The specimens of corruption given are in a happy satirical vein; they are rather hinted at than described; any realism would have disturbed the effect. But Perker's giving away seven-and-sixpenny parasols, and making his candidate kiss all the babies, suggests to Mr. Lockwood this reflection: "Ladies and gentlemen, according to our modern ideas, this account does not do much to raise Mr. Perker in our estimation." Nor would Perker, if living now, be tried for his practices. At that time bribery and treating were accepted elements at elections. The law has since been changed, and Perker would have taken good care to conform to it.

A propos of Eatanswill, there have been many speculations as to the locality in which this town is supposed to be, and many fruitless guesses have been made. For the first time I can speak with certainty on the point. Eatanswill was Ipswich, and the election was an almost notorious one, owing to the fierceness of the struggle, and the extent to which the usual bribery, treating, &c., was carried. The candidates were the late Sir Fitzroy Kelly (Fizkin, it will be noted, has a sort of suggestion of Fitzrov). I have heard from Mr. Alfred Morrison, the well-known collector and dilettante, that Dickens had been sent down by Mr. Black to report his father's speeches, who well recalled the young writer entering the committee rooms at the "Great White Horse" to procure a copy of one of the speeches which he was to despatch to town by the coach. Mr. Kelly succeeded, but the battle was fought over again before a committee, and the Ipswich revelations became a sort of scandal. All the stories of drugging, locking up of voters, upsetting of coaches in ponds, were, no doubt, suggested to Dickens by the reality. It was thought, too, and not unnaturally, that Boz had taken some dislike to the inn which he wished to write down. It may be added that the proprietor of the inn later found his way to Bury, where he used to tell that the incident of the double-bedded room actually occurred to Boz himself, who had entered another room by mistake, to the alarm of the inmates.

Ipswich at this moment stands pretty much where it did fifty years ago, and we may still wander, as Mr. Pickwick did, through the long passages of the old inn. Sojourning there lately, and sitting

up till midnight, I fancifully felt as Mr. Pickwick had done, when I sought my chamber, and passed the boots and shoes at each door; not less potently did it revive the image of our old friend, the amiable, genial, and ever sprightly Boz.

It must be said that, contrasted with the pushing firm in Freeman's Court, Perker showed himself an inefficient legal adviser. was feeble and old-fashioned in his operations. In his first dealing with Jingle after the elopement he was clumsy, and his asking the adventurer how much he would take to give up the lady was tantamount to an announcement that he was in that gentleman's power. The line taken ought to have been what is called "the high hand." That worthy, indeed, must have been "astonished at his own moderation" when he could accept so trifling a sum as a hundred pounds or so. For this meagre amount he resigned the hand of a lady of good connections, with a "few hundreds" in hand and the prospect of inheriting moneys on the death of her mother. Perker, it will be remembered, remonstrated with Mr. Pickwick for offering Sam half a sovereign to show the room. An ordinary solicitor would have said, "Better leave the thing to me, my dear sir; I'll manage it"; instead of which this odd adviser rambles on in this style: "Now, my dear sir, the very first principle in these cases is—if you place a matter in the hands of a professional man, you must in no way interfere in the progress of the business-you must repose implicit confidence in him. . . . My dear sir, excuse me. I shall be happy to receive any private suggestions of yours as amicus curiæ, but you must see the impropriety of your interfering with my conduct in the case with such an ad captandum"—and all this about the number of a room, and a fee to a Boots.

Mr. Lockwood declines to accept the ugly story of the filing the declaration in the case of "Bullman v. Ramsey." This incident is a specimen of Boz's art; for, cruel and touching as it is, it is lightened and redeemed by the vivid way in which it is put before us. After all, says Mr. Lockwood, "it is only a story told by the clerk Wicks, upon whom I do not think we can place much reliance." Why not? He was telling his fellow-clerks of what had occurred only that very morning. But could better testimony be found for the living realism of "Pickwick," which alone of all books actually fools us into believing that these were persons who had lived and talked? Dickens, of course, intended that the story should be accepted as true; the novel itself suggests that it was true; but here we have our Mr. Lockwood dreaming that he is in Court, and not inclined "to place much reliance" on the statement of a character that is

pure fiction. It is the same everywhere: the very hotel-keepers declare, in advertisements, that "it was at this house Mr. Pickwick stayed"!

A masterly touch of smooth hypocritical vindication—which appeals to something and yet signifies nothing-is Dodson's calling for "the precipe book," to prove that all has been done fairly and "Here is the entry," he says: "'Middlesex, "above board." capias, Martha Bardell, Widow, v. Samuel Pickwick, damages £1,500, Dodson and Fogg for the Plaintiff, August 27, 1827.' All regular, sir, perfectly." Comic as this is, it was really all that the solicitor could appeal to, for it was all that had been done. A solicitor, once remonstrated with for having sent us a too heavy bill of costs, answered in this strain: "To satisfy your scruples and my own, I put the bill of costs into the hands of my partner, who himself went carefully through every item, and finds it all perfectly correct." This appeal-from Dodson to Fogg—was a practice at Freeman's Court. It may be said here that there is no Freeman's Court in Cornhill, though we find it in Cheapside, and every one would fix on the old house at the bottom as the residence of the practitioners.

Later, Sam was despatched to "pump" Mrs. Bardell. For, as his master rather cunningly impressed on Sam, "I have no objection to your endeavouring to ascertain how Mrs. Bardell herself seems disposed towards me, and whether it is really probable that this vile and groundless action is to be carried to extremity. I say, I do not object to your doing this, Sam, if you wish it." No wonder Perker shook his head over this injudicious mission, and declared that it would have the look of an attempt at compromise, which it certainly had. A capias, by the way, seems a invsterious sort of writ wherewith to commence an action for breach of promise. We usually associate a capias with seizure of the person—capias ad satisfaciendum. truth is, Boz was rather at sea in these matters, and confused the various processes in an odd way. Almost bewildering to a lawyer are the proceedings that took place on Mr. Pickwick's arrest. insisted on going to the Fleet Prison his solicitor declared, "We must have a Habeas Corpus," which writ, it seems, had to be obtained from a judge sitting at Serjeants' Inn. No counsel was instructedindeed, it appeared that only attorneys' clerks were engaged in the business before these functionaries. It seems extraordinary that a person should apply for this writ as part of the formalities of going to prison. But it may have been some fiction for transferring the custody of Mr. Pickwick from the sheriff's officer to the custody of the tipstaff, who conveyed him to the Fleet. We have had, by the way, in our hands Boz's little memorandum book of fees, service of papers, &c., when he was in Messrs. Blackmore's office.

Mr. Lockwood says of the famous trial that it was intended for "broad fun, amounting to burlesque, and nothing more. Had the description been intended as a serious picture of the proceedings in a court of justice it would have been open to much serious dissection and examination." This is rather a narrow view. Allowing for some looseness of detail—which is of an ephemeral sort—it may be said that every touch in the picture is of the best satirical kind, and suggested by profound observation of human character. The intention to provoke a laugh is only secondary. The treatment is so large and faithful that we find the various traits—witnesses under examination, the devices of counsel, &c.—reproduced in our own day.

One of Judge Stareleigh's dicta is actually quoted in the profound legal treatise "Taylor on Evidence"; and we find the description of hectic given in "Oliver Twist" adopted in such text books as Aitken's "Principles of Medicine," and in Miller's "Principles of Surgery." It is well known that Mr. Justice Gazelee sat for Stareleigh. Mr. Crabb Robinson mentions an instance of his receiving illegal evidence to convict a prisoner. On a threat to lay the case before the Secretary of State, the judge released the prisoner. Buzfuz's son is now with us in the person of Mr. Bompas, Q.C. A testimony to the depth of Boz's observation in his great book is not merely the almost daily allusions or quotations, but the recurrence in real life of passages almost exactly similar. Not long since, in a breach of promise case in Mr. Justice Lawrence's court, the late Serjeant Buzfuz reappeared in the flesh, and began his speech by declaring that "not merely in 'the whole course of his professional experience, but never at any time, had facts more painful been brought before a jury.' The plaintiff, gentlemen, the plaintiff was a young lady, the daughter of a gentleman deceased, who was at one time in the War Office. She lived with her mother and her two sisters, Kate and Jessie, in the peaceful and innocent atmosphere of a small preparatory school at Thornton Heath. Gentlemen," the counsel went on in tender accents, "she was a young girl; she knew nothing of London life; she had been delicately and tenderly nurtured by a loving mother, and had lived a quiet country life at home, beloved of her two young sisters. Virtuous, poor, but, gentlemen, though poor, happy, knowing nothing and suspecting nothing of evil and deceit, gentlemen, she got in the train for London Bridge, not knowing that in the same carriage was a person whom, for brevity, I will call a man." We have seen in country papers

passages that almost seemed burlesque when put beside the leader in the "Eatanswill Gazette." A Dublin paper once likened some of Boz's statements to "venomous reptiles disporting themselves in a vessel of most disgusting filth."

Nothing is more extraordinary than the interest which to this very hour is excited by "Pickwick," and all that is connected with "Pickwick." The allusions, the phrases, have acquired a sort of archaic flavour, and their meaning is sought and hotly debated. I confess these Pickwickian debates have a great charm—all classes are attracted by them. The distance is so enlarging—it is nigh sixty years since—that the book has become almost a classic. Last year the well-known schoolmaster, Mr. Walter Wren, started a little controversy in one of the evening papers, on the meaning of one of Jingle's odd phrases. Mr. Wren wrote with due gravity, "that Jingle had said, 'Bottle stands; pass it round; way of the sun; through the button-hole; no heel-taps.' We all of us know well 'way of the sun; no heel-taps,' but I can find no evidence of 'through the button-hole' having ever been current slang; it is not in Murray, not in Richardson, not in Halliwell, Nares, or Wedgwood. It is not in any slang dictionary I have access to. The button-holes of our coats are always made on the left side, which seems to show the origin of the phrase." I can fancy the shade of the genial Dickens laughing loudly over this speculation—though, as Elia asks, "Does a ghost laugh?" "Nares, Richardson," &c., is good, as well as the theory drawn—and fine-drawn too—from tailorship. folk joined in the discussion, one urging that: "With reference to Mr. Wren's 'Pickwick Puzzle,' an explanation which seems to lie on the face of it (so to speak) is that the word 'button-hole' is a metaphor, coined by Mr. Jingle on the spur of the moment, signifying the well-known fissure, or gap, in the human countenance commonly called 'the mouth.' The meaning would thus be "Pass it round-way of the sun-toss the liquor-and leave no heeltaps.' Forty years ago it was common enough-it may be so still; alas! I know not-for children to allude to anything swallowed as having gone down 'the red-lane'; a metaphor for the throat not more far-fetched than 'button-hole' for the mouth. Mr. Jingle had all the fine imagination, no less than all the fine carelessness, of a child .- W. H."

But Mr. Wren gravely argued against this theory: "I am afraid the words of the whole sentence are against 'W. H.' '"Beg your pardon, sir," said the stranger (Jingle), "bottle stands—pass it round—way of the sun—through the button-hole—no heel-taps," and he

emptied his glass, which he had filled about two minutes before, and poured out another, with the air of a man who was used to it.' Tupman was to pass the bottle—not to drink its contents. The words 'no heel-taps' seem to refer to the five words which follow."

But presently a man who seemed to know his subject, possibly a professor of folk-lore, appeared on the scene. His show of learning was prodigious: "Mr. Walter Wren's professed solution is too literal. 'Through the button-hole' is a figure, and has nothing to do with the course taken by the bottle. 'The button-holes of our coats are always made on the left side, which seems to show the origin of the phrase.' Indeed it does not. This literalness is quite Caledonian. It is connected with 'no heel-taps,' not with the 'way of the sun.' It seems to mean genuine, fair drinking, and is probably slang for the mouth of the drinker or the mouth of the bottle.

"Mr. Wren tells us that he has turned to his Murrays, Richardsons, Nares, &c., without result. He teaches young ideas their shooting, yet he cannot recall in his 'Tom Jones' Thwackum's speech, 'Put your liquor down through the button-hole.' Has he read, in his Smollett, Trunnion's boast, 'I can put a bottle through my buttonhole with any man'? As for his Murray, Nares, and Co., I would remind Mr. Wren of a curious little work which he may not have seen, 'Proverbial Phrases,' by one Jones, a Welsh parson, circa 1780, who quotes this very form, 'Through the "button-hole"—i.e. through the mouth. Toper's phrase.' Did he think, too, of consulting his Professor Skeat—best of all modern authorities? In a thoughtful paper contributed to the 'Etymological Journal' (July, 1867) we find 'Through the button-hole: a popular phrase for drinking fairly—i.e. taking in the wine through the mouth.' This is conclusive. It is curious that the French should be familiar with the same form of expression. Dumoulin (Dict. des Proverbes) has 'Mettre bouteille sur boutonnière, i.e. boire. Mot d'ivrogne': an explanation which I note Littré quotes with approbation. Dumoulin, I may add, was the most learned philologist of his day, and a professor at the Collège de France.

"Is Mr. Walter Wren now answered? Gare Pickwick in future, I would advise him, and attend to his ferula. Above all, let him not fancy that because he cannot find something in 'Nares, Murray, Halliwell, &c.,' it is not to be found elsewhere. Boz knew well what he was about.—Yours,

<sup>&</sup>quot;J. DOWLER.

This seemed convincing, all save the signature, "Dowler, The Crescent, Bath." The appearance of this travelling companion of Mr. Pickwick might have awakened suspicion. But Mr. Wren accepted the "authorities" quoted, and repelled with much heat the insinuation that he was ignorant of his Dickens. It does look, however, as if the whole was "a flam," as it is called. Indeed, the slightest investigation shows that all the books quoted were about as imaginary as the farcical names on Dickens's "dummy" shelves at Gadshill. Professor Skeat wrote no "thoughtful paper" on the phrase; there is no "Dumoulin" with his "Dict. des Proverbes"—in short, Mr. Walter Wren was royally "hoaxed."

Pickwick would bear a regular serious study. Thus we are all, it must be confessed, partial to Tupman, to Mr. Tracy Tupman, or "Tuppy," as Jingle once familiarly addressed him. There was a certain  $\dot{a}$  propos in making this stout, "puffy" gentleman so susceptible to the charms of the other sex. The puzzle is, how came he "in that galley"? How did this fat and elderly personage come to be enlisted in the Pickwickian corps? Winkle and Snodgrass were young fellows, and regarded their leader with the sort of reverence one would have for a guardian; indeed, Mr. Winkle, the wharfinger, personally placed his son under Mr. Pickwick's charge, with the object of seeing life under his direction. But Tupman was rather too mature for this sort of thing. It is plain, indeed, that there was a sort of incompatibility in their relations, owing to this very maturity, which Boz, by happy touches, allows to be seen. Indeed, their intercourse seemed always, on this account, a little strained. Who can forget the dispute over the brigand dress, when Mr. Pickwick called him old and fat, and declared that his appearance in a two-inch tail in his presence would be disrespectful! The violence that followed, all but culminating in an assault, led to a most painful scene, which we would well forget. But it spoke volumes for the relations of the two men, and showed that Tupman resented his so-called leader's assumption of authority. There was not a single instance of such rebellion on the part of the two others. It was a nice accurate touch to show the elderly Tupman rebelling against Mr. Pickwick's despotism.

Tupman's was not a high-souled nature. There was a something a little *ungentlemanly* in taking his friend's dress-coat surreptitiously and lending it to a vulgar stranger and play-actor. Making it one's own case, we should not like to wear it after such use. We have always wondered, by the way, how the adventurer managed to secure

a dress, or, at least, clean shirt, for it is hinted almost in plain words that he was trying to conceal the absence of such an article.

The same lack of nice instinct is shown on his first entrance into a perfect stranger's house—his lingering behind to snatch "a kiss from Emma," one of the maidservants. This seems coarse, and prepares us for worse. It will be remembered, too, that on the first news of Miss Wardle's elopement, his exclamation was, "He's got ten pounds of mine—stop him!" Not a word of the loss of his mistress. He was clearly miserly.

But a singular incident is the almost complete disappearance of so promising a character. After Mr. Leo Hunter's fête he is altogether lost to view, though his name is mentioned for decency's sake. Snodgrass and Winkle figure in new and pleasant adventures, but Tupman might as well have retired from the party altogether for anything that is said of him. Even at the last pleasant dinner at Osborne's Hotel, Adelphi, when all the friends are gathered together, the arrival is mentioned of Snodgrass, Pickwick, and Winkle, but never a word of Tupman! It was ungracious to leave him out. What was he about? We could have spared a better man. At the end our author recollects him, and tells us that he went to live at Richmond.

What could have been the reason of this? I fancy it was owing to the working of certain epic laws which Boz felt himself powerless to resist. Winkle and Snodgrass had a certain interest attaching to them. They were human enough; they both had their love affairs, to which readers and authors were drawn. Tupman, with his susceptibilities and his bulk, it was impossible to take seriously. After his exhibition he seemed "played out." None of the followers, it will be noted, applied to him for assistance in any of their little adventures. He gradually became a mere cipher. might have expected that he would have taken a new departure. Among the antiquated spinsters and dowagers he would have revelled. Winkle and Snodgrass were each furnished with nice wives. Tupman was not thought of at all. Why, however, could not he and the spinster aunt have been brought together again? It would have ended the whole excellently.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

## LONDON'S HEIGHTS.

ONDON excels Rome in the number of its hills. The City of the Imperial Cæsars, in its mud and marble stages alike, sat upon as many eminences as Iris displayed colours in her resplendent Seven hills make a comfortable seat enough upon a pinch, but our metropolis stretches itself upon more than three times seven. It may be that these hills lack picturesqueness, seamed, as they have been, by the railways, and disfigured by wanton jerry-builders; but it was not always so. In the days when Battersea was under water, and Lambeth was really a marsh, these now slighted hills were covered with impenetrable forest growth. Was it not Leigh Hunt who first called attention to the fact that every street in the City has at least one tree? The tree whose dingy greenery gladdens old Money-bags to-day is the direct descendant, through a long line of arboreal forerunners, of groves beneath the shades of which woaddyed Britons warred against foemen, or wooed their timid nymphs. Druids and Druidesses dwelt, in tents of wattle, upon those wild hillsides, when they were not reverently seeking mistletoe in the sacred woods of Oaktown, or, as it is now called, Acton Vale.

Those days have gone. Wolves and wild boars no longer make their lairs upon Snow Hill, though bulls and bears still flourish in the deeper recesses of the City. Even the later highwaymen and footpads have ceased to be. With the destruction of forests and curtailment of prospect, we have changed the *personnel* of the infestors. Old dangers have been replaced by new perils. For the rebel of olden times, we have the politician. Instead of the lusty outlaw, or the courtly knight of the road, we are beset by burglars and company promoters. Customs have changed upon the hills of the robbers, but fleecing has not become a lost art.

It has been said that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. It may be so, but crass ignorance is worse. A slight acquaintance with history serves to invest London's hills with a fresh interest. Science, with its jargon chatter of the modern origin of those hills, may weary. No wonder! But history peoples them with brave nobles and fair

ladies, making them bright and charming with the light of other days, until we sigh

For the touch of a vanish'd hand, And the sound of a voice that is still.

Tower Hill is, perhaps, both the most important eminence and the most notable spot in all the metropolis. Few of us, as we pass it on a steamer, or cross it on our route to the Ankwerkes Package, at the commencement of our autumnal holiday, think what great persons have quietly lived there; and what others, equally great, have wept and died upon it. To it, or rather to Great Tower Street, came Rochester to pursue his trade as an Italian fortune-teller; while the bedizened Buckingham often walked thither in order to consult a conjurer, a shrewd, far-seeing rogue, who, when Felton bought at the cutler's shop on the summit of the hill for a shilling the knife with which he killed the Duke's father, may have known for what purpose it was required. William Penn was born on this hill, in a house close to London Wall. Forty-four years later—that is, in A.D. 1685 a poet lay dead, choked by a crust which starvation had urged him to devour too greedily, in an upper room of the Bull Tavern. was the ill-fated Otway; at the time when the son of the muses lay dead, Betterton, the celebrated founder of the stage after the Restoration, was wringing tears from the eyes of the public, not for the famished dead, but at his own fictitious sorrows in "Venice Preserved." It was in Great Tower Street that Peter the Great used to pass his evenings, drinking hot pepper and brandy with his boon companion, Lord Carmarthen. In the uninviting neighbourhood of Little Tower Street, which can scarcely be supposed to have been inspiring, Thomson composed his "Summer." In Grub Street, the supposed lurking-place of many a mute inglorious Milton, much hack literary work was effected, none of which has survived the touch of time's destroying hand. The most important fact recorded of it is that herein lived "the very remarkable Henry Walby, Esq., of Lincolnshire," who dwelt in his house forty-four years without ever being seen by a human being. He was possessed of large property; but, his brother having attempted to murder him, it so alienated him from mankind that he resolved to entirely withdraw from the world. For half a century, from 1586 to 1636, all that was known of him was that his charities were munificent.

Upon this hill, insignificant for mere altitude, has been smitten off many a head which once held itself as proudly as that of the highest in the land. Between the execution of the Conqueror's

victim, Waltheof, the vain, weak-headed Earl of far Northumberland, and that of Simon Lord Lovat, in the reign of George II., how many of the peers of England kissed the block! Stanley and Stafford, Essex and Seymour, Dudley and Suffolk looked upon those gray towers, not more hard than the hearts of their tyrants, and died less because of actual crime than for high political reasons which could not otherwise have received satisfaction. Not all his learning and piety could deliver the great and good Sir Thomas More, any more than craft and cunning could free the intriguing Somerset. youth and graces pleaded vainly for his cheery life. Neither grav hairs nor archiepiscopal mitre could save the shuffling Laud, nor all his noble pride that wondrous Strafford, who went to his death rather like some Roman Cæsar to his triumph than as a destined victim to the headsman's block. Here Sidney died, notwithstanding his high-souled patriotism, and here Monmouth's blood and beauty met its doom. Tower Hill has been the very shambles of our English peerage. At the most festive times it must have been a depressing locality. Who can think unmoved of Lady Raleigh, with her children, grouped in despair, hopelessly gazing on the cold walls, as if to pierce them, and to see the noble knight of Devon, whom the gowk o' a king, James, kept a prisoner therein?

Yet the hill has a grimly ludicrous as well as a grimly tragic side. Here were confined the prisoners Lord Castlemaine, Sir Henry Mildmay, and Squire Wallop, who had sat among the judges of Charles I., but had not signed his death sentence. These luckless wights were condemned to be imprisoned, and to be taken annually, each in a separate sledge, by way of Snow Hill and Holborn Hill, to the common gallows at Tyburn; after having sat for a certain time in sight of the gruesome tree, they were taken back to the Tower. The infamous Titus Oates, the discoverer of "the plaat," and the rogue Dangerfield, were whipped from here to Tyburn and back.

There is little that is attractive about Dowgate Hill. Hard stern business has set its seal upon it and all its belongings. The dreary buildings, the dingy windows from which it is next to impossible to look out, the sickly, hungry-looking clerks who haunt its precincts, and the well-fed merchants who come and go, all speak of mammon worship. Yet it was not always thus. Look back for three centuries through the mists of time, into the reign of the glorious virgin Queen, and this dreary little dirt hillock, every inch of which is worth its weight in gold, will babble o' crowded ports, midnight adventures, South American strifes, stately galleons, Homeric sea-fights, and the foundations of England's greatness. It was here that gallant Franky

Drake, the dauntless sailor who singed the Spanish king's beard, lived and walked, holding jovial intercourse with the heroes who would have followed him to death. The memory of Sir Francis Drake lies, like a golden sunbeam, upon Dowgate Hill.

Who knows, or has seen, College Hill, of all the thousands who daily tread London's busy streets? Yet, although buried underneath a mountain of bricks and mortar, it is still haunted by the spirits of the past. The Druids' house was ages afterwards replaced by the College of the Holy Spirit and St. Mary, which, in its turn, was removed into the country, to Highgate Hill, only to be once more swallowed up by the ever increasing City of King Lud. The ghost of the famous Dick Whittington—I beg his pardon, Sir Richard—divides its nightly hours between College Hill, for Sir Richard laid the first stone of the edifice, and the present site of the Catholic pile. A slight exercise of memory will recall the figure of a fine gentleman of the post-Restoration era. Here the second and last of the Villiers, George, Duke of Buckingham, had his wondrous mansion; and along the west side of the street he loved to walk on sunny mornings, combing his huge campaign periwig.

It is next to impossible to think of Cornhill as a clustering harvest field. Yet it was famous for the growth of wheat long before the golden grain was brought to a market which had been established upon its gentle slope. Later the hill became the very paradise -these seem to have migrated to the rival hills of Holborn. knights of the goose and shears would have been supremely happy in their location if it had not been for the intrusive impertinences of the neighbouring Franciscans and the insolence of swashbuckler bravos who crossed the hill on their frequent journeys to and from the Tower. The monks, in the intervals of devotion, were in the habit of exacting alms, not always of money, from the complaisant tailors' wives: while the soldier bullies divided their time between paying court to the tailors' daughters and abducting their apprentices. One of those apprentice lads, who broke his indentures, proved his valour in after years amid scenes where blood flowed like water; and grey Cornhill grows green again with the heroic memory of Sir John Hawkwood. as also with that of its later, not less illustrious, son, the poet-soldier Grey. All things change; knights and ladies no more crowd Cornhill, its former glories have departed, its present wealthier accessories are sober, russet-hued. Where is now its Tun? its Quintain, at which men loved to tilt? The stream that rolls down its conduit is golden. Its standard has been furled for ever.

It was on Laurence Pountney Hill that Harvey lived with his vol. CCLXXVIII. NO. 1970.

mercantile brothers, Daniel and Eliab; and here he, more patient than modern would-be discoverers, took eight years for the working out of his wondrous theory of the circulation of the blood. On a cold dreary February morning, one Nan Clarges entered the church which graces the hill, to be married to a farrier, Tom Radford. Who would have dreamed that that hilarious, red-cheeked, buxom wench was destined, in the whirligig of time, to become a duchess—the consort of that political mountebank, Monk, Duke of Albemarle?

Nearly a hundred years after the farrier's marriage the church of St. Mary-at-Hill, Billingsgate, a locality now consecrated to Neptune rather than Venus, witnessed a wedding of a different order. The rising poet, Young—mature in years, for he is fifty years old, and yet his "Night Thoughts" remain unwritten—demonstrates that bards are not excluded from society; for he has taken to wife the Lady Elizabeth Lee, a colonel's widow, but the daughter of the Earl of Lichfield.

Fish Street Hill, looked down upon by the towering Monument, and largely given over to wholesale fruiterers, carries us back to the days when English princes bore coats of mail, not cards and counters. Here the brave Black Prince and his rare wife Joan dwelt, in a palace which might have put to shame that of Aladdin. Years passed, the Prince died, and the fair Princess grew corpulent in her lonely widowhood, until at length, when she was borne in her litter from the old home on Fish Street Hill, even her defunct husband's war charger could scarcely have borne her weight.

Trees wave no longer upon Garlick Hill; the old-time rank and stinking plant no longer flourishes; it is rather given over to the production of mustard, that Keen accompaniment of beef, than to the growth of garlic—vile root beloved of the Spaniard. The memories of this spot are melancholy ones. Three centuries ago the riverside height resounded to the tread of faggot-bearing ruffians, servants of the Company of Pewterers, who carried bales of wood through the ranks of scowling, shrinking spectators. The rascally bearers' masters held certain estates on condition of providing the wood wherewith to burn heretics. There is no wonder that Garlick Hill was an unsavoury spot.

Has anyone ever heard of Puddle-dock Hill? Where is it? Scarcely may the hill be seen now; succeeding ages of improvements have almost levelled it from off the face of London. Yet it speaks ill for England that it should be forgotten. Did not Shakespeare's house in Blackfriars abut on the very street which led down

the hill to Puddle Wharf? Why should Puddle Hill be despised and Stratford-on-Avon be honoured by an admiring world?

Holborn is scarcely a hill now, but in our younger days, before the famous Viaduct had been constructed, it was steep enough. Snow Hill must be grouped herewith, for the two are scarcely separable. A passage by way of these meant a progress to elevation, but it was that of Tyburn Tree. Many a good dame cried "God 'a' mercy!" when the Holy Maid of Kent was led to death up Holborn Hill. How many passed this way! There was the good Lord of Baddlesmere, because his obstinate wife, in his absence, would not surrender his Kentish-not Yorkshire-Castle of Leeds to Oueen Isabella. So went, a few years later, that Queen's creature, Edmund Mortimer, whose name is imperishably associated with our Nottingham Castle Rock, within sight of which these lines are written. By this route journeyed the pretty and passionate Agnes, Lady Hungerford, who, in a fit of petulance, poisoned her husband, Sir Edward, and died for it, like the vilest of criminals. It was a long winding procession, that which crept through the years from the grim Tower, or from some one or other of the City prisons, to Tyburn. Who were some of these travellers? There was Southwell. the second-rate poet; Felton, murderer of "Steenie" Buckingham; five of the threescore-save-one of the signators to the death-warrant of Charles I.; and countless victims of the malevolent Dr. Titus They formed a motley throng: Jack Sheppard, the horrible murderer, the infamous Jonathan Wild, Turpin, Duval, and a great company of vulgar highwaymen and housebreakers, whose crimes have been softened by time, until the caitiffs have almost become heroes. There was Lord Ferrers, tastefully attired in his wedding suit; and the eloquent Dr. Dodd, to say nothing of more vulgar clay. It was not until November 7, 1783, that these Tyburn rides ceased, for the honour of humanity.

Snow Hill has many memorable associations, but one will suffice. It was here that a great man looked his last upon the scenes of earth before crossing the river and entering that celestial city which he seemed to have seen in this life. Bunyan, the immortal dreamer, died at the house of his friend Strudarck, the grocer, in the year of our last and most glorious revolution.

One of the best-known and most frequented localities in London is Ludgate Hill, with its rival omnibuses and streams of cabs. It sits like a queen amidst its numerous rivals, crowned with Wren's wondrous monument. It was a rare place in the olden times, lying, as it did, in the route of the traveller from the turbulent City to the

courtly precincts of Westminster Palace. Outside the gate, from which the hill was named, the daring rebel, Sir Thomas Wyatt, who had sought to overthrow the superstitious Tudor Queen, Mary, saw his plans miscarry on February 5, 1554. Although he had entered Westminster without meeting resistance, his followers, finding that no one of note joined him, insensibly fell off, and, as he sat wearied and confounded on a stone opposite to "La Belle Sauvage" Yard, he was seized by Sir Maurice Berkeley. Wyatt was condemned, beheaded. and quartered, some of his mutilated limbs being exposed upon Hay Hill, Berkeley Square—a hill which was, two centuries later, a favourite rendezvous for gentlemen of the road. On Ludgate Hill. too, was that horrible debtors' prison, where many a rogue has ruffled it bravely, while many a noble gentleman and honest but luckless merchant has devoured his heart with grief. Who has not heard of the romantic story of Sir Stephen Forster? The knight was begging alms of the passers-by, as the custom was, when, as he stood by the grating, he attracted the sympathetic notice of a rich widow. Stephen was well formed and presentable. How'events might have fallen out had he been otherwise—say humpbacked or squinting who shall say? The fair widow was interested in the petitioner. She heard his story, paid his debts, and when he, inspired by a sense of gratitude which rapidly deepened into true love, wooed her, yielded to his importunate suit. Nor was this all. When the knight and lady died they left behind them funds by which poor deserving debtors benefited as long as the prison remained an English institution.

The noblest British galleries, whether public or private, vie with each other in giving an honoured place to George Morland's inimitable pictures. What a great painter the man was, especially of pigs; vet he resolutely refused to rise, preferring, like the swine which he affected, to drown his talents in the flowing bowl. Poor Morland! he died at the age of a little over forty, in a wretched sponging-house on Eyre Street Hill. Cunningham, in his "Lives of British Painters," says: "Morland's pictures were mostly produced under the influence of intoxication, and the strong stimulant of immediate payment; they were painted in the terror of want, and in the presence of the sordid purchaser, who risked five guineas in a venture for twenty; yet they want nothing which art can bestow or the most fastidious eye desire. Such was the precious coin with which this unfortunate man paid for gin, obtained the company of the scum and feculence of society, and purchased patience from his creditor or peace from the tipstaff. The annals of genius record not a more deplorable story than Morland's."

Other hills there are, some of which were once far afield, but which great London has absorbed. Among these were Hay Hill, notorious for the duels fought thereon, and the lawless gentry who frequented it; Constitution Hill, once a favourite promenade for monarchs, where Charles II. loved to roam at will, and where mad Oxford put our present gracious Queen in peril of her life; Highgate Hill, where the old time monks took toll of all horsemen, where the monks of St. Anthony tended the outcast lepers, and where the noble Andrew Marvell lived in decent comfort; the hill of breezy Hampstead, whereon the so-called Cockney poets gave birth to "thoughts that breathed and words that burned"; Primrose Hill-this was in our younger days the Londoners' delight, but its attractions have somewhat passed away since then. This mighty dune, beneath which rest perchance the bones of some Celtic king, has been termed Green-Berry-Hill, from the names of the three persons who were executed for the supposed murder of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, and who are said to have brought him hither after he had been slain near Somerset House. The hill is now girdled in with houses, except upon the park side, and children would look in vain for the

> Vale primroses That die unmarried, ere they can behold Bright Phœbus in his strength.

Notting Hill is even yet somewhat out of the way, although the mighty town runs farther out for miles, until the oaks of Acton are replaced by bricks and mortar. Very different must the neighbourhood have appeared in the days when the last of the Plantagenets, Richard Duke of Gloucester, had his rustic cottage there, and rode hunting over fair Knotting Manor. He was a brave young Prince, and a favourite with the people, for he had not yet lost throne and life to the niggardly Tudor, neither had his fame been besmirched by the foul monks who supported the Welsh usurper and unblushingly lied on his behalf.

Not yet are London's heights exhausted, but those which remain may be left to future chroniclers, who, at some not far distant day, shall tell how the great heart of England stretcheth itself from the heights of Gravesend and Greenwich to the slopes of Finchley, and from thence across to bonny Richmond and the lovely Surrey hills.

Look!

There is London! England's heart and soul. By the proud flowing of the famous Thames She circulates through countless lands and isles Her greatness. Gloriously she rules: At once the awe and sceptre of the world.

## SOME RECENT RESEARCHES ON THE AIR.

HE nature of the air we breathe is a subject which has long been surrounded with mystery, a mystery which was only dispelled towards the close of last century, when the old belief in its elementary nature had to give place to more enlightened views. From the discovery of oxygen gas by Priestley and Scheele in the year 1774, the air has been made the subject of numerous and important researches by scientists in various parts of the world. despite these researches, it is highly probable that much remains for future investigators to discover; for while it may be described as made up essentially of oxygen, nitrogen, and carbonic acid, it contains numerous other substances, solid and liquid bodies, as well as From the results of recent investigations it would seem that the air is a singularly complex substance. Modern researches have shown that every cubic inch of it is teeming with micro-organic life-with the ubiquitous germ-and with millions of minute particles of inorganic dust which play, among other things, an important part in the production of fogs.

In this article we purpose giving some of the results of interesting recent experiments on the germ-life of the air, as well as the results of researches on the solid particles just referred to.

Probably no department of science has made, during recent years, more rapid strides, or has had devoted to it more general or wide-spread attention, than the science of bacteriology. It is only within the last fifty years, we may say, that the realm of the "infinitely little" has been discovered for us; yet, thanks to the host of busy and enthusiastic investigators who have devoted themselves to exploring its wonders, we now know that the air we breathe, the water we drink, and the earth we tread upon are teeming with myriads of these important workers in nature's laboratory. Since all sorts of operations—beneficent as well as what we are inclined to regard as

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Since we wrote this, intimation of the discovery of a new gaseous constituent of the air has been made at the meeting of the British Association, at Oxford.

the reverse—are nowadays being credited to the action of microorganic life, the results of the researches on the germ-life of the air are of the highest interest—more especially to medical men, since they have thrown much light on the important, but still mysterious, question of the propagation of zymotic diseases.

Before detailing the results of some of these researches, it may be well to explain how what must appear to some as a well-nigh insuperable initial difficulty in conducting them is overcome, viz. the detection and enumeration of creatures so minute.

To the unassisted eye the presence of even any solid particles in the air is, as a rule, entirely invisible. We say this is so as a rule; for there are circumstances when the solid particles in the air are rendered visible. Everyone is aware of the appearance of a stream of sunlight, introduced through a slit or hole in the shutter of a darkened room. Under such circumstances, the air, through which the sunlight passes, is seen to be full of minute dust particles; yet the "gay motes," which are thus seen to "people the sunbeam" constitute, after all, only a very insignificant fraction of the total number the air contains—for thousands of them are far too minute to be visible to the naked eye. Among these latter are the germs. It is only, indeed, with the aid of our most powerful microscopes that we are enabled to discern these latter, and form any estimate of their size. Many of them are less than the one twenty-thousandth of an inch. In the words of Professor Percy F. Frankland, one of our first experts on this subject, "four hundred millions of these organisms could be spread over one square inch in a single layer. Thus we could have a population one hundred times as great as that of London settled on an area of a single square inch, without any complaint of overcrowding, and giving to each individual organism, not three acres, which certain politicians tell us are necessary for the individual man, but one four-hundred-millionth of a square inch, which is quite adequate for a citizen in the commonwealth of micro-organisms." 1

But among the many and curious characteristics of germ-life, none is more striking than the rate at which they develop. According to Dr. Frankland, a single bacillus may, in the course of twenty-four hours, give rise to a progeny four times as numerous as the population of London, and in double that time, a number represented by

<sup>1</sup> See his recently published little volume on *Our Secret Friends and Focs* (Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge), to which volume and his still more recently published valuable work on *Micro-Organisms in Water* (Longmans) all readers interested in the question are referred for the most recent information on this important and fascinating question.

the following figures: 280,000,000,000. Now, it is by taking advantage of this property that we are able to detect their presence and estimate their number in air or in water. This we effect by introducing them into some solid nutritive medium in which they may freely develop, since, although we cannot see one single germ, we have no difficulty in seeing millions of them if sufficiently closely packed together. The most commonly used medium is peptonised gelatine. Introduce any micro-organism into such a substance and it will very soon develop, with the result that, in place of a single organism, we have a family or colony, the members of which, by being confined to a limited area, are easily rendered visible to the naked eye; and since it has been found that each colony is developed from a single organism, all we have to do is to count the number of colonies produced.

Many organisms, when thus cultivated present the appearance of various coloured patches, yellow, red, orange, blue, green, &c. Of especial interest is one which is characterised by the rapidity with which it reproduces itself, and the blood-red appearance of the colonies which it gives rise to. 1 Its tendency to develop in farinaceous food, such as bread, gave rise to the legend of the "bleeding host."

Another fact which helps to facilitate the task of enumerating them is their tendency to subside from air maintained in a calm state. This was first discovered by Professor Tyndall, who observed that the experiment of passing a beam of light through a darkened chamber in which the air had been kept perfectly still revealed no dust particles; and that the germs had subsided along with the grosser dust particles was proved by experiments which demonstrated that such air was sterile. If, therefore, we introduce into a tube or flask, internally coated with nutritive gelatine, a certain measured portion of air, and allow the air to become still, the germs will soon be deposited on the gelatine.

This short and simple description of the method in which such researches are carried out conveys no idea of the numerous and elaborate precautions which have to be taken in conducting work of this nature. The great difficulty is to avoid contamination, since germ life is so universal. Indeed, no class of research requires the observance of more elaborate precautions than bacteriological investigation.

While the existence of germs in the air was recognised by earlier observers, such as Leeuwenhoeck, Schwann, Ehrenberg, and others, it is to Pasteur that we owe the first systematic researches on

<sup>1</sup> Viz. the Bacillus prodigiosus.

the subject. These immortal researches, which have placed their author in the front rank of the world's scientists, were undertaken in connection with a controversy which raged on the theory of the "spontaneous generation of life," more than thirty years ago. According to this theory, low forms of life were capable of being spontaneously generated in certain putrescible substances, such as milk, blood, meat, &c. Pasteur, however, showed by his classical experiments that the changes such substances underwent were not due to the spontaneous development of low forms of life, but were caused by the germs in the air. He showed that if these bodies were kept in air previously sterilised, *i.e.* bereft of micro-organic life, by being filtered through some substance capable of removing the germs, such as cotton wool, no micro-organic life was developed, as evidenced by the absence of putrefactive change.

The ingenious methods for detecting and counting their number are chiefly due to the great German bacteriologist Robert Koch, and many most interesting investigations have been carried out by Dr. Percy F. Frankland on their occurrence in the air. He has estimated their number in a measured quantity of air, as also the number falling on a certain area in a certain time. Their number seems to depend on a variety of conditions. As we should expect, the air in enclosed spaces—public buildings, private houses, &c.—is very much more heavily loaded with them than the outside air. The air of towns, again, is much more impure in this respect than the air in the country. Climatic conditions seem also to have a considerable influence, such as rain, wind, and fogs. The air at high altitudes, again, is much freer from micro-organisms than that near the surface of the earth. Even the elevation of a few feet seems to make a difference. On the summits of mountains there are very few present. According to the researches of Dr. Fischer, a surgeon in the German navy, the air at sea, 70 to 120 miles from land, seems to be absolutely free of them. Lastly, the season of the year seems to determine their number, which is greatest during the months of July and August. Dr. Frankland's first experiments were made on the air on the roof of the Science Schools, South Kensington, at a height of some 70 feet from the ground. His results showed that the numbers falling on a square foot in a minute varied from \$17 to 1,302. These experiments were carried on during the month of March and with high winds. After rain, on the other hand, as we should naturally expect, the numbers are very much reduced. Under such conditions, Dr. Frankland found that from 60 to 66 fell on a square foot in a minute's time; while the numbers during a thick fog were only

26 to 32. The number of micro-organisms in two gallons of air taken from the roof of the Science Schools, South Kensington, have also been estimated by Dr. Frankland throughout the year. The numbers vary from over a hundred during the month of June to a few in the month of December. As we have already said, the hotter the weather the greater their number. Some interesting experiments were carried out on the air of confined spaces. Thus, on the occasion of a conversazione at the Royal Society Rooms. Burlington House, Dr. Frankland's first experiment, made at the beginning of the reception, showed that some 240 were falling per square foot per minute; while later on in the evening the number was increased to 318. Other experiments made on the air of the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, at different times, showed numbers varying from 30 to 1,755, falling, per square foot per minute. The largest number was obtained during a public holiday (Whit Monday), and shows very strikingly how the number seems to be dependent on the number of people in a room or public hall. Other experiments in a hospital ward showed numbers varying from 18 to 66. An extremely interesting experiment was made by Dr. Frankland on the air of a railway carriage, the description of which we shall give in his own words: "I was travelling," he says, "in a third-class railway carriage from Norwich to London, and soon after leaving Norwich I tested the air; there were at the time four persons in the carriage; one window was closed, the other open, and the experiment was made near the open window. Under these circumstances, 395 organisms were found to be falling on the square foot in one minute. On reaching Cambridge, the carriage was taken possession of by a number of men returning from Newmarket races. The carriage remained quite full (ten persons) to London. half-way between Cambridge and London I made a second experiment, one window being shut, and the other was only open four inches at the top; the air was tested near the closed window, with the result that no less than 3,120 organisms were found to be falling on the square foot in one minute."

The circumstances under which air was found by Dr. Frankland to contain the largest number of microbes was in a barn in which flail thrashing was going on. He found that upwards of 8,000 organisms were falling on a square foot during one minute. Experiments carried out at Norwich Cathedral and St. Paul's, London, illustrate the effect of height from the ground in lessening their number. In two gallons of air taken at the spire of the former cathedral, at an altitude of about 300 feet, only 7 organisms were

found, and 49 fell on a square foot, per minute; at 180 feet from the ground the same volume of air contained 9, and the number falling on a square foot, per minute, was increased to 107; while in the air on the gravel space in front of the cathedral, the number was 17, and the number falling 354. It may be mentioned that these experiments were all made on the same afternoon. The experiments in St. Paul's were made on the air in the inside of the buildings. Two gallons of air taken from the "Golden Gallery" were found to contain 11, while the number falling amounted to 115; the "Stone Gallery" 34 and 125 respectively, and St. Paul's Churchyard 70 and 188.

Lastly, we may mention some experiments made by Dr. Frankland at Primrose Hill. He found that two gallons of air taken from the top of the hill contained 9 micro-organisms, while 12 fell on a square foot per minute; while at the foot of the hill the numbers were respectively 24 and 27.

Now that we have learned something of the number and distribution of these germs in the air, the interesting question naturally arises as to their place in the terrestrial economy. Unfortunately, we are as yet only able to give a very partial and imperfect answer to this important question, for we know little with regard to their nature and functions. Indeed, with regard to the majority of these minute denizens of the air we know absolutely nothing; while regarding the few which have been isolated and studied much still remains mysterious. There can be no doubt, however, that they are charged with the most important functions.

Generally speaking, we may divide them into two great classes. The first class includes those whose action is highly beneficent; the second class those of a malignant nature. It is true that germs in the public mind are still more commonly regarded as the causes of various diseases than as useful agents in the promotion of healthy life. But this is altogether a one-sided view, and is doubtless due to the fact that the attention of the public has been more directed to the so-called pathogenic germs (the disease-causing germs) than their useful brethren. It may be safely asserted from our limited knowledge of micro-organic life that the good they effect far outweighs the evil.

Let us reflect for one moment on the great function microorganic life performs in causing the putrefactive and fermentative changes which organic matter, both of animal and vegetable origin, undergoes. Were it not for their action, such matter would accumulate on the surface of the earth, with the result, in the long run, that both animal and vegetable life would cease to exist. Indeed, we may safely assert that not merely our very life, but our comfort and happiness, is largely dependent on these microscopic agents. It is, perhaps, in the domain of agriculture that their beneficent rôle is most strikingly seen, more especially in their action in promoting plant-life in the soil. In all departments of farm-work they are active, and without their aid the farmer could make no progress in his arduous and difficult occupation. Their presence on his farm is as necessary as the presence of his larger live-stock—his cattle, sheep, and pigs; for without their assistance he could not grow his crops, or make his butter, or ripen his cheese. In short, on their presence in the soil, in the manure-heap, in the barn, and in the dairy, successful farming depends, and for the farmer a stock of bacteria is among his first requisites.

Again, the existence of certain large industries is dependent on their action, such as that of brewing. The yeast organism, which effects the conversion of sugar into alcohol, on which fermentative change the practice of brewing depends, was one of the earliest of the micro-organisms of the air to be discovered fifty years ago. Pasteur has devoted long years of exhaustive investigation to the study of this important organism, and has furnished the brewer with information of the most valuable kind regarding its nature. Hansen, of Copenhagen, has still more recently made elaborate investigations on the nature of yeast. The result of these investigations proves that for every particular kind of beer a particular kind of yeast is required, and pure yeast-growths are now cultivated for the supply of breweries all over the world in certain Continental laboratories.

Among other common micro-organisms in air may be mentioned those which effect the souring of milk—the process known as lactic fermentation. That the souring of milk is due to its contamination with certain organisms in the air is a fact which has long been recognised, and if we take precautions to keep milk perfectly pure from the organisms in the air, no souring will take place. Another interesting organism is that which converts alcohol in dilute solutions into vinegar—the so-called acetic fermentation. The action of this organism is seen in the souring which takes place in light wines, such as claret, when exposed to the air for some time.

While, however, many of the organisms of the air are charged with functions of the most useful kind, there is no doubt that many are the causes of deadly disease. Among those diseases which have been proved to be due to definite organisms, the most common is tuberculosis, one form of which—pulmonary consumption—may be

said to be the commonest and most deadly of diseases. Cholera and hydrophobia may be cited as diseases which have been recently shown to be due to germs. One of the most interesting discoveries in this department of research, recently made, is that *tetanus*, or lockjaw, is caused by a bacillus, which has been isolated. But while the air, no doubt, contains among its numerous micro-organic life many of a pathogenic nature, it may be comforting to reflect that even contact with these germs does not necessarily produce disease; that, indeed, predisposition on the part of the individual is quite as important a factor. This is truly a fortunate circumstance, if indeed it is true, as has been asserted, that a healthy man breathes in a town such as London or Manchester, during ten hours, something like thirty-seven and a half millions of these organisms.

Before leaving this question of micro-organisms in the air, it may be interesting to draw the reader's attention to the important discovery that sunlight seems to have the power of destroying many kinds of germs, or, at any rate, of very considerably modifying their properties. This fact was first discovered by the English experimenters, Downes and Blunt, some seventeen years ago; and it is strikingly illustrated by the circumstance that certain liquids, liable to fermentation, "go bad" when kept in the dark, but keep when exposed to sunlight. The ultra-violet rays seem to be the most potent in this action. With certain germs, it has been found that while sunlight does not kill them, it may essentially modify their properties. This has been found to be the case with the cholera bacillus, which, when exposed to sunshine, is robbed of its malignant property.

But great as are the numbers of the germs in the air, they sink into comparative insignificance when compared with the inanimate solid dust particles. So numerous are these latter, that it is no longer convenient to state their number in such a quantity of air as two gallons; we choose for this purpose a cubic centimetre, or the ten-thousandth part of two gallons. Like the germs, they are extremely minute in size, and the great majority of them are utterly invisible to the naked eye. It is necessary, therefore, in order to count their number, to have recourse to some method of making them visible, and this has been effected by a Scotch scientist, Mr. John Aitken, F.R.S., to whose interesting researches we owe our knowledge of the subject. The apparatus he has devised for this purpose is full of ingenuity, and while space does not permit our entering into a detailed description of it,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> See an interesting article in the May Number of the Nineteenth Century for 1894, by Professor P. F. Frankland.

we may explain the general nature of the process he employs. From the researches of Aitken and others, fogs, it is now known, are caused by these dust particles becoming surrounded by a watery envelope. In order, therefore, to test the air for dust particles, it is introduced into a glass vessel, where it is saturated with water vapour. Supersaturation is then effected by slightly expanding it by means of the air pump. The result is that a fog is formed. What we have to do then is to count the number of fog particles. In actual practice it is found convenient to introduce a very small portion of the air to be tested into a glass vessel, where it is mixed with a large quantity of air, rendered absolutely pure by filtering through cotton wool. This mixture is then admitted into a large glass receiver and saturated as above described. As the dust particles under these circumstances are so few, what we have is a miniature rain, the number of drops of which, falling on a silver mirror, is counted by means of a microscopic arrangement.

We shall now give the results of some of Mr. Aitken's researches. As was seen to be the case with the germ life, the air of the country is very much freer from dust particles than the air of towns. Similarly, outside air is purer in this respect than the air of enclosed The purest air which has yet been tested by Mr. Aitken was that at Colmonell, in Ayrshire, Scotland, where a cubic centimètre (about the one-sixteenth of a cubic inch) was found to contain 500 dust particles. As this amounts to 5,000,000 in two gallons, some conception of how much more numerous dust particles are than micro-organisms is afforded. A very great difference seems to exist in the air taken from the same place but at different times. When the air is clear their number seems to be least. Indeed, so close seems to be the relation between the transparency of the air and the dust particles in it, that it would seem warrantable to conclude that atmospheric haze is principally due to these dust particles. Thus the air was clear and the day bright and fine when the minimum of dust particles was found. Tests made on other days during the same month at Colmonell showed very different results. Over five thousand were found on a foggy morning; and again, on another occasion, nearly double that number, when the air was extremely thick and rain had been falling. The air on the summit of mountains is very much freer than the air lower down. Tests made in Switzerland by Mr. Aitken illustrate this. The maximum quantity found in the open air occurs, as we should expect, in large towns. Thus, in the case of a number of recent tests made on the air of Glasgow during the month of February, the numbers were found to vary from

one hundred and seventy thousand to nearly half a million. In Edinburgh, experiments made during the same month showed a variation of from seventy-five thousand to over a quarter of a million. In Paris, the numbers found were very much the same as in Edinburgh; while air tested in Battersea Park, London, showed numbers considerably less.

But figures very much in excess of any previously mentioned have been obtained in tests on the air of confined spaces. Thus, the air of a meeting-room, tested in different places and at different times during the progress of the meeting, showed numbers varying from one hundred and twenty-five thousand to three and a half millions. The air near the ground contained fewer than the air near the ceiling. For example, the air some four feet from the ground contained two hundred and seventy thousand before the meeting, and at the end of the meeting four hundred thousand; while near the ceiling the amount at the beginning of the meeting was three millions, and at the end of the meeting this had been increased to three and a half millions. Air near a burning jet of gas showed the largest figures of all. Thus, in the immediate vicinity of a bunsen flame the gigantic number of thirty millions was found in a cubic centimètre, or four hundred and eighty-nine millions per cubic inch. In Mr. Aitken's own words, "It does seem strange that there may be as many dust particles in one cubic inch of the air of a room at night when the gas is burning as there are inhabitants of Great Britain; and that in three cubic inches of the gases from a bunsen flame there are as many particles as there are inhabitants of the world."

Possibly tests on the air of smoking-rooms would reveal still greater numbers. Mr. Aitken has not yet tested such air, but he found that a cigarette smoker sends four thousand million particles, more or less, into the air with every puff he makes.

C. M. AIKMAN.

## AN OLD BORDER CASTLE.

Auld Wark upon the Tweed Has been many a man's dead. Old Saying.

THE great southern river of Scotland has yet sixteen miles to the good before it meets its fate in the North Sea beside Berwick. No question can arise as to the direction to be followed, and there is no danger of its striking out some new route, as one might think possible fifty miles farther up. It is getting to be within reach of the ocean now, and the cornfields along its banks are disturbed by the sea-breezes as often as by those from the hills. The country is distinctively Berwickshire, the county which affords a coast line for the south-east of Scotland. The Tweed is no longer the Tweed of song. Nor is it the joyous river of "glittering and resolute streams," winding its way among green, softly moulded hills and inviting the angler's skill at every turn. It has become wide, still, deep.

If we make our way to the river, a triple path in the grass will take us along the haugh for a short distance until we are opposite the escarpment above which the great castle used to stand. plentiful show of hawthorn rises upon the edge, partly hanging over it and shielding from view the turf-laid passage known as the Ladies' Walk, which was in olden days protected by an outer wall whose foundations have long ago disappeared into the stream. Above the level of the escarpment a kaim runs parallel with the river for some distance, and Wark Castle stood near the middle of it. Concerning this kaim in former times there arose a contention among the worthy members of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club, the moot question being whether it was an earthwork raised by the builder of the castle or a geological deposit. The latter view has prevailed in consequence of satisfactory evidence upon examination. The large mound which is now high above us, in virtue first of the escarpment and secondly of the kaim, shows the position of the great tower.

In the matter of Wark Castle, you are prohibited from amusing

yourself with fancies and dreams of "former greatness." The remains as a whole are of too meagre a description. You have not sufficient material communi ferire carmen triviale moneta. The short corner of a stone wall lifting itself abruptly through the green turf at your feet scarcely sanctions a towering battlement. The Wark Castle of to-day does not impress one. If you wish to interest yourself in it, necessity refers you to its actual history.

The earliest incident of note is that it fell when first assaulted, not many years after it was built. On the usurpation of the English throne by Stephen (1135), in violation of the oath which he and his partisans had taken before Henry I., the late king, to support the claims of his daughter Matilda, the good king David of Scotland, who was the uncle of Matilda and had also by way of friendship taken the same oath, entered Northumberland with a large force. He gained possession of the castles of Carlisle, Wark, Alnwick, Norham, and Newcastle: Bamborough alone standing out against him.1 It was a victory barren of glory, for the garrisons had no great stomach for resistance to the invader, as many of them were doubtless unfavourable to Stephen and less constrained in showing their discontent than those nearer the scene of action. Nor was it anything but an abortive conquest after all, for although David thus compelled the northern barons again to swear allegiance to Matilda, they speedily deserted him at the approach of Stephen. However, the kings met in conference, and Stephen courteously agreed that Prince Henry of Scotland should become Earl of Huntingdon, and, should the English king wish to give the earldom of Northumberland to anyone, he would give due consideration to Henry's claims. David then withdrew to Scotland. But Stephen was a man cautelous, an affable wolf, no keeper of his word, and David being irritated at his delays prepared to invade England while Stephen was absent in Normandy. Having always a soft side to churchmen, however, he refrained from violent action at the intercession of Thurstan, the venerable Archbishop of York, until Stephen's return. But scarcely did the usurper find himself back on English soil when he was pounced upon with a demand from David for the surrender of Northumberland, which was as promptly refused (December 1137).

At this time the castle of Wark was under the command of Jordan de Bussei, nephew of the famous Walter Espec who had built it. Early one morning in January, while the hoar frost was still undisturbed on the grass by Tweedside, he was aroused from his slumbers to hear that a crowd of Scots were before the walls. William the

<sup>1</sup> Richard of Hexham, Historia de Gestis Regis Stephani.

nephew of David, had been sent with a portion of the army against Wark, and he, having plundered the surrounding district, at once began to pay his attentions to the castle. Presently, David joined him with the rest of the army, and put forward all his might against the stronghold, balistis et aliis machinis et variis assultibus, for three But he could gain no advantage. Nay, rather, as the English monk puts it, writing from his own point of view, Deo auxiliante, all his efforts were turned to his own confusion. For the occupants of the castle, while defending themselves valiantly and successfully, slew the Scottish standard-bearer in the sight of the king, and many more of his soldiers. Seeing that his attempts were of no avail and that he was only losing men to no purpose, David angrily gave up the siege and launched himself into Northumberland. The army itself was provoked at the failure, and acted more cruelly than any barbarians, regarding neither God nor man, sex nor condition, so that even the cut and dry chronicler, Richard of Hexham, finds time to wax eloquent over their savagery in his rough Latin way. For the honour of Scotland at large, and of David in particular, I should say that these excesses were committed almost entirely by the savage Picts of Galloway, who are now mentioned in history for the last time. Stephen, duly incensed at the merciless ravaging of his territory, hastened to the north with a large force. David, hearing of his approach, retired to Scotland by way of Wark, and, placing his army in the neighbourhood of Roxburgh, plotted snares for the English king, expecting him to lodge in the town. He instructed the people of the place to greet Stephen with a show of affection when he came; but also arranged that during the night when himself had come up with his force to the walls, and a select body of soldiers whom he placed in the town had suddenly risen, they should join the citizens and all rush upon Stephen, slaying him and his. God, who beholds the vanity of men's scheming, brought these plans to nought." For when Stephen crossed the Tweed he received information of the snare, and turned away from Roxburgh. plundering and burning a considerable tract of Scotland, he marched southwards. In this way David was disappointed in his plot. again entered Northumberland with his "impious host," and ravaged the country as far as to Durham. But panic and sedition arose among his men and he returned hurriedly to the Border. He laid siege to Norham Castle, which stands about eight miles down the Tweed from Wark. Although in other respects it was well fitted to resist a long siege, it was but slightly garrisoned, and so, after a brief but spirited defence, it surrendered to the enemy.

soldiers were allowed to pass to Durham. David now offered to restore the castle to the Bishop of that city, promising to make good the damage that had been done, on condition that he should transfer his allegiance from Stephen to Matilda. But the Bishop refused and the castle was destroyed.

While David was besieging Norham the garrison of Wark proved a very thorn in the flesh. They seized provisions on their way to the Scottish army and imprisoned those in charge of them. They sallied forth on Prince Henry and his attendants when in the neighbourhood, killing some, wounding and capturing others. therefore, was filled with righteous indignation, and, when he had his hands at liberty, sought retribution. He again besieged the castle, and brought his engines of war into action against it; but again, Deo auxiliante, his attempts were futile. So he prepared to starve the castle out, and, leaving operations in the hands of two of his thanes, set out on an expedition into Yorkshire. August 22, 1138, was fought the great "Battle of the Standard." In it the Scots suffered a tremendous defeat, and are said to have lost over ten thousand men. 1 After the battle David retreated with what was left of his army to Carlisle, whither Prince Henry arrived after a three days' absence which had caused his father anxiety.2 About the same time the Pope's legate came to the city, and he sought to bring about peace between the two kings until the following Martinmas. 'This was done, but David's wrath had gone forth against Wark, and he expressly kept it out of the truce. he reached the Border he ordered the siege to be resumed. it was resumed with a vengeance. But the stronghold proved as strong as ever, and David had again to resort to a blockade. provisions of the garrison soon failed them, and they were reduced to killing and salting their horses for food.3 They had resolved. if brought to absolute want, to sally forth and endeavour to cut a way through the beleaguering host; but Walter Espec, their lord, was unwilling that so brave a crew should be lost, and accordingly sent them strict orders to give up the castle to the Scots. When this had been done, David allowed them to depart with their arms, and then turned the place into a ruin. So fell the first castle of Wark.

The papal legate now persuaded the kings to conclude a treaty of continual peace. The terms were that Stephen should yield to Henry the earldom of Northumberland, reserving the towns of Newcastle and Bamborough; and in place of these Henry was to

<sup>1</sup> Richard of Hexham.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> St. Aelred of Rievaulx, Relatio de Standardo.

<sup>\*</sup> Richard of Hexham.

receive possessions of equal value in the south of England. Another detail was that those barons who held land in Northumberland and were willing to pay homage to Henry should recognise their lands as held of him.<sup>1</sup> And this was agreed to by most of them.

Henry II., the son of Matilda, succeeded Stephen in 1154, and David of Scotland was succeeded by his grandson Malcolm, the son of Prince Henry, who had died a year before David.

Now although Henry had promised David in 1149 that, if he ever gained the English crown, he would confirm to the Scottish monarch the possessions which he held in England, yet when he came to put the country in order soon after his accession, his oath did not restrain him from demanding those provinces back.<sup>2</sup> England at this time was in a much stronger position than Scotland, so that the northern provinces were, in 1157, given up on demand without a struggle.<sup>3</sup> Thus Wark came again into the hands of the English.

It is recorded that Henry II. now "causid the castel of Werke to be made."4 The Chronica de Mailros states that it was "restrengthened" in 1159, and it appears to have been completed in 1161. For some time the castle was undisturbed by war, but not for long. The unpeaceful reign of Henry II. was notable for the rebellions of his sons. One of them, Henry, had acquired many friends by his liberality, and gained a large number of supporters. He also drew over to his party William, King of Scotland, who had in 1165 succeeded his brother Malcolm. William was no friend to the English, nor was there any cordiality between the countries after the restitution of Northumberland to the English king. The fires of contention had only been smouldering while Scotland was presided over by the quiet and meek spirit of Malcolm; and when William, who was well surnamed the Lion, came to the throne he pursued a somewhat different policy. In the Lent after William's accession, the English king had to cross to France for the purpose of settling disorders there. The King of Scotland followed to press his claims to Northumberland and Cumberland; but Henry, who in his relations with the Pope, Becket, and the King of France, was on doubtful enough ground already, did not wish to pick any bones in the meantime with the King of Scotland, and so calmed him with fair promises to the best of his ability, and sent him back to his country with all due honour.

But now that the young Absalom was in need of all the help he

<sup>1</sup> Richard of Hexham.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> William of Newburgh.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> Fordun.

<sup>4</sup> Leland.

could get, he promised such important cessions of land to William that that monarch was art and part with him in his aims. He led a large army into England and began operations by besieging Wark in 1173. The commander of the castle now was Roger d'Estuteville, he who never loved treason nor the service of the devil—ki unkes n'ama traïsun ne servir al diable.¹ He saw that his force was of no use against the Scottish army, which vigorously assaulted the castle, and accordingly asked the King of Scotland for a truce of forty days to prepare himself to withstand the siege. This was willingly and generously granted by the Lion, and Roger went to England and returned within the appointed time at the head of a large force, and bid the king come on. Then we are told King William took counsel with his knights:

Hear, my knights,
Through the midst of Northumberland I wish to take my way,
There is none who can oppose us, whom then should we fear?
The Bishop of Durham—see here his messenger—
Informs me by his letters that he desires to be at peace.
We shall not have trouble of which I could complain,
Either from him or his forces, worth a penny.
Let us go towards Alnwick, if you will advise me so,
To William de Vesci whom I am unable to love.<sup>2</sup>
If he will quit-claim to me his father's castle,
Then I will let him go without loss of limb;
Or if he will make the same covenant with me,
As the constable of Wark made the day before yesterday,
Without gathering provisions and without strengthening anything,
Let us proceed to Warkworth, that I wish to demolish.<sup>3</sup>

William's army advanced into England committing the most cruel depredations, but retired at the approach of the enemy, who made retaliation by burning Berwick and wasting the surrounding country. In the spring of 1174 William invaded Northumberland again and besieged Wark. Roger d'Estuteville defended it gallantly. The Scots could make no impression, and William withdrew wrathfully to Roxburgh. Then towards Carlisle he led the hated race who never had scruple about doing devilries—ki unkes n'orent pitié de faire diablie. But Lord Robert de Vaus, who governed the castle, would not give it up. So he left a part of his army before the walls and proceeded to reduce a number of northern castles. While besieging Alnwick he was taken prisoner. About the end of the year Henry released him on condition that himself and his country should be in a state of vassalage to the English crown.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Jordan Fantosme.

<sup>2</sup> Reading with L., ke jeo ne puis amer.

<sup>3</sup> Jordan Fantosme,

William of Scotland died in 1214 and was succeeded by his son Alexander II., a youth of fifteen. John had ascended the English throne in 1199. The year after Alexander's accession King John signed the Magna Charta with little enough intention of keeping it. He presently took steps to regain his power, and as soon as his foreign mercenaries arrived at Dover set about destroying the castles of his rebellious noblemen. The barons of Northumberland had recourse to the young King of Scotland for help against John; and, as an inducement, paid homage to him at Felton. Immediately thereafter Alexander invested the castle of Norham with all his forces, but after forty days was obliged to raise the siege. The irascible John hastened northwards. In view of the approaching danger the barons of Yorkshire followed the example of their Northumberland neighbours. They came to Alexander at Melrose and swore fealty to him there. Meanwhile John followed close in their wake, burning and destroying their houses and estates. Among the places which fell before him was the castle of Wark. John pursued his course northwards as far as to Edinburgh, perpetrating the most barbarous cruelties on men and women himself, "having no scruple about doing devilries." But when Alexander had collected a powerful force, he turned on his track and went hastily south.

The interesting events connected with Wark Castle were not all of a violent character. In 1255 Royalty took up its abode at the place for a time, when it was the scene of courtly pomp and pageantry. The circumstances were these.

When Alexander II. died in 1249 he was succeeded by his son Alexander III., who was only nine years of age. Two years later he was married to the eldest daughter of Henry III. of England. Guardians were appointed to look after the persons and education of the youthful pair. By the influence of Henry, too, the ministers and counsellors of Alexander were changed. After a short time complaints of the conduct of those in power were brought to the ears of the King of England by those who had been supplanted in their office; and these were followed by others from the young queen herself concerning the hardships she underwent from the guardians, who held her in strict confinement, refused her the attendants and maids of her choice, and debarred her from the company of her husband. It was with the declared intention of righting these grievances and putting his daughter and son-in-law into a more suitable position that King Henry made a progress with his queen towards the marches of Scotland.

By way of prelude he sent the Earl of Gloucester and Hereford,

and John Maunsel, the king's secretary, with letters of credence to the Scottish people, and with powers to take into Henry's protection all who would adhere to him against those who were acting in an injurious and rebellious manner towards the King and Queen of Scotland. Further, he promised to attempt nothing against the person of Alexander, nor to endeavour to dissolve the union between him and his daughter, nor to make any peace with the rebels. The nobles whom Henry sent forward entered Scotland with a considerable body of armed followers, and, joining the former guardians who belonged to the party, surprised Edinburgh Castle. Thus they got the king and queen into their power and took them for safety to the castle of Roxburgh.

Henry collected a large force to accompany him to the Borders; but as this aroused suspicions as to his purpose he issued a declaration disavowing all intention of doing any hurt to the state and liberties of the King and kingdom of Scotland.

On September 6 Henry reached Wark with his queen, where he was visited on the following day by the young sovereigns from Roxburgh. Alexander returned the same day, but left his queen at Wark to attend her mother, who was sick. Next day Henry paid a return visit to Roxburgh, where he was received with demonstrations of affection by Alexander, who conducted him to the church of Kelso.<sup>1</sup> There a long conference—diuturnum colloquium<sup>2</sup>—took place with the Scottish nobles who were present, and Henry recommended the care of the king and nation to the Earl of Dunbar and his associates. After partaking of a royal entertainment he returned to Wark. Henry remained there fifteen or sixteen days. During this time, Alexander and the Scottish nobles of his party who were assembled at Roxburgh, came to certain resolutions bearing on the government of the affairs of the kingdom. These were transmitted in writing to Henry, who then set out for the south, after promising to give all assistance against the other faction, should it be

We do not hear of Wark again until forty years after this event. In 1296 Edward I. of England prepared to invade Scotland for the purpose of bringing John Baliol—whom he had previously adjudged king of the country rather than Robert Bruce—to a proper state of submission. He summoned John to appear before him at Newcastle on a certain day, but John did not show himself. After some days Edward proceeded to Bamborough, where he also made a stay and probably repeated the summons. About this time news was brought

<sup>1</sup> Chronica de Mailros.

that Robert de Ross, lord of Wark, had abandoned his castle and sided with the Scots. It appears that he had a violent passion for a lady of Scotland; so this Leander, who we must suppose had more love of treason and the devil's service than his predecessor, Roger d'Estuteville, went over the water to his Hero, deserting his post. His brother William, whom he could not prevail upon to go with him, remained in the castle, and sent word of his treachery to King Edward, requesting speedy aid in case the Scots, with the information which Robert could afford them, should gain possession of the place. The king immediately sent a thousand men towards Wark. In the evening they reached a village called Presson, two miles south of the castle, and took up their quarters for the night. dreading no danger. But Robert de Ross, learning of their arrival, led to the place a company of Scots from the garrison of Roxburgh, and, after surrounding the village, set it on fire. As the English tried to escape the flames they were slain, some by the enemy, some by one another. Edward received intelligence of this loss the next morning, and is said to have given God thanks that his enemies, having entered his kingdom, had been the beginners of the war. He marched with his whole army to Wark; but as Easter was just at hand he did not wish to pass the boundary of his kingdom until that festival was over, and so remained in the castle.

Large numbers of the fighting men of Scotland were assembled in scattered companies near the Borders. Instead of facing Edward's main army, they sought to embarrass him and cause him to divide his forces, by entering England over the western march. This was done by a large army on Easter Monday while Edward was still at Wark. They wasted the country till they came to Carlisle, and burned the suburbs of that city; but when they endeavoured to storm the place itself, the inhabitants, men and women, made such a stout resistance that they were obliged to give it up and speedily returned to their own country. On the Wednesday after Easter, Edward entered Scotland, fording the Tweed beside Coldstream, and on the same day the Bishop of Durham led his men over the river near Norham. The whole army then came along the Scottish side of the Tweed to Berwick, which was taken with little difficulty. After this Edward defeated the Scottish forces at Dunbar, and having received the homage of the nation, returned to the south, taking Baliol with him.

In the following year William Wallace raised his rebellion, and after defeating the English at Stirling, invaded Northumberland. He ravaged all the north of England; but there is no record of his being

at Wark. When he was in hiding, there are traditions of his having found places of concealment in the fields and woods opposite Wark. There are two fields in the neighbourhood on the farm of Crooks, known respectively as Wallace Crook and Wallace Little Crook.

In 1314, when Edward II. was preparing his great expedition for the relief of Stirling Castle, he received information that "the Scots were assembling a great army of foot in such strong and moorish places on his way to the castle of Stirling as would be of difficult access to horse, and made the assistance of able-bodied footmen requisite." Accordingly he issued orders to the sheriffs and authorities in several counties to *urge*, *hasten*, *and compel* bodies of able footmen to march towards him so as to be at Wark on the tenth of June, sufficiently armed, and prepared to advance thence into Scotland. These footmen numbered over twenty thousand. So Edward went on his way to Bannockburn, and the greatest defeat Scotland ever inflicted on England.

Robert Bruce made an invasion in 1318. With some difficulty he captured Berwick, and then proceeded to the siege of Wark, which, receiving no succour, fell before him, as did also the castle of Harbottle. The Scots pursued their way into Northumberland, and were soon masters of the whole country with the exception of Newcastle and a few other strongholds. They then returned with much booty and many prisoners.

About twenty-five years later, David II. invaded and plundered far and wide the counties of Northumberland and Durham. He besieged Newcastle unsuccessfully, but took the city of Durham. This invasion appears to have been unexpected by the King of England, and David was free to retire without anything being done against him. As the Scottish army was returning homewards with great loads of plunder, they passed in sight of Wark. The castle belonged at this time to the Earl of Salisbury, whose countess resided in it. His nephew,<sup>2</sup> Sir William Montague, was its governor. The garrison were exasperated at seeing the spoils of their country carried away with impunity, and a body of forty horse, headed by the governor, sallied forth and attacked the rear of the Scottish army. They killed two hundred men, and led one hundred and sixty horses laden with booty into the castle. The young king, provoked at the insult, at once led his army against the castle and tried to force it by a general assault, but with-

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Rymer.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> In his *Border History*, Ridpath, who follows Froissart at this point, speaks of Montague as the brother of Salisbury; but Froissart himself states that he was the son of the sister of Salisbury. George Buchanan differs in his account of the invasion and omits details.

out success. However, he was determined to reduce the place, and having filled up the ditch, prepared to batter the walls with engines. There appeared to be no hope for the garrison but by letting the English monarch whom they knew to be approaching become aware of their situation. None of the garrison, however, would undertake the service, although encouraged to it by the most tempting offers of reward. At last the governor himself, mounted on a fleet horse and favoured by a dark and stormy night, succeeded in the dangerous venture. Thereupon Edward approached with doubled speed, and the Scottish chiefs, being anxious about their booty, persuaded their king to give up the siege and enter Scotland. Six hours after the departure of the Scots the English army came up.

It is recorded that Edward III. founded the Order of the Garter at Wark in 1349. At a Court ball given in the castle, the Countess of Salisbury dropped her garter. The king, lifting it, said, "Honi soit qui mal y pense." As a memorial of this slight occurrence he instituted the Order and made these words the motto. Hume remarks that "this origin, though frivolous, is not unsuitable to the manners of the times; and it is indeed difficult by any other means to account either for the seemingly unmeaning terms of the motto or for the peculiar badge of the garter, which seems to have no reference to any purpose either of military use or ornament."

During the reign of Richard II. Wark was attacked and partly demolished by the Scots in 1383. At the conference held later on in the same year between the Earl of Carrick and the Duke of Lancaster regarding the recent infringements of the truce between England and Scotland, it was agreed that "six gentlemen of figure, chosen out of each nation, with the advice of proper artificers and others, who had formerly been acquainted with the building, should present upon oath a just estimate of the sum requisite to repair the damage it had suffered; and that the Earl of Carrick should cause that sum to be paid to the King of England's chamberlain, in the castle of Roxburgh, within three months after the date of the present agreement." In the instrument drawn up on this occasion, the other breaches of the truce are only referred to in general terms, and ordered to be examined into and repaired as quickly as possible by the several wardens.

In 1385 the truce expired, and the Scots and French prepared an invasion of England. Richard marched in person into Scotland at the head of a very numerous force. The English passed through a country deserted by its inhabitants and cleared of all provisions. Having burned the abbey of Melrose and the city of Edinburgh, they were compelled to return for want of supplies. Meanwhile, the Scots had crossed the Border and wasted the country as far as Newcastle. They stormed the castle of Wark and also gained the fortresses of Cornhill and Ford. The English, therefore, hastened south with the greater speed; but the Scots avoided them, and returned safely with much plunder.

The truce between Robert III. and the King of England expired just when Henry IV. mounted the throne in 1399. England was in confusion, and the Scots took advantage of this in their wonted manner. They captured Wark, and after holding it for some time utterly destroyed it. They also committed great inroads on other parts of the country.

William Haliburton, of Fast Castle, captured Wark in 1419, and put all the garrison to death. But not long afterwards it was recovered by the English. Some of these who were well acquainted with the place made their way into it through a sewer which discharged the refuse of the kitchen into the Tweed. They then broke down a piece of decayed wall and opened a way for their companions. The Scottish garrison being thus surprised were all slain on the spot by way of retribution for the recent slaughter.

In 1460 James II. of Scotland resolved to reduce the castle of Roxburgh, which had been in the hands of the English for a century. He placed artillery on the north bank of the Tweed for the purpose of battering the walls. One of the pieces, rudely constructed of iron bars girded with metal hoops which were made fast by wooden wedges, burst as the king was standing near, and, striking him on the thigh, killed him instantly. "The courtiers that stood next him, though terrified at this sudden accident, yet covered his body lest the report of his death should make the common soldiers run away. The queen, who came that very day to the camp, did not spend the time in feminine lamentations, but called the nobles together and exhorted them to be of good courage, telling them that so many valiant men should not be dismayed at the loss of one; and that it would be dishonourable to desert a business that was so near a conclusion."1 The castle was so vigorously assaulted that the garrison presently surrendered on condition of being allowed to depart with bag and baggage. The place was then levelled to the ground.

Soon after this the Scots marched into the enemy's country, meeting with no resistance. They did much damage, and reduced several castles whence the English had been wont to make incursions into Scotland. The chief of these was the castle of Wark, which "was very injurious to the country of March," that is, the Merse.

<sup>1</sup> Buchanan.

It was soon rebuilt, and in 1513 was taken and partly demolished by James IV., a few days before the battle of Flodden. Norham, Etal, and Ford were similarly damaged at the same time. Wark was afterwards repaired by the Earl of Surrey. In the end of October 1523, the Duke of Albany, who was Regent of Scotland during the minority of James V., collected a large army to invade England. He came along the north side of the Tweed, and encamped opposite the castle, intending to attempt its reduction. The fortification was then in excellent condition. George Buchanan, who bore arms in this expedition, gives the following description of the castle as it stood at the time, and of the siege: "In the inner court is a very high tower, well fortified, encompassed with a double wall; the outward one encloses a large space of ground, whither the country people were wont to fly in time of war, and to bring their corn and cattle with them for security; the inner wall is much narrower, but entrenched all round, and better fortified with towers than the other. The French took the outward court by storm, but the English set fire to the barns, and the straw therein made such a smoke that they soon drove them out again. During the two following days, they battered the inner wall with their great guns, and, after making a breach wide enough for entrance, the French attempted an escalade; but those in the inner castle, which was yet entire, cast down all sorts of weapons upon them, so that, being completely exposed, and having lost some of their men, they were driven back to their army, and retreated across the river." Albany received news that a large number of English were coming against him, and so retired. A sudden storm of snow also induced him to take this step.

An interesting report on the state of the Border castles and towns in 1542, made by Sir Robert Bowes, has been preserved among the Cotton MSS. With regard to the present subject it is said that: "The towne of Warke standeth also uppon the banke of the said ryv' of Twede, in the which towne bene xiij husbandlands well plenyshed, of the king's maties of inherytaunce. There is also a castell of the said king's matie of thre wardes, whereof the uttermost warde s'veth for a barmekyn. The said castell is in greate and extreme decaye, as well by reason that yt was never p'fytely fynyshed, nor the walls of the princypall tower or dungeon thereof was nev' cov'ed as by occasion of a battrye made upon the utter walls of the same with great ordenace at the last sege lade thereunto by the Duke of Albyony. The said castell of Warke is the only chefe succour, relefe, and defence of all the quarter of the border of England lying on the west syde of the said ryv' of Tyll.

And yf the said castell be not maynteyned and upholden, the resydewe thereof wyll soon be layde waste and dyssolate, as by the late experyence after the said Scottes felde dyd plainly appear and was proved."

In 1542 the Earl of Huntly, lieutenant of the Borders, marched from Edinburgh towards England, and was met by an English army at Haddenrig, a few miles east of Kelso. The English were defeated with slaughter, and some of their leaders taken. Pitscottie, after mentioning the approach of Huntly, says: "The English-men getting wit of their forces, advertised the King of England thereof, who sent to them a great army, who garnished Berwick, Noram, and Wark, and skirmished with the Scots the space of a month; but they had little vantage, till at the last they took purpose quietly to burn Jedburgh and Kelso, where the lieutenant lay and his army." But the lieutenant received notice from his spies in time. The Scots passed forth into the fields about midnight, and watched their enemies as they came up. When the English saw the Scots all in battle array, they broke into flight, and were pursued by their foes, who "strake them down and slew and took many prisoners, to the number of twenty-four score gentlemen and ten score slain."

John Carr, who was captain of Wark about the middle of the sixteenth century, appears to have done his best to keep up the character of a Border riever. If there was any little disorder on the marches, he and his men were sure to have a hand in it. When war broke forth in 1542 it fell with great severity on Kelso, which was given to the flames by the Duke of Norfolk, who, when Earl of Surrey, had burnt it nineteen years before. The year 1544 was notable for the invasion of Scotland by the Earl of Hertford, who, in consequence of the refusal of the Scots to marry their infant queen to Prince Edward of England, landed a numerous army on the shores of Lothian and ravaged all the country between Edinburgh and Berwick. From this time began a series of most destructive hostilities, which were carried on for more than two years by the garrisons of the towns and castles on the English frontier, in conjunction with the warlike inhabitants of the neighbourhood.<sup>1</sup>

The incursions were conducted mostly by William Lord Eure, governor of Berwick and warden of the east marches, assisted by the captains of the various Border castles, including John Carr. Although Kelso had been so recently destroyed, we are assured that it was plundered and again burned on June 28, 1544, by the garrisons of Wark, Cornhill, Bamborough, Fenton, and Ford, who marching with secrecy and despatch, came upon the inhabitants by

<sup>1</sup> Morton.

surprise, when they slew forty of them, and took some prisoners, together with an hundred oxen, fifty horses, and a quantity of malt and corn. Again, on "the xxix of August the horsemen of Wark rode into Scotland, and lay in the cornfields beside Old Roxburgh, to the nomber of xl men, or thereabouts, and the rest kept their horses, so they seized the Lord of Cesforth's goods, that cam forth of the castell, to the nomber of iiixx kye and oxen, xii horses and mares." In 1545, "on the xvi of April, John Carr of Wark, and his garrison, ran a forray to Old Roxburgh, and there burnt the barns of the laird of Cesforth, with much corn in them, threshen and unthreshen. In returning, they met a party of Scots who had gone into England to burn and steal, of whom they slew two and took three." In the report of Lord Eure to King Henry VIII. we read: "Item the xiijth of Aprill [1546], John Carr of Warke, with his garryson there, and lx gonners of the same, with Gilbert Swynho of Cornell, and his garryson, and John Wiclife, with the garryson of Norham, to the nomber, in all, of iiic men, well horsed, mett all at Warke, at one of the clokke, after mydnyghte, and concludett, by th' adwise of Richard Carr, and others of the garrysons, to ron to Neanthorne with a c men, and the rest to lye in a bushement at the Spittle, above Kelsoo, and that the gonners should lie nygh to Kelso in the brome there." They ran their foray "and so com home in savetie, thanked be Gode. Scotts slavn cx, prisoners lxx." After this time the notices of Wark become few and slight. It is occasionally mentioned in connection with Border raids and disputes on the marches, but never plays any prominent part.

Reviewing the more important Border castles as they are to-day, Norham is of course the finest ruin, almost the only one with any pretension to notice. But from what has gone before the reader will see that Wark had by far the greatest influence. In fact, "its history, from the twelfth down to at least the sixteenth century, is perhaps without a parallel for surprises, assaults, sieges, blockades, surrenders, evacuations, burnings, restorations, slaughters. quickly-recurring events transformed the mount on which the castle stood into a Golgotha, and gave a too truthful origin to the couplet which still occurs on the Borders of the once rival kingdoms, and which stands at the head of this article. Norham, which is now the scene of picnics and holiday visits, perhaps owes something of its fame to the oft-quoted passage in Marmion. Its position, too, is more romantic than that of Wark, which has no such recommendation. So it comes that that which was of the greatest place hath in these days the least renown. C. HILL DICK.

## ON SOME VERY CURIOUS CORRESPONDENTS.

N OBODY ever dreams of addressing a queer query to the editor of the Gentleman's Magazine. It is different, however, with the daily newspaper. There are some great expectations on the part of that section of the British public—and what a large section it is ! which reads and relies upon the daily paper. It is understood—nay. it is expected, if not demanded—that questions upon nearly every subject in every department of human knowledge shall be dealt with and answered in its columns. The trifling and perplexing nature of the questions is of no consequence. The subjects range from the execution of a criminal of the day—the popular topic of talk, by the wayto the occurrence of a political crisis, or the appearance of a curious comet. The replies must, to be of any use, be inserted in the next issue of the journal, and sundry bets made at public-houses are involved in the solution of many of the problems that are put. My heart wells in sympathy with the unfortunate editor whose special function it is to reply in condensed form and in varied phrases to the thousands of queer queries which every year pass through the post, some in illegible scrawl on besmeared post-cards, some in blacklead on half a sheet of note-paper, and others often scribbled on the dirty margin of an odd sheet of paper-with the unlucky editor, who, if these queries are not answered promptly, and to the letter, is suddenly pounced upon for his sheer ignorance and his gross stupidity.

There is nothing, as already indicated, too small as there is nothing too great for attention in the "Answers to Correspondents" department of the daily paper. One correspondent is assured that powdered lime judiciously scattered over the garden is good for killing worms, and another is told with equal confidence that the present Ministry is on its last legs. In the sub-editors' room everybody must be au courant with everybody and everything, for it is the whispering-gallery of the world, and what is not known at the moment can be easily ascertained. No curious questions were in former days sent

in to editors. If it be true that in the time of Julius Cæsar the Acta Diurna, as the public journals were called, were hung up in the galleries of his villa, they certainly attracted no crowds of eager courtiers wondering what had been the questions that had perplexed the people. The journals of those days, if worthy of the name at all, were little better, as Charles Pebody suggests, than notes upon treasons, tricks, and trials that disturbed the equanimity of the sovereign and the court. The public press of the present day must, however, of necessity deal with questions on the current news and the current gossip of the country, and many of these questions addressed by queer querists are the windlass and the rope which pull out of the traditional well the grave old gentlewoman Truth, who at the bottom of that well so greatly delights to dwell.

Let it in the outset be stated that questions addressed vivâ voce are not dealt with at all. Nor must any of the army of inquisitive people expect replies by post nor yet by telegram, and still less by telephone. All answers must appear in the special column set apart for them, and they involve not a fraction of charge. With these rules before me, I turned a deaf ear to the impudent fellow who one day bounced into my sanctum uninvited, and inquired the best place in the city to have his teeth extracted. Moreover, "professional and trade addresses are not given in this column" is a stereotyped reply, as familiar as at one time were the satirical Letters of Junius, whom no querist ever succeeded in identifying. Here is a very curious question sent by even correspondents who write on crested paper: "Can you, sir, tell me whether upwards of 100 means more or less than a hundred?" One would imagine that no sane person would ever raise a doubt upon the point, yet some pounds are annually bet that "upwards" means "less than." The logical and the mathematical process which would lead to such a profoundly marvellous conclusion one never could understand. Yet the question has been asked thousands of times, and the invariable reply, "More than, of course," has never seemed to give satisfaction. The query, as silly as it is common, is on a par with that as to whether a crow is not a young rook. The assurance that they are totally distinct birds has to be fortified by a full explanation of the differences between the two.

Look at the personal questions—not as to who, for instance, were Fonblanque and Forster who once wrote for the *Examiner*? and who detained in captivity James the First of Scotland? but what is the height of Lord Randolph Churchill? and oh, horror of horrors! when was Charles Peace executed? These two questions, fair samples of the kind, have been put scores, nay, thousands, of times,

and over the coffee and the roll you read with a feeling akin to nauseousness the painful reiteration of the replies. "Just under 5 ft. 10 in." is the height of "Randy," but somehow or other people will not retain the fact in their minds; nor do they seem to clearly understand that on a certain day Charles Peace was really hanged, that the execution of Michael Barrett, Fenian, was the last public hanging in England, and that Martin Doyle was the last person in this country hanged for attempted murder.

Why, I wonder, in the matter of heights, and weights as well, should the public be so very particular? Eagerly do they note that Her Majesty the Queen of these realms in her stockings is 5 ft. 2 in. in height, while the Prince of Wales is 5 ft.  $8\frac{1}{2}$  in. It may concern somebody to know that both Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury are 5 ft. 10 in., and that the world-renowned actor Henry Irving is the same height. These figures, however, never seem to satisfy the inquisitive, and question after question occasions a repetition of the same, while somebody elicits that an individual in private life, one John Greaves, of Carleton in Yorkshire, reached as high as 6 ft.  $10\frac{3}{4}$  in. It is surely vexing to rise to such a height, and worse still to have the fact blazed abroad every now and then to the world.

Mathematical problems vex the editorial soul. There is periodically put the queer query whether the sum of  $f_{19}$  198, 11\(\frac{3}{3}d\) can be reasonably multiplied by itself. Of course it cannot. You might as well try to multiply nine and a half houses by ten and a half shops so far as the issue is arrived at. The task is ridiculous when fractions are in this manner introduced. There is, again, a famous horse-shoe puzzle, very common in Yorkshire, that is much more reasonable. You are invited to say what it would cost to shoe a horse, there being thirty-two nails to each shoe; the first nail is to be charged a farthing, and with every nail there is a doubling process to go on. Happy must be the village blacksmith who received such fabulous pay! There is another problem about a brick and a half, another about a hen and a half, and so numerous are these silly puzzles that you are absolutely compelled, politely inclined though you may be, to shield yourself by saying, "We cannot undertake to answer conundrums." Nor can you. Life would be too short for the purpose.

The length of tunnels is a favourite subject for newspaper questions. The longest tunnel in England is the Severn, which is  $4\frac{1}{3}$  miles in length, but somehow or other you cannot get people to believe it. Then you are asked as to the fastest trains. Another querist is concerned as to the size of Mr. Gladstone's head; another wishes to find the average weight of the human brain, and

another what is the youngest age at which a girl can become a mother? Legal queries come in by the score in bewildering rapidity, but these may happily be transferred to the retired barrister-at-law bent on making an honest penny, now that he is practically unrobed. The queer queries show up the ludicrous in human nature. They are a relief to much that is dull in newspaper life, and, after all, it is not amiss that the comic element should every now and then be introduced in a profession which is on the whole onerous and responsible, and by no means given as a rule to frivolity. But these queer querists—they are, as the Yankees say, "a caution."

WILLIAM HENRY BRADLEY.

## THE GERMANS AT HOME.

No Othello can hope nowadays to win his Desdemona with an account of his adventures abroad; travelling has become a commonplace, if educational pastime. The universe, says a French writer, is a sort of book, of which one has only read the first page, when one has only seen one's own country. The comparison illustrates the modern point of view, but, though ingenious enough, hardly accentuates national differences sufficiently; the second page of a book is very like the first; the Germans and the English, though both of the same stock, are surprisingly different. The very aspects of the towns abroad are unmistakably un-English. The houses are much more ornamented, and often painted outside with frescoes and other designs. In England, except in London, a restaurant is often not easy to find: in Germany there seem to be quite as many restaurants as houses in any town.

The cities of Germany have many advantages over those of England, but the way in which the houses are numbered is not one of them. One may go up and down a street a long time to find a particular house, with no result except to find that the numbers are not arranged in the usual ascending order. One may form numerous theories of the method employed, such as mathematical progression, or alternative with the next street but one; but all of them fail, so that to an ordinary brain the finding of any particular house involves a possible walk through a whole street, and is a wearing process.

To a German, his native town is always a "wunderschöne Stadt," though it is often obvious that this praise does more credit to his patriotism than to his artistic perception; for he is a patriot if he is anything. Napoleon made German patriotism a necessity, or, as Heine puts it, "Man befahl uns den Patriotismus, und wir wurden Patrioten; denn wir thun alles, was uns unsere Fürsten befehlen." The shops are chiefly remarkable for the really pathetic attempts at English which they display to beguile the ignorant customer. It is amusing to enter and talk English, if one has plenty of time to spare,

and nothing that one must buy; the customer will certainly have greatness thrust upon him, if "to be great is to be misunderstood." Other curiosities are the tobacconist who does not sell matches, and the bookseller who does not deal in stationery or ink.

The Englishman abroad regards himself as the right example of man, and the foreigner as a grotesque; so he makes no concessions to Continental prejudice in the matter of dress and behaviour, and for this reason is often regarded as a sort of inspired, but dangerous idiot. I have seen a native artist, with black curls of hair hanging down over his back, attired half in bright blue, half in bright brown, dancing-shoes, and a red smoking-cap with a blue tassel, pace the streets of a large town without exciting remark, whilst Englishmen. soberly dressed according to our ideas, were generally rewarded with the epithet of crazy—"verrückter Englander." When one has been some time in the country, and can make one's self understood, it is worth while occasionally to parry this compliment by thanking the author of it for his politeness. This has a surprising effect on him, for he plumes himself on this quality; he takes off his hat, as an American would say, "all the time"; he does not understand the British reserve, and puts it down to want of feeling when Tom and Dick do not, like Max and Wilhelm, bestow half a dozen kisses, scented of Havannah, on each other's cheek.

The first thing that strikes an observer in the streets is the general prevalence of moustache, and absence of beards. The face of Bismarck is a fair type of the usual German; the absence of clean-shaved faces gives a sameness of effect which is somewhat wearisome; but the Emperor will change all this if, as the papers announce, his fiat has gone forth for beards in the army, though he has given up his own.

The German children, with their fair hair and blue eyes, are very pretty, but much less interesting in appearance, though often good-looking, when they are grown up to men. The persistence of family types is remarkable; one can see a whole party seated at table—father, son, daughter, and grandson—all with the same nose or some other strongly-marked personal feature. The women are fair-haired as a rule, and handsome in a style which inclines to embonpoint; the engagement of a couple is made much more of than here, while the rarity of divorce compares only too favourably with England in this matter.

To the German his fellow-man is nothing, if he is not a soldier. The spirit of "Militarismus" is particularly rampant; there are too many soldiers and too many officials, gaily dressed and pompously important in their little duties. A colonel with us excites no admiration or notice, but in Germany he is a demi-god, and very often spoilt by the general adulation; but the officer who is not too pleased with himself—that is, who has seen some real service—is one of the most polite and delightful persons to be found anywhere. Hardly so much can be said for any of the numerous officials that crop up everywhere. After being abroad no man will ever talk about English "red-tape." The officials are painfully conscious (at least to a foreign eye) that they have nothing particular to do, and so they overdo it; many of them are regular modern Samsons, who can slay even the well-equipped adversary with their asinine jaw. The parcel postman does not walk; attired in a brilliant uniform, and a large hat with long feathers in it, he drives about in a yellow van, blowing a trumpet.

Regulations and by-laws of all sorts appear to add a zest to German existence; if there is a bridge or toll-gate, the notices there posted state that the officials in charge will not have to pay anything when they go across. I have seen a bridge with a special tariff for each animal—so much for a horse to cross, so much for a goose or turkey! Level crossings on the railways are very common, but not very dangerous, owing to the pace of the foreign train. However, when an official is kept all day to let down the barrier and keep people back, it is also thought necessary to put up an enormous cast-iron notice requesting the public to "halt at the shut barrier." It is difficult to pass such a combination of obstruction, but one can do so by jumping over the barrier—a feat which causes as much surprise as if one were to walk on one's head in England. Not much is expected of the German traveller in the way of agility; he is warned in the trams that he "jumps off and on at his own peril": another characteristic notice which they contain is the request "not to spit, out of consideration for fellow-travellers."

The German out-of-doors spends most of his time walking from one restaurant to another, and always smokes: a cigar is as invariable a feature of his face as the carefully-cultivated moustache; for cigars are cheap, and not, as in England, the sign of the comparatively well-to-do. Even the German workman smokes them during the many moments of leisure which occur in his work, for he does not hurry or overtire himself; a modern Pharaoh, and even an English contractor, would be very dissatisfied with his tale of bricks. The women of the lower classes are much more energetic; in the streets of the large towns they are to be seen with heavy packs on their backs, or hauling along a vehicle—something between a dray and a

wheelbarrow—with large dogs of no particular breed in harness, and generally, dogs of a good recognised breed are unknown in Germany. One misses the terrier, which is so familiar a feature of England; perhaps the Germans are more afraid of being bitten than we are. Recently in Dresden dogs had not only to be muzzled, but also led with a string. Another noticeable trait about these women is their carpet slippers, which, worn often down at the heels, seem the worst possible foot-covering for a muddy street; the common bread of the natives would certainly, if made into soles, be a much better wear-resisting material.

The Germans, like the French, envy the English their athletic sports, and are gradually introducing them-with modifications. They play football, but not, as one of them said, so "energetisch" as the English do. This is obvious to anyone who has seen a shoal of German schoolboys playing the game in the height of summer without laying aside any clothes. The flannelled English playing lawn-tennis always attract a large crowd of half-admiring, half-scornful observers. Lawn-tennis is played, indeed, by the natives, but their rules are more lax; one can see them playing three a side in black coats and top-hats-sometimes with one hand in their pockets. There is no enthusiasm about the game; when the ball comes their way they aim at hitting it somewhere, and the little boys who field for them have plenty to do. Yet they have an idea that all these games are easily played, and require no learning. A German boy of my acquaintance once seized my racquet, and began bouncing a tennis-ball with it. I warned him that the game was dangerous, but he would persist, and soon bounced the ball gently into his eye. There now opened up to him a vista of doctors, bandages, and blindness for days. However, the hurt was overrated, and my racquet respected henceforth as a curious instrument with dangerous possibilities about it.

The Germans, as walkers, are distinctly leisurely; in this respect they and their trains are at one; they plod along, and get to their destination in the end. An average able-bodied Englishman can halve a German time-estimate for distance, and arrive in good time. Excursions are made, not on bicycles, but by steamer or train for the greater part of the way, concluding perhaps by a short walk. The steamers which run on rivers like the Rhine and Elbe are cheap and well-managed, but life is too short to go any distance by them up-stream. On Sunday crowds of pleasure-seekers make short railway journeys into the country for an outing, ending in the invariable restaurant. The railways are not comfortable or speedy.

In England we are beginning to be content with two classes of carriages, but the Germans use four; the fourth class is a cattle-pen without seats, and a fifth is proposed in which, presumably, only clinging on at the windows will be allowed.

The end and aim of every German expedition is the restaurant; after seeing twenty of these establishments in two hundred yards of street, one realises how extensively they must be patronised. Here the German reads his paper, smokes his cigar, plays chess or billiards (on a table with no pockets), and drinks his beer. Music is often an attraction—a form of entertainment unknown in England. except in a few expensive London restaurants. These concerts are very attentively listened to, and the performers play, often very well, always passably. It is only in England that the eleemosynary "German band" is so execrable. Abroad music of all sorts-from Beethoven to Strauss and Mascagni-is given, and the serious items, such as symphonies by Beethoven and Mozart, meet with a very different kind of attention to that given (for instance) by English ladies to a symphony concert at the Crystal Palace. The German does not go out with a clatter in the middle of a piece; he does not discuss his domestic troubles so loudly as to make the music a farce for his near neighbours. But music here and abroad is a very different thing. The English are fond of conversation, and therefore of music, which forms a good background to it. In Germany during a good concert, where four hundred people, many of the lower ranks, are present, one might, with some imagination, hear a pin drop whilst a soft passage is being played; in England such a feat would be beyond the wildest dreams of fancy. One would imagine that the music and the musicians of Germany must always impress foreigners as a dominant feature of the country, but Madame de Staël, that "intellectual Amazon," who professed to discover the Germans for the benefit of the French, can dilate for pages on philosophy and the fine arts, and give two paltry paragraphs to music. She barely mentions Mozart, and censures his "Requiem," and of Beethoven she has no word. Perhaps she was too much occupied with her literary flirtation with Goethe and Schiller to discover that there was such an artist in existence!

German opera is deservedly famous; one can, for a sum less than that paid for the discomfort of a London "pit," get an excellent place, and see an opera of Wagner's splendidly mounted and performed. Wagner at present draws as good houses as anybody, and, whatever his merits or demerits, it is worth while to hear the work of the man who has left so unmistakable a mark on English music --perhaps to its hurt—since the "giant's robe" does not fit every-body. Apart from the performances, the German play-houses themselves are far superior to the English from the outside point of view. There is hardly a theatre in London which is not blocked in by houses on every side, so that its outline is quite invisible; at Dresden one can see two magnificent opera-houses standing out in an open space, which shows to advantage their architectural form, and ornamentation in the way of statuary and painting.

The German plays are hardly so attractive as the opera. Shake-speare, in excellent translations, is popular on the stage, but the classic pieces of men like Schiller and Goethe do not appear to arouse much enthusiasm. An officer, whom I asked what he thought of one of the most celebrated of them, replied: "Ach! es geht!" (Oh! it does!). This is possibly owing to the want of sufficient action and incident in many of them. Thus Lessing's "Nathan der Weise" is a brilliant pamphlet on religious tolerance, but hardly a good acting play. In the trilogy of Wallenstein, the first play, and half of the second, are over before anything definite has taken place. Goethe saw this defect well enough; in the "Prologue for the Theatre" attached to Faust, the Manager says to the Dramatic Poet—

Besonders aber lässt genug geschehn! (But, chiefly, give us incident enough!)

Another favourite form of entertainment is the "Turnerei," or gymnastic performance, at which the German excels his English neighbours; one would never imagine him to be a gymnast from seeing him walk in the streets; and he hardly ever runs—this is why he cannot play the English sports with English success. In Switzerland the Germans are not great climbers; on asking a guide, also German, if anyone climbed a small hill which stands in front of a high mountain, he replied at once: "Oh! that is for the Germans!"

One must go into a family to understand the German best; he does not keep his flavour abroad, as Heine has said, any better than exported beer. He is domestic above all things, and enjoys getting his family round him—a feeling he shares with the Englishman in contradistinction to the Frenchman, who has in his language no word for "heim," "home." The number of occasions for some feast or special day, such as the king's accession, in a German home is surprising to the English visitor, and more suited to the American mind, which revels in glorious dates, and is indignant when one asks for details about July 4.

There is one characteristic about the German boy which distin-

guishes him from the English; he will admit readily, and after little exertion, that he is tired, and this is the one thing that the English boy will not do, if he is half asleep and dropping with fatigue. His aim is generally to get into a first-class drinking-club, and to wear honourable scars, resultant on duels. The duels and the whole of the "Burschen-Leben"—University life—have been so often described that they are well known. The same reason prevents any account of the odours of the streets, which, though unnoticed by the bulk of the population, are well known to English visitors.

Most of the heating in the houses is done by stoves, which do not give the comfortable impression of a fire that one can see blazing. For "fire," as Shelley said, "is a beautiful thing," and loses all its poetry when confined in a china stove. Once installed in a family, one meets with every attention and kindness, and one would feel quite at home—if one could sleep. The first few nights in the German bed make one feel that—

Not poppy, nor mandragora, Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,

could medicine anyone to sleep in such a curiosity. It inclines at a steep angle from both sides up to the middle, so that a good balance is required, and only long practice prevents one from rolling off out of it—generally into the bath, which one has secured after repeated efforts. Then there is the well-known coverlet—something between a dilated pillow and an attenuated bolster—to be reckoned with; if the fittest survive, it should have disappeared long ago; it may have done for mediæval heroes, but it is about as fitted for modern civilisation as the giraffe would be for a dray-horse.

The German food is certainly not pleasant to start with, but is more toothsome than it looks; most people get reconciled, some even attached, to the enormous sausages that form the staple food. A taste for other delicacies is not so easy to acquire. Sauerkraut has a twang of its own; otherwise it would suggest that one is eating a rope which has lain out in the wet for some time. The celebrated "schwarze Sauce," which appears with fish, game, and cutlets, has in it flour, sliced onions, cloves, brown gravy, lemon-peel, black currant jam, juniper-berries, vinegar, a glass of red wine, cayenne pepper, and a bay leaf. Another mixture contains two sorts of mustard, garlic, sardines, capers, salad oil, and sugar. Ham served in raw strips is also a delicacy. It is known as "Lachsschinken"—salmonham—a gross insult to Salmo ferox! Eggs are another difficulty abroad; they can never be got hard-boiled, for some reason. In Switzerland I never had a hard egg except once, and that was, on

cutting it open, solid green throughout. Usually the egg has a meaty taste, like ham—the sort of taste that makes one think about the egg after eating it. Tea is a tepid Laodicean liquid, and curiously weak: there is not enough taste about it to say whether it is adulterated or not; it is served up in the restaurants in a glass and outer tin, like Bovril in England.

One sighs for an English cake after some time in the country; the diminutive "Küchen," a sort of little cake or pasty, is well-made, but one soon grows weary of it. Many after a course of German cookery would exclaim:

Heaven sends us good meat, but the devil sends cooks.

But the Germans make painstaking attempts to please foreign visitors. I have had Irish stew produced for my benefit, which was not bad, but—had no potato in it. Generally it may be said that these attempts are about as near the original as the imitations of prominent actors, produced by amateurs for the benefit of the home circle. Potatoes have a curious flavour, which one recognises at length as that of caraway seeds, with which they are liberally scattered. Before leaving this subject one must mention the gum-omelette; outwardly it resembles an ordinary one, but inside is so stiff and sticky as to be a veritable culinary wolf in sheep's clothing. The Germans have a habit of taking all their courses on one plate, which is not very inviting, and, like Dr. Johnson, have been known to snort over their food.

The Germans play cards a good deal, but whist is not so much in favour as a game called "skat," which is distinctly difficult to learn. The cards in use are trying; instead of knave and queen, there are two knaves, only distinguished by holding their clubs above or below. The other cards are no clearer. The number of the card is relegated into the corner, as if it were the most unimportant feature, and the main surface is occupied by some green or red design of no obvious bearing or meaning; sometimes what look like seven croquet balls (irrespective of the number of the card) occupy most of the room on it.

The Germans are solid, but not great conversationalists, and their ideas of humour are mostly broad. It is a standing difficulty to one who has heard many of their jests, who makes the really brilliant ones in their comic papers. The freedom of talk allowed in England surprises them. They are horrified when you discuss, within possible hearing of others, in a restaurant, a social democrat, and will not tell you what they think about politics, until they know you well. A German friend said to me: "I think the Kaiser's mad

and a baby with his favourite toy-army; I want Bismarck back, but I dare not say these things in the streets; if I did, I should get taken up!" And this seems the general feeling, to have Bismarck back in power at all costs. The social democrats are not regarded as a serious danger at present; it is recognised that their chief vigour is in talk.

The qualities necessary for success in Germany are admirably indicated in this extract from the amusing comic paper, "Fliegende Blätter": 1st wife to 2nd wife, "How dare you talk to me, when my husband drinks as much beer in one night as yours does in a week?" Beer is, with the love of music, the great national characteristic, and the methods employed in the beer-clubs, to drink as much as possible, suggest the orgies of some of the Roman emperors. Perhaps it is due to this excessive drinking, and the smoky atmosphere of the restaurants, that so many of the Germans have eyes which look as if they had been boiled, and wear spectacles so much more generally than the English.

The awful character of the German language has been described once for all by Mark Twain, but the English of the foreigner is almost as great a curiosity. Charles the Fifth said that a man gained a new soul with every new language that he learnt; the English soul, that the Germans gain, must be a strange thing. Even among the best scholars of English, there is an idea that Byron is our great poet, and Lytton our great novelist. The "standard classic" which young Germany reads as representative of English is Mrs. Mackarness' "Old Joliffe"; the author of the "Trap to Catch a Sunbeam" is not unknown, but hardly as yet a classic—in England. The official text-books for schools are singularly beautiful, when they translate German lyrics into English. Here is a verse from Goethe's well-known "König von Thule"—

He prized the gift of his deary; It was filled at every "bout," But his eyes were always teary, Whenever he drank thereout.

But the German-English dictionaries are the great sources for the improvement of our mother-tongue, and some of their renderings are really excellent. "Ripps-rapps!" "Wisky-frisky!" "Heisa!" and "Meg-geg-geg!" are interjections worth adopting. "Protégée," and "Mount Blank," ought to be English, if they are not. To "twi—" and "thri-fallow" are much neater than saying, to plough twice or three times. "Panification," "averruncate," "exaggerance," "painture," "complexionly," and "cubicial," are all good sounding

words. "To cabbage," and "to stand Sam," given in Flügel's big dictionary, are felt wants as equivalents to two German "idiotisms," as the Portuguese handbook feelingly calls them; a "boot-cleanser," and a "throwster" are at least as good words as "mind-absenteeism," which a recent English book has perpetrated; one has not often come across the "babbling-warbler" and the "daggle-tail," but may guess that they are fine, if rare birds.

VERNON RENDALL.

## SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

MONG the followers of the glorious Art of Hippocrates few have risen to higher literary eminence than the devout author of the "Religio Medici." Distinguished alike for stately majesty of style, learning, and, above all, originality of conception, the works of such an one deserve to have a wider circle of readers than is, we fear, at present the case. If no others, at least the "Religion of a Physician " and " Urn Burial " among his writings should be perused by all who love pure and lofty thoughts set forth in language which, if it is a little pedantic, is yet full of beauty and noble poetry, and possesses the inestimable charm of a strong and vigorous individuality. They have been many who, drawing their inspiration from his fountain, have attempted to imitate his grand diction, but failure has ever attended their efforts. Even the very thoughts of Browne when given utterance to by another lose half their charm, and rather repel than attract. Perhaps no writer has so insinuated his personality into his work as he whom we are considering. We love the man because of his writings, and the writings because of the man. The two are inseparable; nor can one set them apart without a loss which we would not willingly incur.

By way of introduction we shall first refresh the reader's memory by giving a short sketch of the principal events in Browne's career up to the unauthorised publication of the "Religio Medici," referring him for a full account to Dr. Johnson's "Life" and Simon Wilkin's "Supplementary Memoir."

Sir Thomas Browne was born in the parish of St. Michael, Cheapside, anno 1605. Of his early years but little is known, except that he received his education at Wykeham's school, near Winchester. In 1623 he entered as a gentleman-commoner at Broadgate Hall (soon to be Pembroke College), Oxford, graduating as B.A. in 1626, and as M.A. in 1629, thus taking his final Arts degree just one year after John Milton gained his Bachelor's robes in the sister University of Cambridge. Having been thus successful in the battle of the schools, he turned his attention to medicine, and we are told practised as a physician somewhere in Oxfordshire. Not long after,

however, he began a roving life, which lasted about three years, by accompanying his step-father on a visit to Ireland. His travels thus begun were continued with a continental tour, during which he visited France, Italy, and Holland. While in Italy he paid flying visits to the then famous Schools of Medicine of Montpellier and Padua, and passing home through Holland he obtained the degree of Doctor of Medicine at Leyden about the year 1633. He then a second time settled as a physician near Shipden Hall, Halifax, where he is supposed to have composed "Religio Medici." At the solicitations of his former tutor and some influential friends, however, he was in 1637 induced to remove to Norwich, and soon after his settlement there was incorporated Doctor of Physic at Oxford. Being a skilful physician, and having the advantages of a first-rate connection, he soon found himself with a flourishing and extensive practice. In 1641 he married Dorothy Mileham, the daughter of a family of some note, thereby still further increasing his circle of acquaintance. In the next year a new epoch in Browne's life commenced, and with it the beginning of his literary career, by the surreptitious printing of his treatise "Religio Medici," which (as we have said) he had composed some years previously.

And now having brought our brief account up to this point, before proceeding to consider his works, let us pause a moment to take a brief glance at the bodily and mental portraiture of our physician as delineated by one who knew him most intimately (Whitefoot).

"For a character of his person, his complexion and hair was answerable to his name; his stature was moderate, and habit of body neither fat nor lean, but  $\epsilon \dot{\nu} \sigma a \rho \kappa o c$ .

"In his habit of clothing he had an aversion to all finery, and affected plainness both in fashion and ornaments.

"The horizon of his understanding was much larger than the hemisphere of the world; all that was visible in the heavens he comprehended so well, that few under them knew so much... of the earth he had such a minute and exact geographical knowledge, as if he had been by Divine Providence ordained surveyor-general of the whole terrestrial orb and its products, minerals, plants, and animals.

"His memory, though not so eminent as that of Seneca or Scaliger, was capacious and tenacious, insomuch as he remembered all that was remarkable in any book that he had read. He was never seen to be transported with mirth or dejected with sadnesses; always cheerful, but rarely merry, at any sensible rate; seldom heard to break a jest, and when he did he would be apt to blush at the levity of it.

"Parsimonious in nothing but his time . . . he was scarce patient of any interruption from his study." 1

The "Religio Medici," written originally or no other eyes than his own, and perhaps those of his most intimate friends, possesses the charm of a freshness and a frankness to which it could not otherwise have attained. Through the instrumentality, however, of a too zealous (or perhaps careless) friend, that which was never meant for publication fell into the hands of the printer; though we cannot but bless the lucky chance that rescued so fine a work from oblivion. The version which thus saw the light was much corrupted and very imperfect, so that in his own defence, and in the interests of truth, Browne, in 1643, gave to the world a full and correct copy. Such, however, were the intrinsic merits of the piece that even in its corrupted and mutilated state it was received with acclamation. "With longing," writes Sir Kenelm Digby, "I expect the coming abroad of the true copy of that Book, whose false and stolen one hath already given me so much delight." The work thus called forth received a most flattering reception. It was soon translated into the language of the learned—Latin, and also Dutch, French, German and Italian. all successful books, it received its due meed of "sincerest flattery," numberless treatises springing up on all sides in imitation of it. The following, for instance, are the titles of a few only of these, some of them being not without some original merit: "Religion of a Physician"; "Religio Bibliopolæ"; "Religio Philosophi"; "Religio Clerici"; "Religio Militis," &c.2 It was attacked by Alexander Ross<sup>3</sup> in his "Medicus Medicatus"—the Physician Physicked—but with so little success that this is hardly to be reckoned as a passing cloud intercepting the sunshine of almost universal favour.

The little volume seems to have afforded a rare field for the irrepressible annotator. The best known of these elucidations are the "Annotations" of Mr. Thomas Keck,<sup>4</sup> and the "Observations" of

- <sup>1</sup> This account is considerably abridged.
- <sup>2</sup> For a complete list see Simon Wilkin's preface to Religio Medici.
- <sup>3</sup> Chaplain to Charles I. before the Civil War. A native, and before his promotion, minister of Aberdeen. Amongst other things he undertook to continue Raleigh's *History of the World*.
- 4 For so Wilkin determines their author to be. It is rather curious and not a little amusing to find the annotator disclaiming any intention of publishing his notes, protesting that "the publication proceeds meerly from the importunity of the Bookseller (my special friend), who . . . would not be denied . . . 'tis he (not I) that divulgeth it." To make a perfect coincidence, Sir Kenelm Digby also protests in a letter to Browne that this latter is mistaken in supposing that the Observations were intended for the press, as so far from meriting this honour "they can tempt no body to a serious reading of them." We have here a very pretty trio—author, annotator, and observator, all denying that their work was meant for the public eye!

Sir Kenelm Digby. With regard to these latter, one's chief quarrel with Digby is on account of his huge vanity and insincerity. The tone of the "Observations" is quite different to that of the letter which he had occasion to write to Browne just before their publication. In this he gives our author the style of "an eminent and learned man." The "Religio Medici" is a "smart piece," to animadvert upon which "requireth a solid stock and exercise in school learning." Yet in the "Observations" themselves he could sneeringly insinuate: "Assuredly one cannot err in taking this author for a very fine and ingenious gentleman; but for how deep a scholar, I leave unto them to judge that are abler than I am." Though Browne could not but have been pained by the half-patronising, half-envious tone of these criticisms, yet no man ever bore less malice; for whenever he has occasion to refer to Sir Kenelm he always speaks in terms of respect and admiration.

Keck's work calls for but little notice. The "Annotations" are the work of a tolerable scholar, and are chiefly of interest on account of the parallels there presented to some of Browne's passages. The most curious instance given is the resemblance between six or seven passages of the "Religio Medici" and some sentences in Montaigne's Essays. Certainly the likeness is such as to pardon the comparison. But we have Sir Thomas Browne's own word for it, that at the time he composed the work he had read but two or three pages of this author, and scarce any more ever since. ("Commonplace Book.")

The "Religio Medici" is the production of one who has not escaped the "purgatory of the thinker," but who has boldly stood face to face with "sturdy doubts and boisterous objections," and vanquished them "not in a martial posture, but on (his) knees;" so that now so strong and tried is his faith that he-can even make the queer complaint that there are not "impossibilities" enough in religion for him to exercise it upon! But having thus cast his anchor in the calm waters of a serene and settled belief, he is yet not wanting in sympathy for those who have been unable to do so, or who have arrived at different conclusions. The most distinguishing characteristic of the book is its large-heartedness and widest charity—a charity large enough to embrace all sects, creeds, religions, and peoples. A toleration, moreover, as unassuming as it is broad; he is not even intolerant of want of charity in others. And all this, too, in an age when men had not yet learned to look leniently upon a differ-

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> See *Vulgar Errors*, Bk. II. ch. 2, and II. 4 (pages 58 and 80 in the first edition, respectively), where the phrases occur: "As Sir Kenelme Digby excellently declareth;" "embraced by Sir Kenelme Digby in his excellent Treaty of bodies."

ence of opinion in others, and in which even the noblest minds required to be reminded of the deformity of that vulgar error: "The common practice of railing against an adversary "-a pastime not altogether extinct even in our own day. The only place where Browne seems to forget his liberality of spirit is where he has occasion to speak of the multitude, when he displays something of the contempt of the philosopher for the ignorant and brutish crowd by which he is surrounded. "If there be any among those common objects of hatred I do contemn and laugh at," he declares, "it is that Enemy of Reason, Vertue, and Religion, the Multitude; that numerous piece of monstrosity, which taken assunder seem men, and the reasonable creatures of God; but confused together; make but one great Beast, and a monstrosity more prodigious than Hydra: it is no breach of Charity to call these Fools." And again, in "Christian Morals:" "A wise man may be tolerably said to be alone, though with a Rabble of People little better than Beasts about him." He goes on in the same strain in the first book of "Vulgar Errors," where he describes them as being ever ready "with open armes to receive the encroachments of Error," and affords them no better epithets than "a confusion of knaves and fooles," "fooles and mad men;" and once aggregated together "they will be," says he. "errour it selfe." Language vigorous and scathing enough to have been used by Carlyle. But even here he hates rather in the abstract than in the concrete. 'Taken apart they seem men, and the rational creatures of God, and, as such, would be admitted to a share in the good knight's abounding charity. But when he views them in the aggregate—sees their wayward dealings and senseless follies—when he notes how they strive as though they had but one great object in life-to serve the Devil with all their might and strength-he turns in loathing from the sight and breaks forth in bitter scorn. Yet with a noble inconsistency which a sympathetic reader cannot fail to comprehend, he would have it that all men could know salvation. With what mournful tenderness does he contemplate the, to him, inevitable fate of the great majority of mankind! What an intensity is there in his longing that the narrow gate were a little wider, and that the "little flock" were a great one !-- a longing which voices itself in lines as simple and touching as any in his works.

"But good men's wishes extend beyond their lives . . . they are not so enviously ambitious as to go to heaven by themselves; they cannot but humbly wish that the little Flock might be greater, the narrow Gate wider, and that, as many are called, so might not a few be chosen."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Christian Morals, III. 27.

The dark prospect to him is unillumined by one ray of that hope, which, however feeble and wavering, can

. . . trust that somehow good Will be the final goal of ill.

That not one life shall be destroy'd, Or cast as rubbish to the void, When God hath made the pile complete.

But notwithstanding the deep vein of melancholy which seems to run throughout his works, there is yet a quaint whimsicality about some of his passages, which, though not broad or coarse enough to be properly termed "facetiousness," is yet uncommonly like it. am no way facetious," he tells us, and, indeed, this term would ill express the subtle character of Browne's lapses from his usual gravity. Yet that he had a keen sense of the incongruous is undeniable, and sometimes this manifests itself in the most unexpected and queerest oddities. Even in the solemn and dignified "Letter to a Friend" there occurs one of the most curious freaks of fancy that surely ever mortal conceived of. This tract was written on the occasion of the death from a wasting disease of an intimate friend of his own friend. "In this consumptive condition and remarkable extenuation," he writes, "he came to be almost half himself, and left a great part behind him, which he carried not to the grave!" On a par with this may be placed the following passage from the "Religio Medici": "Nav. further, we are what we all abhor, Anthropophagi, and cannibals, devourers not only of men, but of ourselves; and that not in an allegory, but a positive truth; for all this mass of flesh which we behold came in at our mouths; this frame we look upon hath been upon our trenchers; in brief, we have devour'd ourselves." Who, too, but Browne would think of terming a timeworn mistake "an old and grey-headed error"; or would have projected a dialogue -not of the dead, but of the unborn? There is something irresistibly captivating in these surprises, which come peeping out in all sorts of unexpected places. In "Hydriotaphia," discoursing on the vanity of desiring posthumous remembrance, he, with playful irony, laughs us out of our conceit by telling us "the Egyptian mummies, which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams." There is a fascinating thoroughness about this

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Sir T. Browne is said to have written or to have intended writing a dialogue between two twin embryos concerning the world into which they were shortly to make their entry.

which comes somewhat as a shock to a reader of this very sober treatise. In spite, however, of the many examples of such a nature which might be cited, one cannot but often detect a note of sadness in his very mirth.

Notwithstanding his self-congratulatory assertion that he has escaped the "first and father sin" of pride, a candid reader canno. but own that there is some ground for the scepticism of those who, like Johnson and Hallam, unable to credit his statement, feel disinclined to absolve him from this failing. Yet it must be remembered that his is a peculiar case, and one that cannot be judged altogether by the ordinary canons. For Browne looked upon himself as a legitimate subject for his research, and in all frankness gives the results of his self-scrutiny as they appear to him. "The world that I regard is myself; it is the Microcosm of my own frame that I cast mine eye on." From his paradoxical temperament he was peculiarly fitted for this rôle of self-dissector. Besides all this, he is entitled to be gently dealt with in the matter, for the reason he sets forth in his preface: "He that shall peruse the work, and take notice of sundryparticularities and personal expressions therein, will easily discern the intention was not public." All the more, too, because notwithstanding Johnson's thinly-veiled unbelief, later research has shown that there is no reason to doubt but that such was actually the case.

Concerning another of Browne's defects—his superstition—a few words may be said. Although quite conscious of this tendency of his, he rather exults in it than otherwise. "I am, I confess," he writes, "naturally inclined to what misguided zeal terms superstition." Besides being firmly convinced of the existence of witches, he gives us the uncomfortable assurance that devils are in the habit of "taking their walks abroad" on this planet, haunting graveyards, mortuaries, and the like. He also finds a solution for the mystery of the ancient oracles, in the assumption that they were managed by the devil—a belief on which he discourses at large in his "Vulgar Errors" and the curious tract, "Of the Answers of the Oracle of Apollo at Delphos to Crœsus, King of Lydia." The attitude of his mentor, Sir Kenelm Digby, on these points is curious and characteristic of the man. On the witch question he certainly scores against our author, nor is he inclined to allow the somewhat humiliating doctrine of Browne's, that many inventions and discoveries have

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> The following passage is also worthy of notice in this connection: "We carry within us the wonders we seek without us: there is all Africa and her prodigies in us; we are that bold and adventurous piece of nature, which he that studies wisely learns in a compendium what others labour at in a divided piece and endless volume." Rel. Med. I. xv.

been due, not so much to the genius of man, as to the "courteous revelations of spirits." Yet, while thus surveying with so much concern the mote in brother Browne's eye, he seems blissfully unconscious of the existence of a not microscopical beam in his own. His faith in that

... strange hermetic powder,
That wounds nine miles point blank would solder,

was of that order which might have been highly inconvenient to the dwellers in a mountainous country had he chosen to exercise it. Moreover, as a writer has remarked, almost immediately after rebuking Browne's faith in witches, &c., he goes on quite seriously to explain "why terrene souls appear oftenest in cemeteries and charnel houses." and why "a slain body suddenly bleedeth afresh" at the approach of the murderer! It must be admitted that these strange fancies of our author occasionally proved anything but harmless, as witness the unfortunate affair of Amy Dury and Rose Cullender. Yet in his defence it may be urged that this credulity was not the result of lack of energy in the pursuit of truth. Those who have perused his "Vulgar Errors" and "Commonplace Books" will heartily endorse Johnson's remark that he was ever ready to "pay labour for truth." And such labour! Like Sir Walter Raleigh, he "toiled terribly" in her service, and, as it appears to us, she not unfrequently rewarded him too niggardly. Again, he himself in "Pseudodoxia" utters a protest against too lightly referring phenomena to supernatural causes, or "falling upon a present refuge unto miracles," which he declares "is a very injurious method unto philosophy." A satisfactory explanation of these apparently incompatible positions is the one suggested by Wilkin, viz. that Sir Thomas, consistently with his attitude in "Religio Medici," viewed all these matters as subjects of revelation, and as, therefore, not legitimate subjects for critical inquiry.

Browne's estimate of work reminds one strongly of the noble teaching of Robert Browning: "'Tis not what man Does which exalts him, but what man Would do!" Very tenderly does he deal with our unfulfilled dreams and aspirations: "They build not Castles in the Air who would build Churches on Earth; and tho' they leave no such structures here, may lay good Foundations in Heaven." "If the example of the Mite be not only an act of wonder, but an example of the noblest Charity, surely poor men may also build Hospitals, and the rich alone have not erected Cathedrals."

In his later works one hardly knows whether to wonder most at

1 See Rel. Med. I. 6.

2 Saul.

2 Letter to a Friend.

the extraordinary extent and variety of his reading, or the un-English nature of his language. He is very partial to the use of those "tall opaque words" Sterne humorously rails against. Whenever there is a choice between a good native word and one borrowed from the classics he almost invariably decides for the latter. Indeed, the following couplet from "Hudibras" may not unjustly be used to describe his language:

'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin Like fustian heretofore on satin.

It is rather startling, for instance, to have a well-known proverb presented to us in this guise: "Celerity should always be contempered with cunctation," or "Festination may prove Precipitation; a deliberating delay may be wise cunctation, and slowness no sloathfulness." Sometimes, however, it must be allowed that he is particularly felicitous in his classical importations. As, for instance, when he sketches in a perfect simile with a single word in the "Letter to a Friend," where the path of virtue is described as a "funambulous track." The comparison of the qualities needed in the steadfast traveller along the narrow way of goodness with the perpetual care and circumspection needed by the rope-walker, though introduced by a somewhat ungainly word, is very fine. He is, to give him his due, conscious that the "quality" of his subject often leads him into expressions "beyond mere English apprehensions." One can hardly repress a smile when one reads his comical half-complaint (in his preface to "Vulgar Errors"), that if "English pens maintain that stream we have of late observed to flow from many, we shall, within few years, be fain to learn Latin to understand English, and a work will prove of equal facility in either." Yet we can hardly accuse Browne of hindering this catastrophe. His inconsistency reminds one of that of Paracelsus, who, despising books as much as hating authority, and deeming burning sulphur fit company for the works of his predecessors, nevertheless leaves behind him no small array of weary volumes wherewith to plague posterity.

Browne's reading is more than extraordinary—it is prodigious. In the "Religio Medici" he finds fault with Pineda for quoting "more authors in one work than are necessary in a whole world." Yet if there be any with sufficient patience to take a census of the number of authors our knight refers to in this one work—" Pseudodoxia Epidemica"—we can promise him that the figures will reach into several hundreds. Out of mere curiosity the writer counted upwards

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Probably our author had his eye on that school whose high-priest was "Democritus Junior"!

of 300 authors to whom Browne makes reference in the first three books of "Pseudodoxia" alone, before he desisted from the unprofitable task. Indeed, the learned doctor sometimes appears to quote more authorities in a single chapter than an ordinary man reads in his life!

It was in 1646 that Browne published the work we have just alluded to, "Pseudodoxia Epidemica," or "Enquiries into very many received tenents and commonly presumed truths." This, the longest and most elaborate of all his pieces, was written, as he tells us in the preface, in the intervals of leisure which could be snatched from a large and thriving practice. In it he refutes by experiment and reading a host of fallacies in all branches of science and art. It was indeed a formidable undertaking for a busy man, and must have cost him the labour of years. Of the difficulty of the task he was well aware, and would perhaps not unwillingly have declined it, for, in his own quaint words, "a worke of this nature is not to be performed upon one legge; and should smell of oyle, if duly and deservedly handled." But finding no work then extant which dealt with the matter in a satisfactory manner, he was moved with a laudable desire to at least make an attempt to supply such a desideratum, and to give truth a fair start by purging away a host of misconceptions and errors. And in pursuance of this design he courageously does not hesitate to "stand alone against the strength of opinion, and to meet the Goliah and Gyant of authority, with contemptible pibbles and feeble arguments, drawne from the scrip and slender stock of our selves." The whole treatise is redolent of good, honest labour in the cause of truth, and we may freely admit that his endeavours have met with a fair amount of success. And if now and then he has himself fallen into error, it is "not by idleness or negligence, but for want of Boyle's or Newton's philosophy." 1

The opening chapters of the work are devoted to an inquiry into the causes of human error. In these he displays considerable penetration and justness of thought. Surely, here at least, our author evidences the possession, and in no small degree, of that "good sense" which some would seem to imply was not one of his strong points. Among other things he fully recognised, and did his utmost to enforce, the then much neglected truth:

'Tis not antiquity nor author That makes Truth truth, altho' Time's daughter.

In passages refreshing for terse and vigorous expression, he sternly deals out justice with an even hand, pulling down the old authors

1 Dr. Johnson.

from their cloud-enshrined pedestals, and placing them on lower and more befitting eminences. We begin now to see the force of his declaration in "Religio Medici," that he always had but a "slender and doubtful respect unto Antiquities." Still he leaves them on pedestals, for Browne is no iconoclast, nor has he any of that gross irreverence for the great ancients, so characteristic of Luther Alter—Paracelsus. "Men disparage not antiquity," he justly remarks in "Christian Morals," "who prudently exalt new enquiries," following up this sentence with a generous tribute to the mighty genius of the Stagirite.

Having by these preliminary remarks cleared the way, he next proceeds in the Special Part (Books II. to VII.) vigorously to charge the troops of error; and when one peruses the dreary catalogue of senseless absurdities which our physician thought it necessary seriously to refute, the old proverb, "Humanum est errare," occurs to us with irresistible force, and one is tempted to cry out with Lucretius, "O genus infelix humanum!" As specimens of some of the more laughable mistakes Browne undertakes to set right may be mentioned the following. He denies that it is good to get drunk once a month; that Moses had horns; that the sun dances on Easter Day; that the army of Xerxes drank whole rivers dry; that Hannibal ate through the Alps with vinegar; that an elephant hath no joints, and that Jews are odoriferous (to put it politely)! He takes pains to investigate even the plainest and most trivial fables. He will strangle unfortunate chickens and mice on the balance to prove that bodies are not heavier dead than living, or he will feed luckless turkeys with iron to disprove that an ostrich can digest that metal. Yet we should be doing Browne a great injustice were we to give the impression that his work was mainly taken up with such trivialities. He does his work thoroughly, and takes ken both of absurd fables and problems difficult of resolution, and treats the one with the same impartiality as he would the other. Whenever he can get on the track of a "vulgar error" he at once engages it, whether it be contemptible or one requiring deep and learned examination. As an example of his best work the two chapters "Concerning the Loadstone," and the one "Of Bodies Electrical," may be taken. They are written in a truly philosophical manner. In

¹ Hallam will have it that it was ridiculous and unnecessary to expose such patent absurdities, and that Browne was 70 years behind his times. This is severe and unappreciative. Yet something of the sort will occur to even the most enthusiastic admirer of Browne. Certainly he often forgets that he is professedly writing not for the ignorant, but for the learned. (See his preface.) Yet we can hardly say that these refutations were superfluous when we remember the learned fools of the type of Alexander Ross.

these, besides confirming from his own observations many of the discoveries of Gilbert (and in one place correcting him), he delivers many new things from careful and copious experiments which no writer up to that time had taken notice of. Nowhere is his painstaking and laborious method of investigation better exemplified, and nowhere perhaps does more success attend his efforts. Strong in his experimental position, he treats with scant respect some of the more palpable errors concerning the magnet. If a statement is not borne out by experiment, he goes no farther, but boldly declares, "and, therefore, the relation is false," no matter whether the weight of authority be for or against. He reasons correctly against the absurd notion that there are magnetical rocks or mountains "whereto when ships approach there is no iron in them which flyes not like a bird (!) unto these mountains," although he is himself out when he concludes: "(Probably) there be no magnetical rocks."

It is worth mentioning that, curiously enough, in Book VI. Chapter 8, we find him recommending that the Isthmus of Panama be cut through, "it being but a few miles over, and would open a shorter cut unto the East Indies and China."

Browne's astronomy is the Ptolemaic, to which he adheres throughout the work; but we find ourselves utterly unable to agree with Johnson, "that he never mentions the motion of the earth but with contempt and ridicule." Though a firm adherent to the geocentric doctrine, yet he ever treats the system of Copernicus with respect, and as an alternative hypothesis. Indeed, it seems to us that he had more than a half conviction that it might possibly be the true one. The following passage may be taken as setting forth his position as regards this matter: "And, therefore, if any man shall affirme the earth doth move and will not believe with us, it standeth still, because he hath probable reasons for it, and I no infallible sense nor reason against it, I will not quarrel with his assertion; but if like Zeno he shall walke about, and yet deny there is any motion in nature, surely it had been happy he had been born in Antycera, and is only fit to converse with their melancholies, who having a conceit that they are dead, cannot be convicted into the society of the living."3 Here are two classes of propositions set forth. It might be said with truth that he treats Zeno's conceit with "contempt and ridicule," but it is quite evident that he does not place the Copernican theory in the same category with such

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Serapion, quoted by Browne.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Marginal note not found in 1st edition.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Bk. I. Ch. V. (Page 18). See also II. 2 (p. 57); II. 3 (p. 76); VI. 5 (p. 94); VII. 18 (p. 381). These references are to the 1st edition (1646).

absurdities, but regards it almost as an open question. And this contention is borne out by other passages in which he has occasion to refer to the subject, which, although not so typical as the one quoted above, yet by no means can they be said to justify Johnson's assertion. And among these subordinate passages we would especially point out the closing paragraphs of the fifth chapter of Book VI. These will, we think, sufficiently establish our position, that so far from treating the heliocentric rival with contempt and ridicule, he was, to say the least, decidedly lukewarm on the subject. And this his annotator, Dean Wren, would seem to suspect, for we notice that he supplements Browne's passages with notes more decidedly hostile to Copernicus, the tone of which would seem to convey the impression that he is gently upbraiding our author for his leniency.

After the publication of the "Pseudodoxia" Browne produced nothing of note until 1658, when there appeared what may be regarded as his second masterpiece, "Hydriotaphia," or "Urn Burial." This, which Hallam considers his best written work, contains passages which, for eloquence and beauty, will compare with any in "Religio Medici," or indeed in the English language. Its sentences glow with the fervid fancies of his imagination. That "melancholy enthusiasm," so characteristic of his earlier work, is yet more patent in "Hydriotaphia." The pathos of its closing chapters is only equalled by the solemn and stately English in which it finds utterance. The effect which the book has upon one may be likened to that produced by the hearing of some fine funeral march. It is sad, yet with an undercurrent of sublimest hope, and bidding us cease from our paltry aims and ambitions, leads us calmly on till there opens out before the eye of the soul the dim vistas of a peaceful eternity. The image of the grand old philosopher sadly musing on the ashes of a bygone race rises before one clear and distinct. He viewed not his age in the spirit of a Macaulay. The outlook to him was gloomy and threatening, nor could he console himself with the vision of a good time to come. Mournfully does he contemplate the ages now consumed, and, as it were, already in the urn. "'Tis opportune to look back upon old times, and contemplate our forefathers. Great examples grow thin, and to be fetched from the passed world. Simplicity flies away, and iniquity comes at long strides upon us." Yet though the sadness which constitutes the dominant note of the piece will not fail to make itself felt, one cannot but detect a certain restful calm which seems to underlie the whole. Browne seems to view his age more with the eye of a disinterested spectator than as

one who, conscious of its degeneracy, sorrows over the decadence and earnestly strives to bring about a better state of affairs. he hardly appears to live or belong to his own age, but stands upon a sort of platform apart, from which he calmly regards the times. His hopes are fixed on that Hereafter which was to him so real. If there is one thing in which our author is lacking, it is in the energy and hopefulness of the reformer. This is clearly seen from an attentive consideration of his works as a whole, but especially evident does it become when we read his words in "Religio Medici": "It moves not my spleen to behold the multitude in their proper humours, that is, in their fits of folly and madness; as well understanding that wisdom is not prophan'd unto the World, and 'tis the priviledge of a few to be virtuous. They that endeavour to abolish Vice, destroy also Virtue. . . . I can therefore behold Vice without a Satyr, content only with an admonition, or instructive reprehension; for Noble Natures, and such as are capable of goodness, are railed into vice, that might as easily be admonished into virtue." His efforts at reclamation thus go no further than an occasional dictum sapienti—a word to him who appears most likely to profit by it.

When Sir Thomas Browne, in his introductory letter to "Hydriotaphia" penned the following reflection: "Who knows the fate of his bones, or how often he is to be buried? Who hath the oracle of his ashes, or whither they are to be scattered?" he little knew how applicable it would prove in his own case.1 For his own bones were destined to be rudely disturbed, and that venerable head now rests in a museum, to delight and sport "that numerous piece of monstrosity" the vulgar crowd. In 1840 some workmen having occasion to dig a vault in the chancel of St. Peter Mancroft, Norwich, stumbled upon the last (or rather what ought to have been the last) resting-place of the author of "Religio Medici"; and in no gentle manner, for both the coffin and coffin plate were broken by the clumsy pick. Although the flesh of the face (and indeed every other part) had of course disappeared, yet it is stated that the hair and beard were "profuse and perfect, of a fine auburn, similar to that in the portrait presented to the parish by Dr. Howman, and which is carefully preserved in the vestry of St. Peter's Mancroft." The skull was presented to the museum of the Norwich Hospital by a Dr. Lubbock, into whose hands it had passed. The Quarterly Reviewer<sup>2</sup> commenting on this, justly remarks on the anomaly of "carefully preserving" the portrait, while the parishioners were yet so careless of the fate of the original.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Since writing the above I find that this identical passage is mentioned in a similar connection by J. H. Friswell in his "Varia."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> In Vol. lxxxix (1851).

In the same year as "Urn Burial" was published that extraordinary work of his the "Garden of Cyrus." The subject appears to have been chosen by Browne on account of its capability of original treatment, and it is indeed well suited to the whimsical nature of his temperament. He is thoroughly at home with his strange theme; and although by no means the finest, yet this little work is one of the most characteristic of his pieces. We are conscious of Browne in every line. The treatise, compounded as it is of the strangest and most diverse materials, seems like a faithful reflex of his mind.

Although generally regarded as a mere jeu d'esprit, or a sort of safety valve for the discharge of an appalling amount of superfluous learning, yet its tone is as grave and sober as though it were meant for a communication to the Royal Society, or some other body equally beyond the suspicion of aught but funeral solemnity.

What strikes the reader as most astonishing is the extraordinary fertility of Browne's resources. The short essay positively reeks of quincunxes and lozenges! But not less astounding than the number of illustrations he actually does give of his beloved figure, is the store of latent material which he gives the reader alarming proof that he could use to advantage were he so minded. But he is merciful, he observes something like method, he is too conscientious to press everything into his service. But just as we should expect from so freakish a writer, he who at one time is so scrupulous that he will not admit an example because he finds on inquiry that its quincuncial nature is not so pronounced as to justify its citation, at another will serenely tell us:

"The cylindrical figure of trees is virtually contained and latent in this order; a cylinder or long round being made by the conversion or turning of a parallelogram." By an easy transition he passes from quincunxes to the consideration of the number 5, and this gives him opportunity to indulge that predilection for Pythagorism which we find he exhibits in his former works.<sup>2</sup> He here shows a first-hand and accurate acquaintance with botany, and especially with that branch of it which treats of the arrangement of the leaves on the stem (Phyllotaxis). But space forbids that we should follow further our madcap physician in the mazes of his self-created labyrinth. Having exhausted his reader but not himself he closes with a charac-

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Or "The Quincuncial, Lozenge, or Net-work Plantations of the Ancient, Artificially, Naturally, Mystically considered" (Title in 1st collective edition of his works).

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> e.g. in Rel. Med. "I have often admired the mystical way of Pythagoras, and the secret magic of numbers." See also his remarks on the music of the spheres in the same work (II. 9).

teristic and quincuncial passage, in which he seeks to compose us to sleep by the information that the huntsmen are up and all alive in America.

The foregoing were all the writings of Browne published during his lifetime. His literary fame, however, was well established before his death; nor do his posthumous works (though not without many excellences) reflect any further glory on the honoured name of the venerable Norwich physician. In his declining years he enjoyed the sweets of renown, and was numbered amongst those whom men delight to honour. Evelyn paid him the compliment of a special visit; the College of Physicians elected him an honorary Fellow of its body: and, in 1671, Charles II. conferred on him the dignity of knighthood. Successful alike as author, physician, and scientist, his advice was eagerly courted on the most various subjects by men who knew and appreciated the almost inexhaustible stores of his learning. Several of his replies to these inquiries have been preserved for us through the zeal of his friends, and form part of his posthumous legacy. Of those writings published after the death of their author, the "Christian Morals" calls for a special mention. It is a long roll of pious precepts and dutiful maxims. The tone is cold, lofty, and impressive. At the very first line we are suddenly lifted fifteen or twenty thousand feet, to find ourselves on the summit of some lofty Alpine peak of morality. From thence to the conclusion, our journey is among the cloud-capped peaks and everlasting snows of an austere and frigid system of ethics, till, having perused the last line, we descend from our eminence with the same appalling swiftness as we mounted it. Written in the serene quiet of old age, the calm passionless flow of its language comes upon one in a refreshing stream; but to those seeking for some practical guidance in their conduct of life, it will appear exacting and unsympathetic. In grand massive language he bids his reader "chain up the unruly legion of thy breast; lead thine own captivity captive, and be Cæsar within thyself": "grain not thy vicious stains, nor deepen those swart tinctures which temper, infirmity, or ill habits have set upon thee;" and "break not open the Gate of Destruction, and make no haste or bustle unto Ruin"—consummations, no doubt, devoutly to be wished. But as a moral teacher, Browne made the mistake of those who, in the words of Francis Bacon,1 "seem to have done as if a man that professed to teach to write, did only exhibit fair copies of alphabets and letters joined, without giving precepts or directions for the carriage of the hand and framing of the letters." Yet sometimes

<sup>1</sup> In the "Advancement of Learning."

our stern moralist descends from his elevation and condescends to enliven his discourse with a kind of dry humour peculiarly his own. With a sympathy for poor human nature, though with a touch of ironical humour which is most delightful, he admonishes us in one passage that if we do not feel able to anoint our faces with the oil of gladness at the good fortune of another, at least not to put on sackcloth. Elsewhere he gives his hearer a much-needed reminder not to "call for many hour-glasses to justify (his) imperfections!" With all its faults, the "Christian Morals" is a work which well repays perusal, and an admirer of Browne may be pardoned if he regards it as one of the finest pieces of writing of its kind in existence.

Those of his replies to the inquiries of friends and others which have reached us form the "Miscellany Tracts," in which although much may be found that is admirable, both as regards matter and mode of presentation, yet the reader will be inclined to suspect that that good-humoured apology of Archbishop Tenison's, "Men are not wont to set down oracles in every line they write to their acquaintance," is, on the whole, not altogether needless.

This concludes the consideration of the works of one of the noblest, oddest, grandest, and most whimsical writers that ever put pen to paper. There only remains to add, that after lingering a few days, and enduring great agony, borne with a fortitude which did not belie his words in "Religio Medici," the good knight succumbed to an attack of colic, and after October 19, 1682, the world knew him no more. So passed away that gentle soul who desired no greater felicity nor cherished any higher ambition, than "to be but the last man, and bring up the Reer in Heaven."

E. W. ADAMS.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Thirteen in number. First printed in 1684, forming a handy little volume containing a portrait of the author, and at the end an alphabetical table of contents. The title page is as follows: "Certain Miscellany Tracts. Written by Thomas Brown, Kt., and Doctour of Physick; late of Norwich. London, printed for Charles Mearne, and to be sold by Henry Bonwick, at the Red Lyon, in St. Paul's Church-yard, MDCLXXXIV."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> See Part II. Sect. V.

## "KING ARTHUR" AT THE LYCEUM.

THE new play with which Mr. Irving opened his seventeenth season at the Lyceum Theorem season at the Lyceum Theatre last month possesses many qualities of which it is not only possible, but just, to speak with unstinted praise. The scenery is exquisitely appropriate, and in the case of two of the sets—the magic mere and the whitethorn wood—is full of the charm of Nature, reproduced with fine poetic feeling. The costumes are rich and splendid, and the harmonies of colour, when the characters are grouped in tableaux, are more beautiful than words can tell. The play itself has an animation of movement which holds the attention, while its scholarly and sonorous blank verse gratifies the cultivated taste. Finally, the acting brings out the possibilities of each part with that quality of finesse for which the Lyceum performances are distinguished. Yet, associated with all these excellent features—enough in most cases to insure the success of a play—there is a notable defect. We are led by the title to expect that King Arthur will be the conspicuous figure, and that there will be presented to us such counterfeit as the stage can give of the fabulous warrior-king, half-divine, inspired by lofty ideals, nourishing noble thoughts, and founding an order of chivalry held together in a beautiful, if impossible, system of Christian ethics. But the King Arthur of the Lyceum production, despite some occasional flashes of nobility, is a poor simulacrum of the great "gray king"—the flos regum—of legend and romance. It is perhaps inevitable that when an attempt is made to give material embodiment to the more or less vague and shadowy creations of an age of myth, it should fail to satisfy everyone's ideal. has made his task in this respect more difficult by trying, for the sake of dramatic variety, to compress a history into the dimensions of an episode. Although he brings into his "King Arthur" the supernatural incident of Excalibur rising from the magic mere, thus investing the introductory scene with something of a mystic glamour: and makes effective use of the departure of Arthur's knights on the

quest of the Holy Grail; and imports Mordred, the scheming son of a scheming mother, and Elaine, sickening of unrequited love, into the dramatic machinery for novel purposes of constructive development; yet the main theme of the play, to which all other themes and interests are subordinated, is the guilty amour of Lancelot and Guinevere. In relation to this passion, and as the victim of it, the king is, of necessity, anything but a strong character for stage display. No one ever yet succeeded in making a supremely powerful dramatic figure of a befooled husband, and it says a good deal for Mr. Comyns Carr's ingenuity and delicacy of manipulation that he has preserved his hero—that is. his nominal hero—from becoming contemptible. Why it should be so is not very clear, but theatrical audiences have nearly always been inclined to regard with ridicule the character in a play whose wife prefers the society of some other man to his; and it was a hazardous experiment to make the whole interest of "King Arthur" depend upon the wrong done to the king by his faithless wife. This Lyceum Arthur is a simple-minded, blameless, greatly injured gentleman who discovers that his dearest and most cherished knight, the supposed personification of purity and honour, has been carrying on a shameful intrigue with the queen. No art short of Shakespeare's could extract from such a situation materials for great histrionic distinction. Tennyson has, indeed, told the story of the king's betrayal and noble grief with so much majesty of method that the reader's heart goes out to the victim in deep, sorrowful pity; but Tennyson's method is epic, and not dramatic, and what he loses by having to describe emotions instead of leaving them to the interpretation of a skilful actor, he more than gains in the wider latitude of the narrative form. Mr. Carr nowhere gives Mr. Irving the opportunity of making Arthur a great figure. He is dignified and pathetic in his affliction, but there is nothing of the demi-god about his broken-hearted humanity. So far as the shock of an awful revelation of unsuspected infidelity, striking down the hopes and the ambitions of life, and blasting the flowering places of the heart, is capable of tragic expression, Mr. Irving does all that is to be looked for in such a situation, and does it with the consummate reserve of force which is one of the secrets of his artistic power. But though there is a natural pathos running through the situation, it does not of itself contain all that is necessary for the presentment of such a character as tradition and poetry represent Arthur to have been. There is very little in Mr. Carr's treatment of his hero that would need to be altered if the characters were the dramatis personæ in a

nineteenth-century case of crim. con. instead of the fabled shadows of a remote and mythical time. This is simply to say that the anguish of a broken heart is the same in all periods of the world's history, and that the deceived husband of to-day undergoes much the same kind of distress on the discovery of his wrongs as any mystic monarch of Britain's dawn. But when a play is ostensibly founded on the Arthurian legend we seem to want something more in harmony with the pervading spirit of that legend. The story of the Round Table is a good deal more than a story of adulterous intrigue. King Arthur, as a stage hero, ought to be of larger measure than the victim of a faithless woman's lawless passion; vet that is practically all he is at the Lyceum. The actor makes the most of the slight opportunities, and it is not his fault if what should be the central and dominating figure sinks into relative insignificance -if we miss altogether the note of chivalrous and quasi-spiritual exaltation—if the very essence of the character, its grafting on to the deeds of a rude chivalry the nobler spirit of Christian purpose, seems wanting-and if the great objects of the Table Round-

To break the heathen and uphold the Christ, To ride abroad redressing human wrongs, To speak no slander—no, nor listen to it, To honour his own word as if his God's, To lead sweet lives in purest chastity—

appear to have lapsed into a mere formula, with no longer a vital significance, so far as the stage-story is concerned.

It follows from this comparative failure to give to Arthur his proper dramatic proportions that Guinevere and Lancelot become the leading characters of the play. Arthur, at the best, is but a foil to show up the splendour of their iniquity. In them, and in the whirl and torrent of their consuming passion, the interest mainly lies. It is only in the nature of things that Lancelot's surrender to his baser nature, and his disloyalty both to his own once peerless honour and the king's, should prove a more exciting theme than the passionless rectitude of the amiable husband who, after all, is something of a "cold abstraction." In these days, when unlawful love is the darling theme of novelist and playwright, and the Seventh Commandment is the stage "property" in most frequent demand, there is nothing to wonder at in the focusing of the Arthurian interest upon the guilty passion of Queen Guinevere and her lover. Over this passion Mr. Carr has, however, thrown a gloss of sentimental interest which. notwithstanding it may be at variance with traditional details, wins

for the erring pair the misplaced sympathy of the auditors. The fact that the queen, while yet fully sensible of the great and "godlike" qualities of the king, abandons herself to stolen amours with his favourite knight, is softened, as much as such a fact can be softened, by making both of them seek, in the first instance, to escape from the sway of their own passions. The struggle is, however, neither desperate nor prolonged, and when the queen does fall, she falls with an abrupt completeness which no amount of histrionic skill could successfully palliate. The episode in the whitethorn wood, where the queen and her maids have gone a-maying, and where she subsequently meets Lancelot clandestinely, is very beautiful, very poetic, but at the same time very wanton. It is, in fact, so wanton, and Guinevere's joyous ecstasy of abandonment to her lover's kisses is so reckless and complete, that her subsequent mood of remorse and her belated esteem for the king's goodness are well-nigh irreconcilable. The fact probably is that Mr. Carr has studied to make Guinevere's sin less repellent by endowing her with the grace of repentance; but the result, even if dramatically effective, is somewhat perilous to the interests of consistency. All her trite moralisings and speeches of pious regard for Arthur, after she has been found out, strike one as exhibiting somewhat too sudden a revulsion of feeling. Penitence is a very beautiful frame of mind, and when judiciously introduced in the last act tends to send audiences home on morally good terms with themselves. From that point of view Guinevere's pendulum-like oscillation from high conceptions of duty to sin, and from sin to a saintly avowal of duty despised, may be allowed to pass muster; but it would have been more satisfactory, all the same, if the exigencies of dramatic construction had permitted of these transitions of mood being somewhat less abrupt.

Lancelot is the most finely conceived and the most consistent character in the play, and in the capable hands of Mr. Forbes Robertson, one of the most admirable elocutionists as well as one of the most impassioned lovers on the English stage, its merits are brought into the fullest relief. The struggle which takes place between honour and duty, on the one hand, and the merciless force of passion on the other, although but slightly indicated in the text, is filled out with great completeness of suggestion by the actor. Love-making like his—at once so fervent, so tender, so instinct at the outset with the self-despising spirit of a highly-strung moral susceptibility, so impetuous in its disregard of moral restraints when the queen's secret, that she loves in return, is surprised—wears a seeming propriety of sentiment which almost sanctifies his sin. Directly Lancelot learns

that secret from Guinevere's own lips he makes shipwreck of his good name in the wild impulse of an unholy joy. Honour, duty, his own hitherto stainless scutcheon and loyalty to the king, may all go—discarded as of no account in comparison with the fierce rapture of loving and being loved. This mood of recklessness is well described in George Barlow's "Pageant of Life":

There's something sweeter to a man
Than honour, virtue, fame:
A single wave of woman's fan
Can often mar a name.
The reaper leaves his golden sheaves,
The pilot wrecks his ship,
And not for much—just once to touch,
Unchecked, a woman's lip.

In thus dealing with some of the principal points of dramatic characterisation, as it is displayed in "King Arthur," prior to saying anything about the construction of the play, I have done so intentionally. It is, after all, character rather than situation that we should look for at the Lyceum. And if the play is to some extent disappointing, in so far that the king is a secondary and not very impressive figure (except for the picturesqueness and artistic conscientiousness which belong to all Mr. Irving's personations), it is in other respects effectively contrived and carefully written. It is something, in an age which had seemed to have grown careless of higher literary methods in the theatre, to see an original poetical drama produced amidst a general consensus of applause. Although the verse seldom rises to a really high level, there are some passages in Mr. Carr's work which are poetic in the fullest sense of the term. It would not be easy to surpass the conceit uttered by the king when the dead body of the "lily maid of Astolat" is borne in: "Death, too, hath been a-maying and pluckt the fairest blossom." Equally felicitous as a poetical figure is the query which the king utters after he has learnt the staggering horror of his queen's perfidy:

Then how should I, with winter at my heart, Plead with the ruined summer for its rose?

For grace of expression, too, this wail of human sorrow, spoken by the king in the moment of his affliction, if a little strained and formal, has the right sort of note:

> Ay; would Death's marble finger had been laid On those sweet lips when first they hallowed mine! For, locked in Death's white arms, Love lies secure In changeless sleep that knows no dream of change.

'Tis Life, not Death, that is Love's sepulchre;
Where each day tells of passionate hearts grown strange,
And perjured vows chime with the answering bell
That tolls Love's funeral. If thou would'st boast
Of this new sway a woman's wile hath won,
Go tell the world thy heart hath slain a heart
That once had been a king's! Yet that's not all.
Thou, too, hast been a queen whose soul shone clear:
A star for all men's worship, and a lamp.
Set high in heaven, whereby all hearts
Should steer their course towards God; then, 'tis not I
Whose life lies broken here, for at thy fall
A shattered kingdom bleeds.

What, however, is more to the purpose than delicately-turned phrases and poetical tropes is the fact that the play is rarely lacking in movement. It is an acting play. It is written by a man who knows something of the requirements of the stage, and produced by a manager who knows a great deal more. Blank verse may be perfect in its literary form, yet intolerably dull for representation. There is nothing dull about "King Arthur." Mr. Carr has, with great skill and knowledge of theatrical effect, furnished us with a narrative in which different bits of the Arthurian legend are put together in an artful and animated mosaic. Given the love of Lancelot and Guinevere as the pivot on which the story is to hinge, and it would be difficult to tell that story with a more adroit use of the roll of subordinate circumstance. Comment has already been made upon the loss which the plan involves, so far as the prominence of the king and delineation of his character are concerned, but it is only fair to acknowledge that from the point of view of writing a successful stage-play a great deal has been accomplished. The scenes are varied in character and animated in development, the incidents sweep along towards the inevitable *dénouement* in a crescendo of interest, and ever and again there are opportunities for dramatic expression which, if not of the highest, are nevertheless capable of being employed with powerful effect. Such an opportunity occurs, for instance, when the innocent remark of Elaine, that her own disappointment coincides in date with the queen's happiness, is misinterpreted as a subtle accusation by Guinevere, who thereupon starts guiltily and turns with a momentary fierce gesture upon the poor love-sick maid. Carr has written two or three excellent scenes for Lancelot and the queen—scenes which require for their adequate representation just such a high range of art as Mr. Robertson and Miss Ellen Terry are fortunately able to supply. Interest, again, is powerfully evoked by the interview in which Mordred acquaints Lancelot with his know-

ledge of what took place in the wood, where he and his witch-mother were spying on the lovers "lip to lip, cuddling beneath the may," and thereby silences the one knight who had discovered, and was about to report to the king, his treachery. This is undeniably a fine dramatic conception, although the dialogue chances at the critical point to drop into the commonplace. The use made of Elaine's suicide, and her explanatory letter, which falls into the queen's hands and covers her with guilty confusion, is also a situation of no little power. The Iago-like insinuations of Mordred and his mother, and their simulated reluctance to betray the hideous secret to the king, are skilful bits of stagecraft. It is not until late in the play that the king has scope for the display of anything but a certain high-bred The heroic side of his character is at no time more than barely suggested. It is in the shattering of his trust, and the destruction of his faith in man and woman, that interest in his fate begins to be excited. And the interest is, at the best, one of rather conventional pity. Although the ruin of his hopes bears no sort of comparison with Lear's Titanic sorrows, yet there is something in common between them, and the resemblance would have been stronger had the Lyceum dramatist only brought into more vivid relief the lofty aims and high spiritual purpose of this legendary flos regum. As it is, he suffers in a noble and touching fashion, but with no note of the greater agony which one looks for in the collapse, not merely of a domestic faith, but of a whole system of ethical ideals.

It is a clever stroke to bring in Arthur as the disguised champion of the queen when, in consequence of her scornful rejection of Mordred's offer of marriage, that venomous caitiff condemns her to be burnt at the stake. But the dramatic outcome of such a manœuvre is, that Mordred has to kill Arthur; for were it otherwise the situation would be inconvenient to unravel, and the required climax of "the passing of Arthur" could not be readily achieved. But, look what this means. Villany is triumphant all along the line. We hear, indeed, that Mordred is slain by Lancelot; nevertheless, the poetic justice of that meagre announcement is of the sorriest kind. Arthur is robbed of his wife's affections by the dearest and best of his knights; he is slain, championing her cause, by his traitor-nephew. The prophecies of Merlin are fulfilled; the mighty brand Excalibur is powerless against a foe who was "born in May," even as Macbeth's arm was powerless against a foe "not of woman born." Thus Fate proves too strong for Christian faith, high courage, and right endeavour, and the curtain falls on the tragedy of a life blasted,

and a throne lost in accordance with the weird predictions of the supernatural Spirit of the Lake.

Something might be said upon the pessimistic "moral" which such a dénouement suggests; but it is more to the purpose just now to add a word or two about the mounting of the piece. It is staged magnificently, and the costumes, designed by Sir E. Burne-Jones, are superb. One thing Sir E. Burne-Jones has done—he has composed some of the most perfect and subtle harmonies of colour ever seen in a theatre. At the end of the first act the stage is crowded with characters, some in armour, some in cloth of gold, all richly attired, yet nowhere is there visible a single jarring note in the chromatic scheme. At the same time it is, perhaps, permissible to suggest that even this great artist has not been equally successful in all his designs. Nothing in the world could surpass for beauty the costume worn by Guinevere in Act I., or for picturesqueness the suit of black mail worn by the king in Act III.; but objection may fairly be taken to the king's robes in the great hall at Camelot. And this objection proceeds from the fact that they make Arthur look as unlike an ancient British king as it is possible for anyone to look. What he does look like is a personage high in the hierarchy of the priesthood. In dealing with a mythical period, a designer is no doubt at liberty to take a good deal of latitude, but it may be questioned if the particular costume referred to is not the outcome of an imagination uncontrolled by the restraints of a probable chronology. At any rate, it robs the actor, almost at the outset of the action proper, of any opportunity of "looking the part." It is not, indeed, until the turret scene is reached that his appearance suggests any connection with the Arthur of familiar ideals; and not quite, even then. One would like to know what warranty there is for supposing that kings and knights went clean-shaven in those days. Most people will picture Arthur as a tall, majestic man, bearded, and with long waving hair. knights of his court, if ever such court were, would for the greater part have been bearded men too, with flowing locks. Lyceum Arthur wears no hair on his face; nor does the Lyceum Lancelot, nor the Lyceum Mordred. They are all as smoothly shaven as so many monks. It is difficult to say what is not lost in the way of picturesqueness by this singular piece of originality. The Lancelot, with his clear-cut ascetic features, his short "everyday" hair, and a curious arrangement of hanging sleeves, looks as unknightly as a mediæval scrivener, and half the vraisemblance of his wooing, and much of the force of his scene with Mordred, are forfeited by a decree which, no matter who has inspired it, is pictorially and

chronologically open to objection. These may seem little things to carp about, where there is so much that commands the highest admiration; still, anything which weakens the effect that is sought for is worth consideration. Especially would I venture to suggest to Mr. Irving that, however mobile and expressive his own undisguised features may be, there is something to be said for adopting such aids as may be available with the object of hiding the actor's identity in that of the character he assumes. If it be necessary to employ illusion so freely in great things at the Lyceum, it is equally necessary to employ it in small; and no illusion helps the spectator so much, when it is skilfully done, as that which is known as "make-up."

Sir Arthur Sullivan has contributed some melodious music, so that in this latest Lyceum production the traditional regard for all the accessories which can go to the perfect production of a play is not only maintained but improved upon. Fortunate, indeed, is the dramatic author who gets such collaboration as that of Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and Mr. Henry Irving. not implied by this that Mr. Carr's excellent work stands in need of such factitious aids as specially designed dresses and specially composed incidental music. Still, they unquestionably help it. Even if put upon the stage in a more ordinary fashion, the play would probably secure a considerable measure of popular approval. It is, however, an interesting rather than a great work. It contains no powerful creations of character. None of its situations are intensely dramatic. In no case does its dialogue touch the highest plane of emotional expression. To say this, however, is but another way of saying that "King Arthur" is not a work of genius. It is a useful contribution to stage literature, notwithstanding, and will no doubt attract crowded houses to the Lyceum for a long time to come. Mr. Irving invests the part of King Arthur with a good deal of romantic colour, and when, late in the piece, the opportunity is afforded him of touching the chords of painful emotion, it is needless to say that he is equal to the pathos of the occasion. But King Arthur is not likely to be one of his most famous characters. It is not a Richelieu, a Mephistopheles, a Louis the Eleventh, a Charles the First, or a Becket. No actor could do more with it, unless, may be, in the matter of looking more like the conventional idea of King Arthur; and although Mr. Irving has the advantage on this occasion of not challenging comparisons with any of his great predecessors, yet it avails him but little, for the simple reason that the interest of the piece largely drifts away from him in the earlier acts, and can only be partially recovered in the few opportunities that remain. It says a

great deal for his splendid freedom from the jealousies which too often vex the "celestial minds" of theatrical stars that he should have engaged a brilliant actor like Mr. Forbes Robertson to play what is in some respects the most important character, next to that of Guinevere. Some kings of the stage there are who brook no rivals near their throne; but Mr. Irving is not one of these. Every part, indeed, is nearly as well played as it could be, and it would be ungenerous not to recognise the fact that there is not, so far as the acting goes, a false note, or a single actor out of the picture, from beginning to end.

H. J. JENNINGS.

# TABLE TALK.

### OUIDA ON BIRDS.

UIDA once more returns to the charge concerning birds and their persecutors, and I cannot do better than follow her example. In England we have made some if but little advance. A fair number of masculine minds are penetrated with the idea that something should be done to prevent the extirpation of some of the prettiest and most serviceable of living creatures. Women even. in small numbers, are being converted, and some absolute steps have been taken to check at home the wanton destruction that has for years been carried on. We are, in fact, in the lesson of kindness to animals in front of all southern and most northern nations. Not quite on a level are we with Scandinavia, where small birds, without a sign of apprehension, enter your window and partake openly and larcenously of your meal, or, like the pigeons in the British Museum Court Yard and other protected spots, will barely be at the trouble of getting out of the way of your advancing foot. We have, however, secured some protection for certain birds, and we shall, I am sanguine enough to hope, have a close breeding time soon for all, and shall further enlighten the masses as to the folly of indiscriminate capture or slaughter, and the gain with which a wiser and more merciful treatment of birds will be attended.

### ITALY'S MENACE TO EUROPE.

In Italy meanwhile the state of affairs is deplorable, and our own efforts stand a chance of being thwarted by the ignorance and insensibility of the inhabitants of the peninsula. Very many of our song-birds are compelled, in search of food, to migrate to warmer climates. Woe betide those who cross the Alps. From one end to the other of Italy the destruction of birds is regarded as sport. It is difficult to accept some of the statements of Ouida, but her long residence in Italy enables her to speak with authority. The ornithophil societies of France and Switzerland write to her that the destruction in Italy is so great that unless some measures

for their protection be taken birds must perish all over Europe. Millions of insectivorous songsters leave Switzerland annually for Italy, never to return. "No representation of this fact," says Ouida, "produces any impression on Italians. They do not believe that birds aid their crops and clean their vines. They wish to eat them; they are impervious to any other considerations; and so they continue to destroy lovely and useful little lives, butchered to lie in rotting heaps in the market-places or be sold at two farthings a head." A carnival of slaughter seems to prevail, and the decree has gone forth, "Let every winged thing die." No kind of feeling for birds exists in Italy, and to speak of the sad sights continually exhibited there is "to be accounted a monomaniac and a bore." Meanwhile winged pests—mosquitoes, flies, wasps, moths, and the like—increase, the red ant devours things with incredible rapidity, and the great ash-coloured locust devastates whole districts.

### DESTRUCTION OF LIFE IN HIGH QUARTERS.

CAD as these things are, there are aspects even sadder. Besides being too greedy and too stupid to spare anything they can destroy, Italians find, as I am told, much pleasure in the task of destruction. Members of the Royal House take pleasure in killing nightingales with slender little javelins made for the purpose. The italics here are mine. One would hesitate to believe in these things were it not known that since feudal days to now, when everything except themselves has changed, kings and great noblemen have found their chief pleasure and glory in slaughter. "All the world over," writes Ouida, "kings, princes, and ministers find their pleasure in wholesale slaughter." What use, then, she asks, to preach to Italian peasants the lesson that birds are sacred? How far such sordid cruelty is inherent in Italian nature I know not, having no information except such as Ouida supplies. Still, if the Italians are human, even they may ultimately be persuaded, even in spite of the influence of kings. We in England, at least, have not stopped to consult the tastes and habits of kings and nobles in learning the lesson of mercy. For one hundred years kings have been on their trial. ultimately they cease to be, the fact that their moral, intellectual, and social growth has lagged behind that of their subjects will greatly have conduced to the result. Kings do not often now lead their own troops into action or do fighting for their country or crown. preside over a battue or to head the list of slaughter of birds quasidomestic is a poor substitute for the heroism of an Alfred or a Lion-Heart.

### CIVIC ART AND LITERATURE.

PUT upon its mettle by the loss of privilege with which it is menaced, and the competition with which it is faced, the Corporation of London is stirring itself actively in publishing its records and rendering available for public use its treasures. I have more than once drawn attention to the valuable works that have of late been issued, chiefly under the direction of the Library Committee. Two volumes, both edited by Mr. Charles Welch, F.S.A., the Librarian to the Corporation of the City of London, have recently seen the light. Both have distinct artistic and antiquarian interest, and one at least appeals to a general public. Londinensia" consists of a description of the medals struck off by the Corporation in order to commemorate important municipal events. with reproductions of the designs. These medals, twenty-six in number, have all been cast since 1831, when two medals, one large and the other small, were struck off to commemorate the opening of London Bridge by William IV. In connection with this interesting event much historical information concerning the fortunes of the various bridges over the Thames in the City, some of it entirely new, is supplied. Stow has told us how on October 10, 1114, the river Thames was so far reduced by the drought that between the Tower and the Bridge "a great number of men, women, and children did wade over both on horse and foot," the water coming up to their knees. Mr. Welch tells us how, on November 13, 1396, eleven persons were killed in the press caused by the entry of King Richard and his newly married consort, the youthful Isabel of France. A mass of useful information is indeed conveyed.

#### CIVIC COMMEMORATION.

THE second event judged of sufficient importance to justify the striking of a medal was the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832, showing that at that time, at least, the sympathies of the Corporation, whatever they have since become, were liberal. Royal receptions, marriages, and the like constitute the great majority of the events judged worthy of being commemorated—the Emperor and Empress of the French, the King of Sardinia, the Sultan of Turkey, the Shah of Persia, the Emperor of Russia, the King of the Hellenes, and the Emperor of Germany being, with our all-embracing large-heartedness and charity, judged equally worthy of honour. Among events, however, untinged with court or in any special degree civic adulation may be mentioned the foundation in 1834 of

the City of London School and the opening in 1882 of the new City of London School. Another event which, though a royal celebration, is highly honourable to the City, is the dedication to the public in 1882 of Epping Forest. The medals are from different sources, and are of varying degrees of merit. A considerable number are by members of the family of Wyon. Two of the designs, including that of Epping Forest, are by Charles Wiener, a Belgian.

### CITY BRIDGES OF LONDON.

SECOND volume issued by the Corporation is the history A SECOND volume issued by the Corporation of the Tower Bridge and of other bridges over the Thames built by the Corporation of London. While not less profusely illustrated than the companion volume, this work has more general interest. It includes an account of the Bridge House Trust from the twelfth century, based on the records of the Bridge House Estates Committee; and, in addition to the long and interesting history of Mr. Welch, has a description of the Tower Bridge, by Mr. J. Wolfe Barry, C.B., its engineer, and an introduction by Canon Benham, F.S.A. It includes, like the "Numismata," a full account of London Bridge, repeating with much additional information what is there told. Section 13, which deals with the historical incidents in connection with the bridge, is an important contribution from the most trustworthy sources to history. The history of London Bridge is, of course, inseparably connected with that of London and England; and if its record is less ancient and less sustainedly tragic than that of the Tower, it is scarcely less stimulating. Many interesting views from Aggar, Norden, and Visscher are given, and, though familiar enough to students of early London, are in place and welcome. Some facsimiles from the Wardens' accounts prove this to be a document of remarkable beauty as well as value. Concerning the Tower Bridge a full description, both popular and scientific, as well as historic and civic, is given. In the Appendix are matters of high interest, among them being an account from the Wardens' accounts of the attack of the Bastard Falconbridge upon the bridge in 1471. The rents of houses and shops on the bridge in the fourteenth century also repay study. Mr. Welch's work is conscientiously done, and the two volumes will form an indispensable portion of every library dealing with the history and antiquities of London.

THE RISE IN THE PRICE OF NOVELS.

THOUGH I have nothing of my own to say concerning the novel, I am glad, continuing my previous "Talk" on the subject, to give increased publicity to some statistics thereupon,

compiled by Mr. English, of the British Museum, and given to the world in "The Author." These concern the price of novels, and extend from 1750 to 1860. My respect for the three-volume novel is greatly diminished when I find that it is of wholly modern growth. The theory of ten and sixpence a volume originated with the publishers of Sir Walter Scott. So far as Mr. English's researches extend, "The Pirate," issued in 1822, was the first novel in three volumes for which a guinea and a half was charged. The same year saw the "Peveril of the Peak" of the same author in four volumes issued at two guineas. Three shillings a volume was, in the middle of last century, the regular price per volume of a novel. At that price "Tom Jones" and "Peregrine Pickle," each in four volumes, and Paltock's "Peter Wilkins," in two volumes, were issued. Occasionally a trifle more or less was charged. "Memoirs of Hugo Sidney Biddulph," in two volumes, 1761, was seven and sixpence, and in 1782 "George Bateman," in three volumes, was the same sum. Till nearly the close of the century no novel was published at a lower rate than half a crown per volume nor at a higher than three and nine. In 1793 "The Wanderings of Warwick" of Charlotte Smith was four shillings for one volume, and in 1796 "The Angelina" of Mary Robinson, in three volumes, was thirteen shillings--a somewhat nondescript sum. In Anne Plumtree's "Something New," 1802, the price advanced to five shillings a volume, and in "The Lætitia" of Mrs. Hunter to five and three, a guinea being charged for four volumes. In "Flim Flams," 1806, the price advanced at a bound to seven shillings, or a guinea for three volumes. In 1811, for "Self-Control "-perhaps on account of the rarity of the quality-eight shillings a volume was demanded. In 1817 we find the magic figures one eleven six opposite "The Pastor's Fireside," which, however, is in four volumes; finally, as I have said, comes "The Pirate" at half a guinea a volume. A guinea and a half became then a regulation price for the novel. The first Firm to issue cheap editions of novels was that of Messrs. Colburn & Bentley, in the series known as Bentley's Standard Novels and Romances.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

# GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1895.

# A ROMANCE OF GRAY'S INN.

### By ALBERT FLEMING.

"IS name is Tobias," said Winnie, patting her dog's ugly head.

"But, Winnie, I suppose when one comes to know him well, one

might venture to call him Toby?"

"I don't think he would like it," answers Winnie, shaking her yellow hair.
"I myself think Tobias is formal, but I hope you'll keep to it."

"But we call you Winnie, and not Winifred."

"I am only eight," she answered, "and Tobias is at least twelve."

"He might be a hundred to look at him," I answered disrespectfully. "What a colour the creature is! Surely you might wash him or bleach him, or do something to whiten him."

"Jim and I have washed him three days running. We pumped on him with the garden hose; then he bit Jim, and Jim swore."

Winnie sat nursing her hideous friend. Tobias was the spoil of her bow and spear. Some months before she met him, in a lame and bedraggled state; he was being maltreated and stoned by several small boys. She rushed into the strife, doubled her little fist, stamped her tiny foot, burst into tears, and triumphed. Tobias limped home after her, and ever since had been her devoted slave. He was certainly the ugliest mongrel I ever saw. There are degrees even in mongreldom, and Tobias touched the lowest depth. One eye had been knocked out in some ancient battle, and of one ear but a fragment remained. His coat was always of a dreadful dirty white, but within his unlovely body dwelt a devoted and steadfast soul

Winnie herself was the daintiest maiden ever seen. She had lost her father early in the year, and her mother quite recently. Her hair was like rippling gold, her eyes a good honest hazel, her nose just the lovely undecided thing that a nose ought to be at eight. She had never had a brother or sister, never any young companions. and had grown into a silent, solemn child, given much to strange, old-fashioned speeches.

I was Winnie's guardian, and this is the way that came about One day my best friend, Jack Nevill, who I thought told me all his secrets, took me by surprise by putting his hands on my shoulders and saying, "Bertie, I'm married." As a rule, this is not the kind of news that pleases a man's bosom friend; it generally gives the bosom friendship notice to quit; it certainly did not please me, still less so when he told me the lady's name, Leonora Graham. I had known her, through Jack, for some time—a fantastic, languishing girl, with £500 a year. After I had said "Good Heavens!" several times in various keys I felt able to face the matter; but from that moment up to the day of dear old Jack's death I never discovered the real reason for his marrying such a woman. She led him an awful life with her whims and fancies. When Winnie came she was more exacting and more fanciful than ever; after that she took up with nerves.

Contrary to the usual rule, the marriage strengthened the bond between Jack and me. When Winnie was seven years old her father was injured in a railway accident. They took him to the nearest hospital, and he was able to give my name. I was with him in an hour. I shall never forget as I entered the ward how my eye flashed quickly down the long row of beds till it stopped with a shock at one; the man I loved best of all things in the world was even then in the pains of death, but as I bent over him the darkening eyes opened and brightened. I said, "Oh, Jack, dear boy!" and could say no more. He held my hand in his with a tightening grasp. I saw an eager, earnest look flash into the poor maimed, bandaged face.

"O Bertie, look after Winnie—she'll have no one but you; be all in all to her, keep her always close to your side."

"Jack," I answered, "I swear I'll guard her as my very own; I'll be all you could have been to her."

"Be more than that," he answered, and the rest was silence.

And thus it was that I became Winnie's guardian, though, in addition, I was legally appointed under Jack's will. From the day of his death she always called me Dad. There were no special

difficulties with Mrs. Nevill. With a peculiar selfishness that was quite touching, she quietly shifted the entire charge of Winnie on to my shoulders; she was then ill at her leisure. She lived only six months after her husband; not dying, as far as I could see, because there was any reason for it, but simply because she was too lazy to make any effort to live.

Then Winnie became, as it were, entirely my own. A hundred times a day I saw Jack's look in her sweet eyes, and heard an echo of Jack in her merry laughter. Winnie loved me, too, with all her heart, and, looking upwards from her eight years to my twenty-five, she gave me veneration as well as companionship.

A few days afterwards Winnie and I sat together in the lonely drawing-room for the last time before the old house was broken up. Tobias leant against my knee, not out of any particular affection for me, but to be as near to Winnie as possible. To all my proposals to Winnie for her future she made but one reply, "Don't send me away from you, dad."

"But, Winnie, you know I live in dreadful bachelor rooms in Gray's Inn; they are so very dusty and dirty, and not at all a nice place for a child."

"I can help to make them clean, dad; let Tobias and me come with you."

She put her arms round my neck, and laid the pretty golden head on my shoulder: "You're the only thing left to me in all the world, you and Tobias, and if you send me away to live amongst strangers I shall die."

Returning home to my chambers in Verulam Buildings, Gray's Inn, I surveyed the position. The prospect was simply desperate. Verulam Buildings is that long row of houses to the east of Gray's Inn Gardens, the buildings that Charles Lamb anathematised. You reach them by a narrow archway from the arid desert of Gray's Inn Square—a high wall crowned with iron spikes separating them from Gray's Inn Road. The myriad passengers who rattle past in cabs or omnibuses on their way to Euston and the Great Northern, look up at the long unlovely row of square windows cut in the filthy bricks, and say that the Buildings are something between a workhouse and a prison. The prison idea is confirmed when you get inside, and ascend the austere stone staircase with iron balustrades. Every landing has two black iron doors, with the prisoners' names written over them in stern black letters; the staircase windows are always dim with dirt, and a faint earthy churchyard-like odour floats upwards from mysterious subterranean regions. Up and down out of cellarlike caves mouldy old women crawl with keys and beer jugs in their hands. They are called laundresses, chiefly because they never wash anything. When once you effect an entrance beyond these black doors the result is surprising. Many of the tenants decorate their rooms with flowers, old china, and Liberty hangings; the roar and rattle of the streets sink to a distant murmur, and out of the window you see nothing but fine old trees, flower-beds, and the greenest of lawns.

But my rooms, alas! were not decorated by Liberty—I could not afford old china and proof engravings. My laundress, Mrs. Binns, claimed the merit of their decoration and arrangement. There were five rooms, two bedrooms, two sitting-rooms, and a kitchen, but all were indescribably dirty, always in a direful state of confusion—books, pipes, papers, and clothes on the floors, and chairs with castors, and chairs without. Now and then Mrs. Binns said she'd "set 'em to rights," but as far as one could see it was only to add to their confusion. That evening, as I sat beside my fire, and put coals on with my fingers and a bit of newspaper (the coal-scoop being long since defunct), I seriously surveyed my surroundings, including Mrs. Binns, and I came to the definite conclusion that the thing was impossible, unless I could re-arrange my mode of life and get rid of Mrs. Binns.

She was not a nice old lady, and could not possibly remain if Winnie came. That much was clear. She always repudiated with scorn any insinuation that she drank. She owned she "'ad spasms," and to these she attributed the lapses and failure of speech and gait that others attributed to alcohol. She resided in the basement. sharing a dismal apartment with legions of black beetles. Binns had two settled convictions in life—first, that she was a very superior cook; and secondly, that she was a person of scrupulous cleanliness. In certain unguarded moments I have permitted Mrs. Binns to prepare dinner for me. The dinner was heralded with graphic details of where each viand was purchased, with the colloquies that took place with each tradesman. The sole was piebald in colour, with black spots on it, due to cinders. The "shrimp soss," which Mrs. Binns relied upon as her culinary chef-d'œuvre, was apparently composed of small red snails floating in liquid grease. This course was followed by a steak, the memory of which lingers with me still. By what ingenious process honest English beef could be reduced to the texture of leather still baffles me. Even Mrs. Binns had her misgivings about the steak, and as she lifted the cover she remarked, "which it ain't as tender as I could wish, but the fire is allers that

contrairy when the wind is in the sou'-west." I survived this deadly repast only by taking advantage of Mrs. Binns's retirement to the kitchen to throw portions of the various viands out of the window to the crows and cats. I smeared my plate with the brick dust fat and the little red caterpillars, and then greeted Mrs. Binns with a look as of a surfeit of delight.

"Ah, sir, you look as if you'd 'ad a good meal. It's 'omelike adining in your own rooms." But I never did it again.

Several times I had given Mrs. Binns notice to quit; sometimes she had wept, and softened my heart; sometimes she defied me, and answered that she'd waited on the gentlemen in them rooms for ten years, and go she wouldn't." And go she did not.

That very evening Mrs. Binns had spasms. I missed half a bottle of some old Scotch whisky, and expected an attack. She found it impossible to find my particular black door, and tried all of them up the staircase in turns. Having found it she could not introduce her keys, and was in a distressingly lachrymose state. It was manifestly certain that Binns must go. If only I had a resolute lady friend who could tackle her. Thinking this matter over in a helpless way I suddenly recollected my Aunt Betty. That very evening I wrote a letter, and laid the case before her. I had to abase myself, and expose my helplessness. Next day brought back her reply. She was a lady of trenchant literary style, curt rather, but to the point. Her letter ran to this effect: "You're a fool, and she is a rogue. I will come tomorrow and pack her off."

The next day Mrs. Binns provided me as usual with breakfast—bacon garnished with cinders, and a shop egg boiled to an adamantine hardness. The old reprobate bore in her face the trace of last night's outbreak. She clattered down the tray, adding:

"And it's well, sir, as I'm alive to wait on yer, for the colic and spasms was that bad last night, a-twisting up my innards into knots, till I thought my last hour was come."

I thought perhaps for once she had spoken the truth, for her last hour was indeed drawing near. At twelve o'clock, punctual to the moment, Aunt Betty arrived, and without a moment's loss of time cross-examined me as to when Mrs. Binns's wages were due, added to them a month's wages in lieu of notice, took the exact amount in specie out of an old purse, which apparently resided in her stays and had to be hoisted out of them by a serviceable black tape, and then said:

"Ring for the woman."

I crouched in my arm-chair whilst this war of Titans went on.

Never to my dying day shall I forget Aunt Betty's voice and manner as she opened the attack :

"You're a drunken old wretch; there's your wages and a month's money over, and you take yourself off in an hour's time." And then the magnificent way in which Binns sniffed the fray from afar, and placing her hands on her hips snorted defiance, uttering the one word only, "H'oh!"

For ten minutes I felt as a small cruiser might when two ironclads encounter, but after a tremendous cannonade Aunt Betty carried all before her, winding up with—

"Now, woman, no more of your tomfoolery. I've got a policeman outside, and if you don't clear out I'll have you carried out."

Mrs. Binns then tried tears, but she might as well have wept on the dome of St. Paul's. She appealed to me, wanted to embrace my knees, but Aunt Betty interposed her umbrella. Actually within an hour, out of one of the back windows, I saw Mrs. Binns drive off with four bulky bags and boxes. But who was to take her place? Again I crouched in my big arm-chair, and felt helpless, and appealed to Aunt Betty.

"I've hired a woman for you—a decent, clean, honest body, who'll look after you and that poor child, Winnie, properly; she's been my charwoman at Dulwich for fifteen years, and oddly enough she lived in this Inn for years before that, and she knows its ways—and precious bad ways they are to my thinking. Her name is Dixon."

When I returned from the club that afternoon the door was opened by a cheery little apple-faced woman, who wore a nice clean white apron and a neat cap, and who dropped me a pretty curtsey and greeted me with—

"And so, sir, you're my good gentleman, and glad I am to see you; but of all dirty holes!" and then the little rosy-cheeked face shook itself despairingly.

"Well, Dixon," I answered, "we're not as clean as we might be, but we'll brush up a bit by-and-bye, and I hope we shall get along together."

It was some time before I had courage to announce that Winnie was going to live with me. When I did so the worthy woman threw up her hands and said:

"Dear heart alive! did you say she was a little Miss of eight, and to live in Gray's Inn!"

"I know there'll be drawbacks, but there is no help for it. I shall have the spare room refurnished, and her governess can come every day and teach her."

"Poor little pet! and no companions of her own age, and no fresh air; and what'll all the other gentlemen in the Inn think of it?"

For a fortnight we worked at that spare room, and I got it all nicely furnished, till it looked quite a pretty nest for my little bird. I broke it gently to Dixon that Winnie would certainly be accompanied by her dog, Tobias.

"Did I hear you rightly, sir?" she answered; "perhaps it was doll you said?"

I answered that I said dog, and meant dog.

"I don't hold with it, sir, and no one shall make me say I do; a little Miss in Gray's Inn is bad enough, but with a dog it's worse."

At last the day came for Winnie's arrival. I went down to Chiswick to fetch her. There were a few tears shed as she left the pretty little house, but it was then dismantled and looked dreary.

"I won't cry," said Winnie swallowing her tears with a gulp. "I've got you, dad, and I've got Tobias, and I'll try and be good to vou both."

We drove in at the melancholy gate opposite the Town Hall, and the cab pulled up at my door. After the pretty garden, the brightlyflowing river, and the old trees of Chiswick I own it seemed a hundred times more depressing than ever.

Winnie looked up at the dirty rows of windows and the dismal stone staircases.

"Is this my new home?" she asked, and I answered, with a qualm at my heart. "Yes."

We made our way upstairs, Tobias solemnly following. The stairs were particularly dirty that day, and the iron balustrades al rust eaten; rough gas lamps marked each landing, great black patches on wall and ceiling marking each lamp. I did not use my latch key, I thought I'd let Winnie knock and be greeted on the door-step by Dixon. This was a happy thought, for that good soul opened the door on the moment and greeted us with the rosiest of faces and the cleanest of nice aprons.

"Lor, if it ain't my little Miss!" she cried, taking the poor little lass to her motherly bosom and giving her a good kiss; "and there's Tobias too. Well, I don't 'old with dogs, and never did, but we'll manage to pull along somehow."

Winnie's spirits rose when she saw her bedroom all fresh with pretty hangings and cheerful pictures. Then I took her into the

dining-room.

"Oh dad! how many books, and how dirty they all are!" Then she gave a cry of delight, and ran to the window. The old gardens were gay with summer greenery, the sky was blue between the branches, under the great boughs the grey haze stretched softly, just below a party of young fellows were playing tennis, beyond a group of children were dancing on the turf.

"Oh dad, how pretty it is, and like the country too! Will they

let me play there too?"

I had ordered a special tea for Winnie—cakes, muffins and crumpets, and sweets—and she was promoted to pour it out. She felt awed by the responsibility, but full of pride and delight; when I produced a hoard of bones for Tobias, saved up especially for him, her happiness was complete. That astute dog had been making a careful survey of the premises, with a view of selecting comfortable sleeping quarters, and ultimately appropriated my best easy-chair.

Seated opposite to me after tea Winnie said, "I love Dixon; she let me help wash up the tea-things, and to-morrow I am to go out

marketing with her.'

Next day I took Winnie for a walk in the square. I pointed out our Banqueting Hall and the old Chapel, then we went for a walk in the gardens. I formally introduced Winnie to the head-gardener. It was pretty to see her hold out her little hand and express her polite hope that he was very well. The gardener picked her a bright blossom, and presented it to her with a touch of old-world gallantry; this emboldened Winnie, who looked up into his face and said:

"Do you think, sir, you could allow my dog Tobias to come into the gardens with me?"

The gardener pointed to the board. "Agen the rules, miss, no dogs allowed; glad eno' to see you though, miss."

"He is a very good dog, sir," said Winnie, sticking to her point, "and never injures the flower-beds."

"Well, my little lady, perhaps, with a string; but we'll talk about it another day."

"I think the London people exceedingly kind and good," said Winnie to me sententiously.

In a fortnight's time it was quite surprising to me how perfectly Winnie was at home in Gray's Inn. I had lived there for some years, but had only a nodding acquaintance with the porters; but in a few days Winnie knew each porter, and was well posted up in all their family affairs, and addressed each one by his Christian name. It was a little embarrassing, because in our walks abroad if Winnie met a porter she insisted on shaking him by the hand and inquiring after his wife and children.

Tobias, too, had secured a recognised footing. To see Winnie.

accompanied by old Dixon, starting off to do their marketing, Tobias following closely at their heels, was a beautiful sight.

The first Sunday was a memorable day. Gray's Inn Chapel is, as it were, a fossil remnant of the middle ages. No outsider is ever beguiled into its prosy walls. Architecturally it is hideous, the stained glass of a violent and vulgar type, the pews of the usual sheep-pen description. There is a big noisy organ, fitted into a very small gallery. Over everything there is an air of a deadly respectability. There is an atmosphere of dust and decorum. The congregation consists mainly of solemn old gentlemen, who follow the service out of colossal Prayer Books; when they come in they always stand up and bury their faces in their hats—they are mostly too rheumatic to kneel; some of them repeat the entire service right through in a soft sibillant murmur. I used to make up a little romance and story for each one. Some I imagined to be authors of eminent law books in the ages gone by, when law was a science, and a very expensive one; one, of a peculiarly depressed mouldy air, I settled had married his laundress and been miserable ever since; another, who wore grey cloth gloves, and had a tremulous motion of the head, was evidently of some intellectual power and ought to have been made a judge, and had got that palsied quiver because he wasn't.

Nothing young, nothing pretty, nothing fresh or gay ever worshipped in Gray's Inn Chapel, and I think it caused some wiping of glasses and peering through them when I entered hand in hand with Winnie. She could only see over the pew-tops by standing on two hassocks.

As we went out, the porters (transformed into vergers for Sunday) greeted Winnie with kindly smiles.

"How very old everybody in Gray's Inn seems," said Winnie as we walked home to dinner.

It was a week or two after that I heard screams of laughter from the kitchen, and presently Dixon came in, mantling over with pride and pleasure.

"I say there ain't such another kind-hearted little Miss in all the world. What do you think she wants to do now, sir?"

" I can't even guess, Dixon."

"Why, sir, she wants to give a tea to all the porters of the Inn, and the man who lights the gas, and the old postman who brought her a letter the other morning."

"Oh, do let me, dad!" cried Winnie, dancing in. "They are all so kind to me. Why Tom (he is the porter at our own lodge), he

met me the other day carrying a parcel across the square—Dixon and I had been shopping, and her arms were full, and the parcel was very heavy, because it held brown sugar and a lot of lemons—and Tom saw me, and ran across the square, and said, 'Oh, Miss Winnie, I'll give you a helping hand'; and I said, 'Oh, I won't trouble you'; and Tom said, 'Why, it's an honour, Miss'; and he carried it quite easily all the way home. Then there is Richard; he is only twenty-six, but he has got four children, and one is as big as me, and he sits in the little cupboard behind the big gate at night; and he let me sit with him one evening late, and he had a lamp, and a fire inside, and I like him awfully."

"But, my dear child, I can't have the porters taking tea in my rooms; besides, they would not be happy, they would feel out of place."

"If you made tea, dad, I think perhaps they might; but if you'd only let me, I am sure they would be quite at home."

After a while I consented, conditionally on Winnie keeping it all a profound secret, and for days Winnie and Dixon were exceedingly busy and important. Whether Winnie issued written or only verbal invitations I never knew. Cakes were made or bought, muffins and crumpets were ordered, and great preparations made. Early that morning Winnie said to me, with a very solemn face:

"You know, dad, I love you very much—more than anybody or anything in all the world."

"Well, I think you do, Winnie."

"I hope you won't think me unkind or rude, but Dixon and I both agree that you had better go away, and not come to our tea except just at the very end."

"I think that a good idea, Winnie; perhaps I might cast a chill over the gaiety of the meeting."

So I went to my club for that afternoon, and only arrived just before Winnie's party broke up. And very glad I was to see at any rate the end of it. Mrs. Dixon sat at the bottom of the table arrayed in the smartest of caps and the whitest of aprons, and Winnie headed the table, two folio volumes of Coke's "Digest" were placed upon her chair, that she might have a better command over the teapot. Five porters, the gasman, and the postman formed the company. Wherever Dixon was there was sure to be no lack of conversation, and when I arrived all the tongues seemed going at once. Winnie had finished her duties, and relaxed her dignity so far as to sit on old Timothy's knee, the other knee being covered with his red bandanna handkerchief. She was relating to him the history of Tobias; that

excellent dog, meanwhile, had taken Winnie's seat on Coke's "Digest," and was finishing a plate of tea-cakes.

Winnie introduced me to her guests each one by name, with a little personal anecdote of an explanatory character for each guest. I said something of a general welcome to all, and then old Timothy returned thanks to Winnie, and stated that the whole Inn loved her, and then proposed "Three cheers for Miss Winnie!"

"Which you'll please to cheer soft," says Dixon, "as the gentleman underneath is frightful nervous of noise."

Winnie was exceedingly gratified by her entertainment.

It was about this period that I began to feel and see an indescribable change come over my dingy old rooms. On the rare—the very rare—occasions when I had to attend Court. I was sometimes absent all day, and when I came in I had a feeling as of home comforts in my rooms. There was a row of bookshelves gorged with books near the fireplace. The books always had a strange trick of tumbling forward, and crashing down, often in the middle of the night. Suddenly the books seemed to fall into better habits. They marshalled themselves neatly. There was a hole in the old Turkey carpet that had been there from time immemorial. It had tripped me up many scores of times, but I never thought of mending it. was quite an historical rent, and I got to look for it. One day the old rent had got itself mended. When I had occasion to take down books it was only in the nature of things that one's hands should be dirtied. I took down my books now, and on preparing to wash my hands I found they were not even soiled. And yet I never found Dixon annoying me with dusting and brooming. My papers never seemed to be touched, and yet they kept themselves clean. Brownies come and look after things when I was sound asleep in bed?

I said to Winnie one day, "Winnie, dear, I always had an idea that my rooms were horridly dirty and dusty, but I don't think they are half as bad as I fancied."

Winnie looked as solemn as a judge.

"They are dear old rooms, dad; but of course the smuts do come in at times."

And only to think that my little maid and my faithful old Dixon were so clever and cunning that they were always cleaning and beautifying and adorning without my ever knowing it!

"I've taught her myself," said Dixon, with much honest pride; "and to see that child scrub a floor and dust a room is as pretty a sight as anything this side o' Primrose Hill."

I engaged a governess for Winnie, and every morning Miss

Hastings arrived and retired for two hours with Winnie into my study whilst I was at Court, and there taught her many high and mighty things. The months rolled on, when one day Winnie said to me:

"You're a lawyer, dad, aren't you?"

- "I have that honour, Winnie—barrister-at-law; and if I am good and clever and lucky I may become a Queen's Counsel, and then a judge, and perhaps a Lord Chancellor, who is the biggest judge of all."
  - "Dad, what is a lawyer, and what is the law?"

I paused a moment, whilst I hunted about for a concise definition.

"It is the science that regulates all one's money and land, and makes wills and deeds. Parliament and the Queen make the laws, and the lawyers explain them."

"Why doesn't the Queen make the laws so plain that they don't want explaining?"

"Well, really, dear, I never viewed it in that light before; it's what we call an anomaly. You'll find a good many as you go through life; the lawyers make people's wills, then the people die, and we ask the judges to explain what the wills mean."

"That's foolish, dad. Why don't they go and ask the man who made them? He would be sure to know."

I did not pursue the subject further, but one day I took Winnie into Court, and she was mightily impressed. "Only," she said, "they do talk so much and use such long words, and the gentleman in the long wig seemed very cross and sleepy."

So the years rolled on, until Winnie's education was finished. I had risen in my profession, and had now a large practice. Winnie was eighteen, and I thirty-five. To me she was still a child. I was a good deal occupied in the press of my work, and perhaps gave less thought than I ought to the evidently increasing difficulties of the position. It was borne in upon me one day in an unpleasant way. One Sunday, as Winnie and I were crossing the square, we met Dalton, an old friend of mine, and with him another man, a stranger to me. I stopped to speak to Dalton, and as I left him I heard his companion say, "Oh! his ward, is she? Do many men in Gray's Inn keep their wards in their chambers?" It became very clear to me that I must put my establishment on a very different footing—take a house in the suburbs, and have a chaperon for dear Winnie.

It must have been about this time that young Alec Forbes drifted into our quiet lives. It began in this way. One Sunday (a bright, sunny day) Winnie and I went to chapel. All the old

Benchers knew her now and loved her well, and looked for her bright young face in chapel. Some of the tottery old gentlemen had passed away, but those that remained had seen Winnie grow up, and well remembered the day when she had first lightened the dingy little chapel with her young presence. This Sunday, to my surprise, I saw that one of the old gentlemen was accompanied by a young man. He was about twenty-two, with dark, handsome eyes and a bright, eager face. The dark, handsome eyes wandered all round the chapel till they lighted upon Winnie, and there they stopped. I own Winnie looked unusually pretty that morning—a dainty little grey bonnet nestled on her golden hair, and she was as fresh and sweet and bright as any English maiden between the four seas: but that was no excuse for the persistent way in which the handsome dark eyes came again and again to her face. She herself did not appear at all conscious of the eyes or their owner; but I knew enough of woman's nature to be sure that in reality she knew all about it. I tried to stare the young man down, but I could not look fierce enough, for he was so bright-looking and so courteous to his old companion that I felt quite drawn to him.

After service, as we were crossing the road, I heard a young voice saying with great emphasis:

"Oh, I say, Uncle John, do." There was such an amount of persuasion put into that "do" that I looked back and saw that my young friend was holding eager colloquy with his old companion. The latter caught my eye, and bowing in a courtly old-fashioned way, hobbled up to us, and before I knew what he was doing he was introducing "My nephew, Alec Forbes." Old Mr. Forbes said he would walk a little way with us. I thought this strange, as he had never done so before, and really seemed to have nothing to say. The same could not be said of my new young friend, for he began a very lively conversation with Winnie, and seemed to be at once on very intimate terms with her. He was evidently a young man that one could not be distant with—his genial ringing voice, his bright eager eyes, and his happy, impulsive manner swept down all one's native English reserve. Winnie was quite taken with him, and when we parted from them at my door she said:

- "Oh, dad, what a nice bright boy; how frank and jolly he was!"
- "Boy, Winnie! why he is twenty-two, just four years your senior."
- "Wise people never count their years by the almanac," said Winnie.

Two days later came a letter from old Mr. Forbes, saying he had heard I had some students reading with me, and might his nephew

join them. The youth seemed bright and promising, and I agreed. Never was there such a pupil. He was to come twice a week for two hours, but in a very few days it seemed to me that Alec came every day. He always had some urgent excuse, trivial in its nature but urged with tremendous eagerness—he had forgotten his gloves or left his umbrella, or borrowed some music of Winnie, or got tickets for some concert. Winnie and he became great friends.

It was about this time that a change came over Winnie, and a still greater change came over me. So much depends upon these moods of ours that I must try to explain them. First of all Winnie got pale, then she always snapped and snarled at poor dear Alec; she grew cold and a little distant with me, not unkind, but I felt as if she were growing away from me. The kiss at breakfast that used to be so playfully and warmly given on my lips, or on my two cheeks, or sometimes maliciously on the tip of my nose, was now reduced to a constrained kiss on my forehead. I said to myself, Winnie is ill, worried perhaps by that boy Alec always dangling at her heels; she shall go away to the sea with Aunt Betty.

When I proposed it to her, she really behaved most unreasonably; she burst into tears, and point blank refused to go.

I consulted old Dixon.

"Well, sir, and I've 'ad it on my mind for these two weeks past, and think as I will, I can't make 'ed or tail of it."

"I do hope, Dixon, there is nothing to make her unhappy about Mr. Forbes."

"Says I to myself," continued Dixon, ignoring my question and pursuing the thread of her discourse, "my pet's in love, and things ain't going as they ought to; but whether it's Mr. Forbes, or Mr. Gordon, or Mr. Butler, I've no more notion than the babe unborn."

"Goodness gracious me, Dixon, you don't mean to say all these men are after Miss Winnie!"

"That's what I say, sir," she answered; "and says I to my sister only this morning, the master's so wropped up with his briefs and his pupils that he don't see beyond his nose."

"But Miss Winnie has never hinted at such a thing to me."

"No, she's close, is Miss Winnie, I do say she is, though it's I that love her like my own flesh and blood; and once when I just threw out a hint, permiscuous-like, she rounds on me with a light in her eye and her face going red and white."

I said nothing, but all that night I lay awake and thought. Winnie was a woman, Winnie would marry, Winnie would leave me. It is years ago, but I remember to this hour that when I began to

realise that I should lose her a feeling came over me as if a hand of ice had clutched at my heart. I sat up in bed, and whispered half aloud, "O my God, I love her!" It came upon me first of all like a crushing blow. I who was nearly old enough to have been her father; I whom she treated actually as her father! Oh, the utter desperate hopelessness of it. I saw it now, I grasped the folly of it; but I would crush it, crush it if it killed me to do it. I remember laughing desperately in the darkness of my room, and crying aloud, "Oh, you fool! you fool!"

A thousand thoughts rushed through my mind. The recollection of her dead father, who had been my dear friend, the promise I had made to him. I looked across the gulf of those seventeen years dividing her and me; and beside her I saw the bright young Alec, his eager, flashing eyes, and his ardent face. Then I understood it all—he loved her, and had nothing to marry on, and she loved him, and that made her so sorrowful and pale.

It was at breakfast next morning that I determined to speak. The windows were open, the rooks cawed noisily, the sound of the mowing-machine came up from the lawns, all the gardens were dappled with great patches of sunshine and shadow. I remember the dress Winnie wore, a pale blue cotton, with a bright shirt and sailor-knot tie; dainty and fresh she looked, but there were shadows round her eyes, and the morning kiss was a mere ghost of the old greeting. I knew the time had come when I must make a change. I knew now that I loved her, and I knew how mad and hopeless the love was; she should marry her young Alec, and I determined to be brave, and never let her know my pain. More than ever that morning I seemed to feel how high the wall was that had grown up between us; even conversation seemed difficult. Winnie was absent, and spoke but little. When breakfast was over, as her way was, she gathered the fragments from the plates and stood at the window feeding the crows. I saw her pretty figure bend and swing in curves as she stooped and flung the food to her pets. I determined to get it over, and I rushed at it.

"Child, I want to speak to you; come here and sit down."

"Yes, dad." She turned from the window and sat down a little wearily.

"Listen, Winnie; what I am going to say is very important. Things can't go on as they are going now. I have determined to re-arrange our lives (she looked up quickly, and went a little paler). Gray's Inn is no longer the place for my little girl. You look pale and ill (her hand lay on 'he table-cloth); look what a little white,

weak hand it is." I touched it lightly with mine, and wondered at its coldness. Winnie did not say a word, only looked at me out of her great expectant eyes. I went on: "You think I am wrapped up in my books, and that I am blind and don't see; but, dear, I do see. Shall I tell you what I see?"

"Yes, dad, tell me."

"I see, dear, that you are in love." Her face blushed rosy-red, and then grew very white; she clasped both hands in her lap, her eyes dropped, and the little mouth quivered. "I know all the difficulties, but I think I can explain away a good many, and as for the rest, let us face them boldly; the great thing of all is that I am sure your Alec is a thoroughly good fellow."

In a moment she sprang to her feet, stood with one hand on the back of her chair, and pushed back her hair with the other; then she said, with an indescribable look of amazement and wonder: "Alec! what do you mean? What has he to do with it?"

Out of the depths of my own sad heart I conjured up a shadowy smile.

"Yes; Alec Forbes, the man you love, he has everything to do with it."

Then she spoke in a strange hard voice. "Oh, blind, blind! I don't love Alec, and have never loved him; he is only a kind, goodhearted boy, and nothing to me."

Then it was my turn to be bewildered.

"Not Alec! Then, after all, you are not in love?" She hid her face in her hands, but I saw the flush mount to the tip of her rosy ears.

"Yes; I am in love."

"I don't understand; I can't guess. Is it one of the other men?" But speech was cut short by Winnie suddenly bursting into a passion of tears. In a moment I had jumped from my chair, taken her in my arms, and was holding her head on my breast. As I held her, I felt her slight form shaken with her sobs.

"Oh, my dear, my dear, I am sorry I asked you; I ought not to have spoken, I have hurt you."

We stood so, silent for a moment, then she spoke:

"Yes, I am in love, but I cannot tell you with whom; I have loved him a long time, but he does not know it."

Blind to the last, I lean over her, and take her face, all tearstained, in my hands and say: "I trust you utterly, dear; I can't guess. I will not ask you any further."

Then Winnie told me, but not in words. Shyly she lifted her eyes to mine, once more she blushed rosy-red, and in answer her hands went round my neck, and she kissed me passionately on the lips.

# THE CUCKOO AND THE MYTH OF MARCH.

WITHOUT laying claim to prescient knowledge of the migratory wanderings of the cuckoo, or assuming the office of a prophet, it may be safely predicted that long before

Aprille with his showres swoote, The drought of Marche hath perced to the roote,

many amiable enthusiasts will have written to the papers announcing "The early arrival of spring's harbinger at Little Pedlington," or "in the peaceful valley of Hodge-Podges," as the case might be. Herein the wish, so frequently the father to the thought, is a natural one, and pardonable in a double sense. Hasty, inexact, and superficial inductions are drawn from wrong premises, and the self-delusion is almost sanctified by the pleasing associate idea of the cuckoo's flight and welcome note-call with the coming on of

Spring time, the pretty ring time.

But it is a fiction of the imagination, nevertheless, and even up to the middle of the fourth month of the year the appearance of the cuckoo in any part of England is either a delusion or a vision as evanescent as "the uncertain glory of an April day." If I make exception of one certain and of one probable authentication of the arrival of the cuckoo in March during the last half-century. I have eliminated all that is ornithically valuable in the vast and still growing mass of worthless "records." That is a sweeping assertion to make in the face of so many, so honest, and so apparently trustworthy personal testimonies; in the face, too, of the acknowledged variability of the primary motif, or hereditary migratory impulse, to say nothing of the variability of periods of arrival and departure of many birds and the incomprehensibly erratic movements of others. But it must be made, and can be sustained, although in these matters we are not driven to the necessity of producing positive evidence in support of a theoretical postulate. The myth of the March cuckoo can be disproved beyond the shadow of a scientific doubt, but it is

not pleasant to do so in face of so wide-spread a belief, and to the destruction of one of the many pleasing delusions which have grown incorporate with the mysterious movements and the singular callnote of a handsome bird.

For reasons which branch off and take root in several departments of human cult in relation to the phenomena of psychological and pure animistic evolution, the cuckoo holds quite an unique position in avi-fauna life. It holds, too, no inconsiderable place in the dim, and now almost intangible, relics of Totemistic worship, and fills a very large space in the traditional records and literature of folk-lore. In ornithic science it has been the subject of the most profound study, has stimulated the liveliest controversies—not settled yet—and inspired many delightful prose treatises and imperishable poems. Even at the present day the cuckoo is regarded as a sacred bird by the peasantry of some parts of Ireland, and in Connaught and Connemara it is believed to be unlucky to kill it, even by accidentally mistaking it for the sparrow-hawk, with which it is habitually confounded by superficial observers. In that respect the cuckoo holds a position analogous to the robin, and the universality of the superstition among primitive folks is an established canon of the literature of Totemistic cult. Only a few facts need be mentioned in evidence. In the still imperfectly explored island of Madagascar thirteen or fourteen species of cuckoos are known to exist, and one of them in particular is held in the greatest reverence by certain of the native tribes. By the Ménabé tribe in particular it is elevated into a high niche in their pantheon of animistic gods. That is the Toloho, or lark-heeled cuckoo, ethically an exemplary bird that builds itself a nest, rears its own young, and is home-keeping in its habits, with "homely wit," no doubt, and of graceful shape and pleasing plumage. M. Grandidier, to whom we are so greatly indebted for knowledge of the natural history of Madagascar ("Oiseaux de Madagascar"), relates that on one occasion he unwittingly shot a Tolòho, much to the grief, and even terror, of the family of the chief whose country he was exploring. M. Grandidier gathered from the people the legend of the bird's supernatural endowments, and he relates the story to account for the fact that "the Paris Museum has one specimen less of the Centratopus Madagascariensis." The tale is briefly told:

"One of their ancestors who was fearlessly swimming across the river Tsijobònina, was caught on the way by a crocodile. It is well known that these fearful reptiles do not devour their prey on land, but carry it to their lurking places under, or close to, the water, so that it may become half putrid before being eaten. Our hero was carried, quite senseless, to a large hole in the bank of the stream which served as the habitual retreat of the monster, and which the ebbing tide had left partially dry. It was from this fortunate chance that the victim's head was left just above the surface of the water. Suddenly he was roused from his torpor by the repeated cry of a Tolòho. Now, we know that this cuckoo chooses damp places, and hops about from bush to bush on the river banks. It was then very natural that the loud, mellow notes of the Tolòho should reach the ears of a man who was lying only a slight depth below ground. Starting out of his lethargy, it was not long before he comprehended that he was not buried very deeply, since the notes of the bird could be recognised; and so, without waiting for the return of the reptile, which was waiting patiently at the entrance of the cave, he used his hands and nails to such effect that in a little time he saw daylight. He was saved! In recognition of the service, all unconscious and involuntary as it was, which the bird had rendered to their ancestor, his children and grandchildren had vowed that neither they nor their descendants would ever kill a Tolòho."

Many and strange are the folk-lore legends about the cuckoo When a Slav peasant hears the call-note he supposes the bird to be "rehearsing an endless dirge for a murdered brother," and Lucy M. J. Garnett, in her "Christian Women of Turkey" (Nutt, 1870, p. 25), says the cuckoo and the turtle dove appear very often in Roumanian popular poetry. The cuckoo is regarded with a certain mysterious respect by the country people, and his note is considered a good or bad augury, according to whether it is heard on the right or the left. Among the many human and animistic transformation records to be found in the Slavonic folk tales translated by Mr. A. H. Wratislaw, M.A. (Elliot Stock, 1889), is a charming one of a young damsel who fell in love with a snake and bore it two children, one of whom was turned into a nightingale and the other into a cuckoo. Among the Danes and Norwegians the early note of the bird is welcomed in divers, but very human, ways. -Young girls on hearing it kiss their hands "in the direction from which the music comes, and cry out, 'When shall I be married?' whilst the aged ask, 'When shall I be relieved from pain and affliction?" Some years ago, whilst on a visit to Shropshire, I found the practical survival of a very ancient cuckoo myth: That it was unlucky to work for twenty-four hours after the first hearing of the call-note; and the men on my friend's small estate, which he farmed himself, would not work, but adjourned in a body to a neighbouring inn and had a carouse of what they termed "Cuckoo Ale." But to explain the significance of these and innumerable other legends, would lead us deep into the mysteries of comparative mythology, and far from the direct aim of this article.

There is one department of the literature of the cuckoo which has undergone a curious metamorphosis, or, rather, what

evolutionists might term a "casting back" to the first pure lyric song of joy over its April advent as the harbinger of spring, and the further fruition of lusty summer. It is a singular fact that the very first cuckoo song, or poetic tribute, to be found in our language has this note of inspiration only: that throughout the whole range of the Elizabethan dramas and poems and sonnets the allusions to the cuckoo have almost exclusive reference to moral. or rather, immoral, suggestiveness, and are traceable to the ancient Roman custom of coupling the name of the bird with the husband of the unfaithful woman, a circumstance which, very naturally, led Linnæus to give it the Latin designation of Cuculus. With but few and mostly feeble exceptions, that unpleasing associate idea in relation to the coming of the cuckoo runs through the poetry of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the full note of pure lyric joyousness having been caught up by Wordsworth in 1804, when he poured forth the most perfect and the most beautiful cuckoo song in our language. Only a few verses by way of illustration need be quoted. The very earliest cuckoo song dates back to the reign of Henry III. (1207-72), and it is worthy of note that the music to which it was sung has also been preserved along with it, and was recently heard at several concerts in the provinces, when Miss Wakefield gave her most cultured exposition of the "Old English The words and thought are far more pleasing and poetic than those of the crude but much lauded "Ode to the Cuckoo" of Logan or Bruce, whichever of them wrote it, even in their modernised form, as they are given in Harting's "Ornithology of Shakespeare":

Summer is come in,
Loud sing Cuckoo;
The seed groweth and the mead bloweth,
And the wood shoots now:
Sing, Cuckoo.
The ewe bleats after the lamb,
The cow lows after the calf;
The bullock starts, the buck verts—
Merrily sing, Cuckoo,
Well singest thou, Cuckoo,
Mayest thou never cease.

The intermediary, or what may be termed the ethical and cynical root inspiration of cuckoo poetry is best represented in the familiar song in Shakespeare's "Love's Labour's Lost," so redolent is it, too, of the green fields of England, which it is pleasant to think poor Jack Falstaff babbled about in the flickering delirium of his last

moments. Wordsworth's poem is equally familiar, and the fourth verse has always struck me as touching with ineffable grace the very highest chord of inspiration by the supremely gifted and still unrivalled poet of nature:

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring! Even yet thou art to me
No bird; but an invisible thing—
A voice, a mystery!

For ages the strictly scientific ornithologists, and the field naturalists, have been amassing facts and building theories about the strange habits of our familiar cuckoo, the Cuculus canorus, and others of its congeners charged with equally reprehensible practices. Many points are not settled yet, and probably never will be. Why the cuckoo, like so many other birds, should migrate at all is a knotty point which is not met by the rough and ready answer—"in search of food." Why both parents should leave us so early, and their helpless young to the care of the deluded foster parents, I know not, and have never met with even a reasonable explanation. Some of these reasons are advanced to account for the selfish and cozening tactics of the bird in adopting Harold Skimpole's method of meeting his creditors' claims by gaily throwing the responsibility on the shoulders of others. But they only complicate the problem, and logically lead to contradictory and sometimes absolutely irreconcilable inductions. Jenner, in his "Natural History of the Cuckoo" (1788), answers the question "To what cause, then, may we attribute the singularities of the cuckoo?" thus-

May they not be owing to the following circumstances: The short residence that bird is allowed to make in this country, where it is destined to propagate its species, and the call that Nature has upon it during that short residence to produce a numerous progeny?

The suggested problem is here based on two gratuitous and very unsubstantial assumptions, expressed in the words italicised. We know no natural cause to justify the assertion that the Cuckoo is compelled to shorten its period of residence in this country, and we fail to see any destiny in the matter of its breeding among us. In the first place, it does not leave us because its natural food has grown or is growing scarce; or because the weather is becoming "inclement." If that were so, a deeper shade would be cast on the moral character of the bird as a parent—strangely and cruelly in contrast with the trusting solicitude of the beautiful hirundines. I also fail to see why it is destined to breed in this country at all. In fact, there is neither the hand of destiny nor recorded indubitable

facts to work upon. Mr. Charles Dixon, in his invaluable notes on "The Birds of Algeria," collected in that country with much labour and accurate observation by himself, says ("Jottings about Birds," Chapman & Hall, 1893, p. 47), "the common cuckoo is best known as passing through Algeria on spring and autumn migration, but a few remain in spring to breed." Mr. Dixon has been long engaged on an elaborate study of a glacial theory of the origin of avian migration, and when his magnum opus appears, ornithologists will certainly be attracted to what that very eminent authority has to say on the apparently still insoluble mystery of cuckoo movements and disreputable tactics.

With a view of solving what I then believed to be, and still believe to be, the "myth of the March cuckoo," so persistently sprung upon us by "observant correspondents" of the daily and weekly press, I recently appealed for notes of personal observations to most of the recognised field naturalists and learned ornithologists of the day. Although a few of these gentlemen were personally strangers to me, they all, almost without exception, answered most readily. published some of these replies in a collected form last year, and since then I have added enormously to my store of facts as contrasted with the maunderings of deluded and inexact observers, ninety and nine per cent. of whom could not differentiate between a sparrow-hawk and a cuckoo on the wing, or between the call-note of the latter and that of the ring dove. In drawing attention to some of these opinions it is important to bear in mind that they are those of persons who have devoted their whole lives to a close and unflagging study of avian phenomena; that they have done so under every variety of favourable conditions in all parts of the country; that, as true field naturalists and exact "scientists," all of them are mentally trained to the easy detection of similitudes of form, colouration, and movement, and even the delicate variations of the hardly distinguishable note-calls of different birds of the same species. Such a mass of absolutely trustworthy evidence has certainly never before been collected, and it is to be hoped (but not expected) that a publication of a precis of it will put an end to the recurring fables of the "Arrival of the Cuckoo" in March in the neighbourhood of "Little Pedlington," or "The Vale of Hodge-Podges," as the case might be. Without pausing to arrange my "witnesses" in the order of their individual scientific eminence and influence—a quite impossible task where all are of the first order of ornithological experts-I must place at the head of the list Lord Lilford, the greatly esteemed President of the British Ornithologists' Union. "I have not," wrote

his lordship, "as yet ever seen a cuckoo that was even supposed to have been obtained in this country before April. Till I have seen a specimen positively sworn to by a competent person as so obtained, I shall remain, as at present, entirely credulous." Mr. Charles Robinson, head pheasant gamekeeper for Lord Lonsdale, formerly in the same position under the late Duke of Buccleuch, and a man of keen observation and wide experience among wild birds, "man and boy," writes: "I never heard or saw a cuckoo in any part of England in March; I don't believe in March cuckoos." Mr. O. V. Aplin, author of the "Birds of Oxfordshire," says he is "not an unhesitating believer in March cuckoos," he thinks that the bird might be found in the "closing days of March," and he mentioned an instance which he verified, and which I claim to be the one solitary record of any value in existence. Professor Newton, of Cambridge, author of the new "Dictionary of Birds," who stands at the very head of our ornithological authorities, wrote to me: "I do not expect ever to see or hear one in this country" (in March), and he added, with a touch of kindly humour, "but I doubt not that for many years to come excellent people will, in all good faith, declare that they have been more fortunate." Very likely. H. K. Swann, the experienced editor of the Naturalists' Journal, had "neither seen nor heard the cuckoo in March." Mr. Hall, gamekeeper for Captain Bagot, M.P., at Levens, Westmorland, a Derbyshire man, brought up as a boy to the occupation of a keeper, a born naturalist and a man of wide experience, wrote: "My earliest record is April 6," that was in Derbyshire in 1879. T. B. Whitlock, author of the "Birds of Derbyshire," also never heard or saw the cuckoo in March. He adds in his note: "When an early arrival rests on evidence of sight, there is the strong probability of a kestrel being mistaken for the species in question. On the other hand, when the reported occurrence rests on the note being heard, there is, I think, apart from the accomplishments of rustic mimics and cuckoo clocks, always the possibility of the ring dove being mistaken for the familiar 'cuckoo' of the former species." That explanation is also given by many others, some being of opinion that the sparrow-hawk is more frequently mistaken for the cuckoo; and every one who has watched one of these birds on a foraging expedition along the edge of a coppice or thickset edge, will agree with me that the mistake is a very natural one. "boy up a tree" is answerable for many "records," also the cuckoo clocks. Mr. T. Southwell, F.L.S., than whom a more acute and experienced naturalist does not live, declared that "such a bird as a

'March cuckoo' has no place in my experience," and he favoured me with the following important facts: "I have now before me a table of "Indications of Spring," extending over a very long period, and kept by a succession of naturalists of the same family and in the same parish in Norfolk. The date of the cuckoo's first note is there recorded for 106 years, the earliest being on April 9, 1752, the latest on May 7, 1767, and the mean of the 106 years April 23. And yet from Norfolk and adjoining counties dozens of March "records" have been gravely published in the papers from, of course, "the most respectable persons in the district." Mr. A. H. Japp, LL.D., author of "Hours in My Garden," and a life-long industrious field naturalist, with special knowledge of many parts of the country, writes to the same effect; and Mr. Charles Dixon, author of many standard books about birds, wrote emphatically, "I do not believe a word about the cuckoo arriving in our island in March." Mr. Muirhead, author of "Birds of Berwickshire," "I never saw or heard a cuckoo in March." Mr. Harry F. Witherby, author of "Forest Birds," "In early seasons many of our migratory birds appear in this country several weeks before the usual time, but that the cuckoo does not I feel convinced." Mr. James Carter, of Burton House, Masham, Yorkshire, "I do not believe in March cuckoos." Mr. G. D. Leslie, R.A., author of that incomparably delightful work, "Letters to Marco," "Never saw one; if I said I saw a cuckoo in March, someone else would be sure to say it was a hawk;" very likely, if the "someone" was familiar with the appearance of the two birds on the wing. Mrs. Brightwen, Vice-President of the Selborne Society, author of "Wild Nature won by Kindness," "I have never heard the cuckoo earlier than April 10." I could quote dozens of others, all to the same effect, and all extracts from notes of observation by persons competent to form an exact opinion based upon life-long experiences under the most favourable conditions in all parts of the country. But these must suffice, and from them I draw the following general conclusions :-

- 1. There is no inherent impossibility of a cuckoo having been seen and heard in Great Britain in the month of March.
- 2. Until the last few days of March there is no probability of such a phenomenon.
- 3. There is only one solitary case of trustworthy evidence in favour of anyone competent to form a correct opinion having seen or heard one.
- 4. There are on record trustworthy evidences of cuckoos having been heard and seen in the Channel Islands, South of England, and Midlands about the end of March.
- 5. These were avant-coureurs of the migrants, probably accidentally separated from the main body by meteorological effects of which we know nothing.

- 6. There is no probability—I do not believe there is even a possibility—of a cuckoo remaining alive through an ordinary British winter—that is, in a wild state.
- 7. The persons who have "seen with their own eyes" cuckoos in March confound them with hawks.
- 8. The persons who have "heard with their own ears" the cry of the cuckoo in March, mistake the note for that of a "clock cuckoo" stroke, or the clever but, in pitch and beat of time, imperfect imitation by a boy or girl.
  - 9. The cuckoo rarely arrives in Great Britain until the middle or end of April.
- 10. The cuckoo is not such a fool as to leave a country where its natural food is abundant for another where (in March) there is practically none.

G. W. MURDOCH.

# A CRUIKSHANK OUTRAGE.

- r. THIS is the bookcase, this the key;

  None may open this lock but me;
- 2. And only those of the cult may come Into my *sanctum sanc-to-rum*.
- 3. Swear "by George" on his "Omnibus" You are assuredly one of us.
- 4. Swear "by George" on his "Almanack" You will return each volume back.
- 5. Swear by "Grimm" in the earliest state
  Thest and pillage you reprobate.
- 6. Yes, that's bound by Rivière, but Here's the original cloth, uncut.
- 7. The "Bee and the Wasp" on India, Tilt, Zaehnsdorf binder, morocco, gilt.
- 8. But all my "Scourges" plain bound shall bide—Plenty of "guilt" may be found inside.
- Here's my "Omnibus," worth a fief Because I've the unpaged preface-leaf.
- 10. "London Characters," set complete, Sm. 8vo. in hlf. clf. neat.
- II. Here a set of gigantic frauds

  In the original LABELLED boards.
- 12. "Oliver Twist," as you will have guessed, The "Rose and Oliver" plate suppressed:
- 13. Not with the stippling over-writ— Only Bruton can show you IT.
- 14. And here "The Bottle" COLOURED, date Eighteen-hundred-and-forty-eight.

- Yes, no doubt 'twas among the first Thrusts that the Master launched at Thirst.
- 16. ! George, you say, was at best, you think,As a Temperance man denouncing drink!
- 17. !! You dare to tell me you interlope
  In quest of books for your "Band of Hope"!!
- 18. !!! You swore "by George" on his "Omnibus"
  You were assuredly one of us!!!
- 19. !!!! Avaunt, I prithee, aroynt, vacate
  This orthodox shrine to George the Great!!!!
- 20. For only those of the cult may come Into my sanctum sanc-to-rum.

GEORGE SOMES LAYARD.

# KUCHING.

RIDING at anchor in the outer road of Singapore, with three weeks of idleness on hand, I cast about how best to pass the time; and finding two coasters on the eve of starting—one for Bangkok, the other for Kuching—I tossed up a shilling to see which should have preference. Kuching won the toss; so, without more ado, I got into a sampan, and pulled through a jumpy sea on board the Rajah Brooke, which rode at anchor, with steam up, in the inner road.

I found her a nice sea-boat, with roomy cabins, a hurricane deck, and all those airy comforts which intense heat and the frivolous luxury of whites make necessaries.

She had but one other passenger, a naturalist of note, who, between paroxysms of sea-sickness, smiled mournfully on meals, and gave me interesting news.

It was a Friday afternoon in the latter part of February when we steamed away from Singapore, and the following Sunday at sunrise Borneo itself lay before us, extravagantly grand. By breakfast-time we were come close up with a jutting cape of rock 2,000 feet high. Trees crowned its topmost crag, exquisite greenery besprinkled its steepest slopes. Even its precipices, or at least their ledges, afforded footing to lianas and scandent plants, whose pendulous twigs hung far down and swayed in the breeze.

After doubling this noble headland we skirted a mangrove-girt coast, and entered a river, and, carrying a strong flood with us, went up it nineteen miles.

A stemless palm, the Nipa, fringes this river's bank all along, and is no less a lover of salt water than the mangrove itself, often running the latter pretty close in the race for life and good situation. Further inland from the river bank *Cyrtostachys lacca* arrests the practised eye. The malodorous durian grows wild here, and is truly indigenous. It belongs to the natural order Malvaceæ, and to one knowing that order only from types prevalent in Europe, it may well sound startling to be told that the durian's ripe fruit, falling from overhead, have not seldom done to death unwary Dyaks journeying below!

By noon we lay at anchor off the little capital of Sarâwak, opposite the Fort and Rajah's bungalow. All about, birds sang like thrushes in spring. Gorgeous scarlet-bodied dragon-flies were frequent, so were gaily-painted butterflies and soberer moths.

Returning at 4 P.M. from a long hot stroll into the back country I changed my clothes and went to church. It was rather affecting again to hear the once well-known chants and cadences of high Anglican ritual. It was rather affecting (in a different way) to see the choir-boys with pigtails hanging down to the very verge of their surplices. It was moving, too (if not affecting), to hear Mr. Archdeacon cry out "God save the Queen and the Rajah!" and again further on, in the prayer for the Royal Family, "The Princess of Wales, Margaret Ranee, the Rajah Muda, and the rest of the Royal Family." (Mr. Archdeacon, be it said with sorrow, prayed for "Margaret Ranee" in a nasty, sour, ill-tempered voice. Her Highness has gone over to Rome, and has built the Jesuits a quite lovely church here. "Hinc illæ lacrymæ.")

After church we took a twilight stroll in a shady lane, and I couldn't help remarking to my companion that Gray would never have honoured the Borneo beetle with a line in his Elegy, as he has done the British. For the chances are a hundred to one that if a man dared to write elegies in a Borneo churchyard this sharded monster would knock him on the head, and leave him pale and bloody. Now hereupon my companion, who was a man of wit, gave vent to many things illustrative of Gray, and many eulogistic; and I hope we may meet in some sphere where true poetry will be appreciated, and your "modern school" cease from troubling.

Our stroll abruptly stopped for lack of light, we sauntered down to their club, the compound of which is charmingly studded with mangosteens, and many a showy shrub.

At the club were nearly all the white males of Kuching. Among them, Major Day, the head of the Rajah's picturesque little army; the Rajah Muda, a pleasant, unaffected lad, on his way to Christchurch; and the captain of H.M.S. *Firebrand*. After the club, I went out to dine. The hostess was a pretty little woman, prettily dressed, a good Catholic, and a clever horsewoman. The captain and the doctor of the man-of-war were of our party; and after dinner they, my host, and I, made up a pleasant rubber.

Next day, the air being fresh and cool, I went ashore at dawn to explore.

The Rajah has spared no pains to enrich and beautify Kuching. He has set umbrageous groves by the wayside, to the delectation of the eye, and to be the refreshment of pilgrims and such as go that way. He has caused a pleasant fountain to flow forth. At its base is a basin of clams-each clam so great that it is little less than a bath. Here do the Dyak and the Kling, the Chinaman and the Coolie, the Lascar and the Malay, turning aside from the blaze of a dusty bazaar, refresh themselves with the pure waters of Borneo. He has made a paradise of sweets, where angels might walk un-Groves of mangosteen and every grateful fruit abound. Nor are the coarser plants of daily necessity forgotten. Gardens of herbs suited to the climate are everywhere. Many other such-like things has this good Rajah both made and done-things not appealing so sensibly to the eye of taste, perhaps, but which, nevertheless, are for the furtherance of piety, and tend to promote the welfare of "mind, body, and estate," in this his toy metropolis. Have not his subjects their churches, Anglican and Catholic; their joss-houses, pagodas, mosques, and what not? Have they not their museum and their market, with many a wise bye-law of traffic and merchandise? The health of the town is good—for its latitude, very good. A certain act, which has been repealed at home, is in full force here. Great decorum, however, is enjoined and exacted. No wicked lewdness is suffered to run intolerable riot. Compared with any gas-lit Christian thoroughfare, the bazaar of this Buddhist Kuching is purity itself.

Daily His Highness not only "executes justice," but (as far as in him lies) "maintains truth." Of his native vassals, he executes whom he will, and pardons whom he will. With chiefs that are proud and turbulent, he wages victorious wars; while such as are meek bask in the sunshine of his puissant favour. Only over Europeans is the arm of his power in a measure stayed, or his supreme will in any way limited.

There is a British resident at his court—one Mr. Maxwell—who sees that our countrymen come to no unjust harm, nor fall into any snare. For all that, should any make himself obnoxious to the Rajah, he must needs quit: he is expelled the country. That man must be of ductile stuff who looks to thrive out here. As said Charles I., so says the Rajah of Sarâwak, "a king and a subject be clean different things."

This king has his army and navy (like other kings, "his very good friends and neighbours"), his civil service, his courts of justice, customs, and police; and is a lord paramount. Only in case of hostile invasion from beyond seas is he now guaranteed British protection. Otherwise he does what he will; there is none dare call

him to account. And in these degenerate times, these days of impotence and mob, surely a good and wholesome thing it is to see how gently and smoothly, with what oiled wheels, the little world of Sarâwak jogs along under the strictly paternal rule of an autocrat pure and simple!

After three days, spent pleasantly enough in Kuching and its immediate neighbourhood, I deemed it high time to expatiate further afield, and, hiring a boat to convey me up stream, descended into her at forty minutes past midnight on Thursday. She was awned fore and aft, with a thatched roof amidships, and with side curtains drawn; and I lay on my mattress, with a lamp swinging before me from the awning-boom, and there did sup off a sucking-pig (worthy of Charles Lamb's best efforts) and a custard-apple, and drink of rare wine. Then I lay back on my pillow at rest, while a strong crew of active young Dyaks urged our boat to stem an ebbing tide.

With the first streak of dawn I looped the curtains up; and still reclining on my bed, with head above the gunwale, looked out on the fairy-like marvels of tropical river scenery. Giant trees overarched the way. Brilliant orchids hung pendulous from their boughs, or clothed their gnarled trunks in thick vesture of white and purple. Lovely birds flitted hither and thither, singing lustily in the cool dew. A crocodile, moved thereto by the creak of approaching rowlocks, slid from his oozy lair into the deep. The jungle teemed with life and the strange cries of a thousand uncouth beasts.

By sunrise we were come to Busan, our place of debarkation. Here we stepped ashore; and mounting a slippery ladder, that in spots was a rocky staircase, came suddenly on the settlement. It consists of a Chinese grog-shop, a gambling booth, an opium den, a dozen reed-built huts, and a white man's bungalow owned by the Borneo Trading Company. Their agent here—one Mr. Moir, an Aberdeenshire man and a pleasant, with the best strawberry jam I ever tasted—lent me a little waggon, like a wheelbarrow, wherein to be trundled four miles of my inland way. And he lent me, too, a trusty *loy* for my expedition.

After alighting from my wheelbarrow, I walked ten miles on, through the jungle, to Tagora. If any should flout at this, as but a light morning's work, let him try it. Let him try it with a thermometer 88 in the shade, in a situation removed a bare hundred miles from the Equator, and with a miserable load of over fifty years on his back. Let him try it, say I!

About half-way up to Tagora, I espied a truly magnificent orchid shooting out from a tree's fork. But for the commandment, I could

have fallen down and worshipped it. My boy scaled the tree, and brought it me. It proved to be *Dendrobium superbum*, and was one of the finest specimens ever yet met with. Its flowering raceme, which was 22 inches long, bore 32 most noble blossoms, mauve and lilac, and each one an inch and a half across.

At the bungalow of Tagora, where we arrived by noon, I found the only white resident unfortunately on the point of departure, urgent business requiring his presence at Kuching. But he, most hospitably, placed his house and servants at my disposal. So, after breakfast and a much needed bath, I sent out to hunt for guides; and at 2.30 P.M.—a little too late in the day—made a move for the mountain behind the house. The climb was excessively stiff and fatiguing: perspiration poured off me in torrents. To say it stood on me would be absurd: you might as well expect water to stand outside a bottle. The bridges, slung across ravines, were things to make one shy; being but trees—some of them not even "squared"—and all, of course, without any attempt at hand-hold.

At the shoulder of the highest peak, and about 400 feet below its summit, my Dyak, a truculent savage with crease and blunderbuss, pointed to the sun, and held up two fingers.

Gladly accepting his view of the situation, and glad of an excuse to retreat, we began the descent without parley. I was so fagged and footsore that I have my doubts whether I could have managed to reach the top, even had there been time left to do so. Nor had I any wish to spend the livelong night in that damp and reeking jungle, that

close dungeon of innumerous boughs,

with only a Dyak, and bears, and apes, and snakes for company.

Our descent, so steep and tangled was the maze, took longer to make than the ascent had done. The bridges too, by reason of their downward slope, were more awkward to recross. Lay a plank from roof-ridge to roof-ridge of some steep and stair-like street. Let a torrent brawl in your street's bottom. Tilt your plank well up at the hithermost end, and get upon it, and cross. Have a dead snake in one hand and a kit of orchids in the other. Have wasps attacking you in transit, with ants and leeches. You will find the passage no easy job, nor child's play.

After a day or two spent in botanical rambles and in an exploration of the antimony mines, I hastened back to Busan, where my boat's crew, anxious not to miss the annual Tuba fishing below Kuching, were impatiently awaiting my reappearance.

I was very stiff and loth to rise, but a long day lay before us, and it was only prudence to be off with the first glimmer of dawn. The

ten-mile walk back towards Busan was most fatiguing. The jungle was dripping with the rain of early morning, and one was soon wet to the skin. In open patches, it is true, one was soon dried up again by a scorching sun; but these patches were few and far between.

Near one of those *uncanny* bridges, butterflies hovering round a shrub of brilliant bloom were so truly gorgeous that I quite entered into the feelings of Wallace, the naturalist, who says in his book on the Malay Archipelago, that the first glimpse he got of one he had long sought gave him a splitting headache.

On this downward journey I had but one boy with me—the one Mr. Moir had kindly lent. Hence, I struck out in front, letting him bring up the rear. Such is ever the device of your circumspect traveller in a strange land. In spots of jeopardy and awkward angles, attack from behind is the main thing to guard against. Walking on thus, I communed with myself of snakes and beasts, duly considering what terrible bugbears they are to stay-at-homes. An old poet has told us not to whistle till we are well clear of the wood; "but whistle ye merrily to yourselves" (I soliloquised) "all ye who range the by-ways of a snake-haunted tract. Sing somewhat loudly, by the way; let there be melody not in your hearts only, but on your lips. Thus shall ye prove yourselves very lords of creation. From the notes of your hymn shall each lewd beast and unclean reptile flee away, affrighted and amazed!"

Would that I had practised what I mused on in silence; for, even as I mused, the swish of a rattan rang sharp behind, and looking back, I saw my boy fell a deadly serpent to the earth. I had stepped clean over him! It was a great escape. My pyjamas were tucked up to the knee, and if the brute had had time to coil and strike, my bare legs lay at the mercy of his merciless fangs. He had been lying at full length in a rut, between some logs transversely placed in a boggy bit of way, and I, walking past noiselessly in rubber-soled shoes, had caught him napping.

At the end of our ten-mile walk, sending for a second guide, I turned aside into very rough and broken ground to visit some mountain caves, the resort of an edible-nest-building Collocalia. My Dyak, with his great kris or parang, cut away the tangle of plants at the cavern's mouth, and we stepped inside and lighted our lamp.

The better part of the way up you wade in cool waters, with your hands in the stickiest, most putty-like mud. At other parts of the way you climb by bamboo framework. Sometimes you grope, sometimes you are knocked over by a projection and flounder in the

mud. At other times your mode of progression is that assigned, as a curse, to him who caused our foolish race

irreparable woe, With loss of Eden.

Our errand done, and three nests and two young birds procured, we floundered back. On emerging from this remote cave of Tagora into the light of day, I was little better than a man of mud; presenting, to a clique of curious urchins grimacing in the cave's mouth, such a view of Christianity as set them a-roaring, and must have hardened their heathen hearts against our venerable faith for ever.

I got back to Busan early in the evening; travelling, as before, in my little go-cart. Mr. Moir, the only white resident, used me with great hospitality; and I ate of his jam and drank of his wine, to the great refreshment of my spirit. I dare say it pleased him to see an English traveller, and hear a little welcome news of the outer world. But, assuredly, the best of the bargain was mine. His cooking and attendance left nothing to be desired; whilst, as for the floral decorations of his dinner-table, I hazard a guess that in England they would have cost as much as a duchess gives for the decoration of her ball-room. Whether her grace would care to introduce, as adjuncts, flying-bugs, ants, hornets, mosquitoes, lizards, and *Phasmidae*, I leave to those more versed in ducal ways than I to say.

Dinner done, and boys preceding us with torches, we slid down an abrupt hill to the river's margin, and took boat for Kuching. Wildfire made the landscape light as day; crashing thunder deafened us, bursting overhead and reverberating from crag to crag. Rain, so dense we could not see ahead, forced us for a brief spell to seek shelter in a palm-arched cove.

Issuing from our snug haven of palms, when the worst was past, bow-oar now took a paddle and, facing for'ard, gave his orders to the steersman as occasion arose. Snags and floating brushwood require a keen eye and quick manœuvre; but the lightning still played incessantly, shooting across our path in ribs of jagged flame, and lighting up each bend and reach of the river divinely. A strong ebb ran with us, and we accomplished our twenty-five miles in a little over four hours. Arrived at Kuching, I sat on deck a good hour spell-bound by this glorious blaze of heavenly fire.

Next day, I betook myself early to the house of that naturalist who was sick, that I might see his collection of Kini-balu plants. It is a noble collection, and interested me much; as did the collector's graphic account of his ten-weeks' expedition to that loftiest

peak of all Borneo. "Why not give your fellow-creatures the delight of reading what you have just read me?" I said. To which, my host (with the smile of a true cynic), "When I love them better than I do to-day, they shall have that delight." I asked eagerly if he thought he ever would love them better. "Certainly not in this world," he replied; and then we changed the subject.

At noon I left him and went on board our steamer. The British Resident, Mr. Maxwell, called on me there. He had kindly sent a note after me up to Busan, asking me to dine at the Residency last night; and he now volunteered hospitalities and help in case of return. Besides him, others I had met ashore came down to bid me farewell, and drink with me, and gladden their hearts with wine, and be merry; and at 4.40 P.M. we cast-off our mooring-hawsers, and stood out to sea, on our way back to Singapore.

J. LAWSON.

## MOLIÈRE ON THE STAGE.

THE lives of departed theatrical worthies have always been favourite subjects with it. favourite subjects with their successors. A classified list of the comedies and dramas, founded upon the concords and discords of their natures, their tastes and idiosyncrasies, their strength and weaknesses, even without any critical or descriptive comment, would alone fill several pages. The principal reason why such a work has not been written is perhaps that the characters of those who acted on a distant theatre, and have long since retired from the scene, are much less calculated to make an impression than such as have risen nearer our times. This remark does not apply to the brightest star of French literature and the prime leader and mover of the glorious Renaissance of dramatic art in France. To catch the leading traits of Molière's juvenile propensity, to mark the steps that in riper years led to honour, and to point out the miscarriages of justice that prevented success, has been the chief aim of many successive dramatists.

The earlier plays, however, written during the lifetime of Molière by his enemies and contemporaries, are merely personal invectives. and contain only a veiled picture of his identity. They are certainly interesting, from an historical point of view, and show how much in earnest the great dramatist applied the censorial rod. Subligny, a poet whose fame is somewhat obscured by time, was the first to raise the attack in the theatrical world against Molière and his works. The war began in the year 1659, during the successful run of "Les Précieuses Ridicules," and many ludicrous circumstances attended it. The gang of angry scribblers who immediately rose up together determined to crush Molière by one strong and decisive blow, and it was at their desire that Subligny wrote "La Déroute des Précieuses," which was filled with the most abusive scurrilities they could possibly devise. Their friends attended the performance in large numbers and applauded loudly, but it seems tolerably certain that it was a failure. In the early part of 1660, Molière found a more determined adversary in the once celebrated Baudeau de Somaize, the author of two burlesque plays entitled respectively "Les Véritables Précieuses," and "Les Procez des Précieuses." The first play was undoubtedly the cause of embittering many months of the great dramatist's life. In a rash moment he threatened the author with legal proceedings, and at last only consented to abandon his recourse to the law on condition that Somaize should withdraw the obnoxious burlesque scene of the "Mort de l'Eusses-tu-cru, lapidé par les Femmes" from the subsequent editions. Somaize agreed, and in the second edition of the work, which was published during the month of September of the same year, he inserted instead a "Dialogue de deux Précieuses sur les Affaires de leur Communauté," to which he prefixed a rather smart "Avis final au Lecteur." Molière was much abashed. Such a rebuff, so coarsely administered, must have sorely hurt his vanity, but at the same time it was not Molière's habit to give too much consideration to the feelings of other people. Notwithstanding the efforts of some mutual friends to soothe the angry feelings of the rival dramatists, peace was not restored before things had gone too far. This circumstance seems to have suggested to Somaize the idea of publishing a sequel and continuation of the play and controversy, entitled "Les Procez des Précieuses." Though Molière could not easily brook the witticisms of others at his expense, he had the good sense this time not to offer any serious opposition, and the public soon ceased to take any interest in the factious squabbles. Molière's next adversary was a then rising young dramatist named Doneau. The young author published in 1662 a satirical comedy against the great dramatist, called "Les Amours d'Alcippe et de Céphise," which was immediately seized and destroyed by the police. Doneau, however, brought out a second edition in the course of a few weeks, and altering the title of the play to that of "La Cocue Imaginaire," 1 was quit of the obligation, but it attracted very little attention, and had only a small circulation. The merit and intellectual progress of the author did not long lie concealed. In course of time Molière took a most affectionate and lively interest in the young man's welfare, and introduced several of his comedies at the Palais Royal. The friendly intercourse thus commenced soon gave rise to further acts of mutual kindness. But this elegant and well-deserved tribute Molière did not earn without much personal sacrifice. It is indeed not too much to say that the production, in 1663, of "L'École des Femmes" only acted as an incentive to inspire other authors to fan the flames, and make a plaything of his straightforward utterances Robinet, an author who wrote under the pseudonym

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> This was also the original title of Molière's comedy, "George Dandin."

of "Nonantes," was the first to break the silence. He published a comedy called the "Panégyrique de l'École des Femmes, ou la conservation comique sur les œuvres de M. de Molière," but could not induce the actors to bring it out. Soon after this another parody on the subject of Molière's comedy appeared. There is a tradition which has always attributed to Molière the intention of introducing Boursault on the stage, under the name of Lysidas, in "La Critique de l'École des Femmes." "Boursault seems to have recognised himself in the portrait of Lysidas," Voltaire says, in an account of Molière's comedy, "and to revenge himself, he had performed at the Hôtel de Bourgogne a little comedy in the style of 'La Critique de l'École des Femmes,' entitled 'Le Portrait du Peintre, ou la Contre-Critique.'" In this piece Molière is not even mentioned, but is described under the pseudonym of the Painter, the Monkey, the Sharper, and other insulting terms. Boursault is also believed to have assisted another brother dramatist in "Zélinde, ou la Véritable Critique," which is ascribed to Molière's celebrated rival, Jean de Villiers. The last parody on the "ladies' school " controversy, La Croix's " Guerre Comique, ou la Défense de l'École des Femmes," was published in 1664. It was not written with a view to the stage, but is more suited for that purpose than any other satirical work founded on the same subject. During the month of December, 1664, Jean de Villiers produced at the Hôtel de Bourgogne another comedy against Molière, called "La Vengeance du Marquis, ou Réponse à l'Impromptu des Versailles," which was well received by the public. This work, however, was a mild antidote in comparison with "L'Impromptu de l'Hôtel de Condé," written by Montfleurey the younger. The elder Montfleurey also presented an infamous petition to Louis XIV., accusing Molière of immorality, but the great king rejected it with scorn. The only notable feature of "Les Amours de Calotin," a comedy by Chevalier, which was represented at the Théâtre Royal du Marais in 1664, is the violence of its satire. The motives which prompted Le Boulanger de Chalussay to attack the great dramatist with so much vigour and assiduity may be learnt from the notes of a small volume in prose and verse, entitled "Morale Galante, ou l'Art de Bien Aimer," which was published by the author in Holland. From these notes we learn that Molière inserted with very little reverence in his comedy "L'École des Femmes," Act III., Scene 2, several extracts from "Les Maximes du Mariage, ou les Devoirs de la Femme Mariée, avec son Exercice Journalier," a work which was written and designed with a view of fixing the attention of the fair sex by Le Boulanger de Chalussay, who

attempted to correct the public taste with an affected strain of commonplace morality. It is asserted that Le Boulanger de Chalussay wrote at least three satirical comedies against Molière, and he is supposed by some historians to have contributed much more to the controversy than can now be traced to his pen. Molière, with the aid of the police, suppressed his enemy's first satire against him, "L'Abjuration du Marquisat." Le Boulanger de Chalussay's next satirical comedy, "La Critique du Tartuffe," is preceded by a witty but scurrilous "Lettre critique" (in verse) "sur le Tartuffe, écrite à l'auteur de la Critique," which, from this circumstance alone, seems to have been contributed by the same illustrious personage. It appears, however, to have been written in an unlucky moment of caprice, and was published anonymously, for what reason is not very obvious, except that the author, perhaps, wished to escape prosecution for libel. fierce hostilities were renewed when Le Boulanger de Chalussay attempted to bring out the most important of his satirical effusions, "Elomire hypocondre, ou les Médecins vengez." 1 The first edition was immediately suppressed by Molière's request, and copies of it have become very scarce. After the publication of this work the floods of slander against Molière gradually ceased. Marcel, a secondrate comedian, tried hard to create a sensation during the month of January, 1672, by the production at the Théâtre du Marais of a play in five acts, entitled "Le Mariage sans Mariage," in which Molière was introduced under the name of Anselme, in the character of a henpecked and degraded husband, but it was only received by the public with contempt. There only remain to be mentioned two other plays by Molière's contemporaries, both of which were produced after the great dramatist's death. As might be expected, they soon found their way to the Parisian stage, though the most dramatic events in "L'Ombre de Molière," the work of his life were left untouched. Brécourt, a once famous member of l'Illustre Théâtre, is excellent in construction and versification, and the merits it possessed were not of a nature to escape notice very long. It was dedicated to the Duc d'Enghien, son of le grand Condé. Unfortunately for the author the widow of the great dramatist did not consider the work favourably, and he had enough practical sagacity to withdraw it from the stage after the first performance at the Hôtel de Bourgogne. Nevertheless, Brécourt had no reason to regret that he had written the piece. In the course of a few years it was printed as an appendix in the collected works of Molière for more than half a century. less attractive in the eyes of both players and public was Bordelon's

<sup>1</sup> The word Élomire is an anagram on Molière.

comedy, "Molière aux Champs Elysées," which was much admired in its day, and may, even at the present time, be allowed the praise of ingenuity, though its concluding point is but a kind of play on words.

Notwithstanding the increased veneration of Molière's works, the temptation to introduce again his striking figure on the stage seems to have been firmly resisted for more than half a century. The lively and mirthful Abbé Voisenon was the first dramatist of his time to perceive the fitness of the portraiture for theatrical representation. Voisenon, who was then no more than twenty years of age, had already created some sensation in society circles by the production of a little comedy in one act, called "L'Heureuse Ressemblance," which was represented by a party of noble amateurs in various Parisian salons. The success of this essay encouraged him to solicit the approbation of the public, and he brought out on October 14, 1739, "L'École du Monde," a comédie allégorique in three acts, at the Théâtre Français, the performance of which was preceded by a prologue in verse, entitled "L'Ombre de Molière." The prologue was received with considerable applause, but the comédie was hissed off the stage, and only survived the first representation. This induced the author to introduce on the same stage a month later a new one-act piece, "Le Retour de l'Ombre de Molière," in which he warmly praised the critical judgment of the public for venturing to condemn his wearisome comedy, and the strangely lifeless and unimpressive works of some of his contemporaries.

We now come to—from a literary point of view—the most important play which is founded upon an episode of Molière's life. This is not from the pen of a Frenchman, but an Italian, who was surnamed by his countrymen "the Molière of Italy." Goldoni's "Molière" is so well known that it will perhaps be more appropriate to quote from the author's autobiography the circumstances under which it was written:

"My pieces were represented at Turin, with applause, to crowded audiences; but there were a set of singular beings, who, at every one of my productions, observed, 'That is good, but it is not Molière.' This was doing me more honour than I deserved, for it had never entered into my head to compare myself with the French author. . . .

"I was acquainted with Molière, and respected this master of the art as highly as the Piedmontese, and I was seized instantly with a desire to give them a convincing proof of it. I immediately composed a comedy in five acts, and in verse, without masks or change of scene, of which the title and principal subject were Molière himself.

"The argument was taken from two anecdotes of his private life; the one, his projected marriage with Armande, the daughter of Béjart, and the other the prohibition of 'Tartuffe.' These two historical facts accorded so well together that the unity of action is perfectly observed.

"The impostors of Paris, alarmed at the comedy of Molière, knew that the author had sent to the camp where Louis XIV. then was, to obtain permission for its representation, and they were afraid lest the

revocation of the prohibition should be obtained.

"I employed in my piece a person of the name of Pirlon, a hypocrite in every sense of the word, who introduces himself into the author's house, discovers to La Béjart Molière's love for her daughter, of which she was yet ignorant, engages her to quit her companion and director, behaves in the same manner to Armande, holding up to her the situation of an actress as the road to perdition, and endeavours to seduce La Forest, their waiting-woman, who, more adroit than her mistresses, dupes the duper; inspires him with a love for her, and takes his cloak and hat from him to give to Molière, who appears on the stage with the dress of the impostor.

"I was bold enough to exhibit in my piece a much more marked hypocrite than that of Molière's; but hypocrites had then lost a great deal of their ancient credit in Italy.

"During the interval between the fourth and last acts of my comedy, the 'Tartuffe' of Molière is acted on the stage of the Hôtel de Bourgogne; all the characters of my piece make their appearance in the fifth act, for the purpose of complimenting Molière. Pirlon, concealed in a closet, where he was expecting La Forest, is forced to come forth in the presence of all the spectators, and is assailed with the sarcasms which he so richly deserved; and Molière, to add to his joy and happiness, marries Armande, in spite of the mother, who aspired to the conquest of her future son-in-law.

"In this piece are to be found several details of the life of Molière. The character of Valerio is Baron, an actor of Molière's company. Leander is a copy of La Chapelle, a friend of the author, and often mentioned in the account of his life. . . ."

"Molière Marito Geloso" is the title of a comedy by an Italian literary abbé named Pietro Chiari. It was printed and performed at Turin in 1759. The author, however, was guilty of a singular anachronism; he gave the name of Guérin (Guerina) to Armande Béjart during the life of her first husband, Molière.

The first centenary of Molière's death-1773-was celebrated at

the Théâtre Français by the production of two one-act comedies. The first, entitled "L'Assemblée," is by an author named Artaud; and the other, called "La Centenaire de Molière," was the production of a long-forgotten literary abbé, Le Beau de Schosne. Both these pieces are of no interest as literature, being simply a combination of prose and verse, and ballets. In 1776, a popular dramatist, Mercier, adopted Goldoni's comedy for the French stage; but, as no theatrical manager at the time would undertake its production. the French dramatist published the play, with numerous notes and previously unknown anecdotes of Molière. When it was performed ten years afterwards, the play was considerably abridged, and many of the scenes were altered and transformed to suit the requirements of the French stage. But, with few exceptions-notably the happy substitution of the part of La Chapelle for Goldoni's rather insipid personage of Léandre—the text of the French comedy is a mere adaptation and prose translation of the original Italian play. Though Molière's friend, La Chapelle, plays quite a different part in Mercier's comedy from that he did in real life, it must be admitted that many witty sayings are placed in his mouth during the action of the play, especially in an admirable scene where some young noblemen and La Thorillière are discussing the merits of Molière with more liberality than sincerity.

It is scarcely worth while to notice the absurdities of "L'Ombre de Colardeau aux Champs Elysées," a comedy by the Chevalier du Coudray, published in 1776. The *Ombre de Molière* is introduced, and he appears rarely to have been engaged in so bad an action.

Molière is also introduced as one of the principal personages in Carrière-Doisin's "Les Séances de Melpomène et de Thalie à la Rentrée de la Comédie Françoise," a pièce de circonstance of no great value, which was offered to the management and rejected in 1779. The piece is in one act, and in prose, and will be found in the author's published works.

A pièce de circonstance of a far different nature is La Harpe's oneact comedy, "Molière à la nouvelle Salle, ou les Audiences de Thalie." It was written expressly for the opening of the Théâtre du Faubourg Saint-Germain in 1782. Owing to the fact that it was announced anonymously, it created some sensation for several weeks, and was attributed successively to many authors more or less famous. But when La Harpe's enemy, Charles Palissot, the author of the comedy "Les Philosophes," was charged with the authorship, he did not fail to inform the public of the real state of affairs. The argument of the comedy is simple enough. Melpomène, who presides over tragedy, and Thalia, who presides over lyric poetry and comedy, come and install their respective subjects in the new theatre, and they find Molière and Apollo already there. After having complimented Molière on his great talents, La Harpe sarcastically makes the Muses introduce to Molière the wit, talent, and intelligence of the eighteenth century, and the party consists of a young man named Baptiste, a waiter at a restaurant, who has become an author; a Monsieur Misograme, a merchant tired of office work, and who wants to go on the stage; Monsieur Claque, a retired military captain, who writes occasionally for the press, and who blackmails all the actors and authors; Monsieur Vaudeville, and other characters of less importance. The incident gives rise to some amusing dialogue between the respective performers, and the comedy ends with the crowning of the busts of various dramatic authors.

The genius of Molière, with that of Corneille and Racine, was introduced into "L'Inauguration du Théâtre-Français," a prologue in one act and verse, by Imbert, which was represented on April 9, 1782. The play has never been printed, but La Harpe, who was present at the first performance, records in a lively letter to the son and heir of Catherine II. of Russia, that it only survived two re presentations, and was loudly hissed by the Parisian play-goers.

"Molière à Toulouse," a comedy in one act and in verse, by Pellet-Desbarraux, was first represented at Toulouse in March 1787, then at the Paris Théâtre Français, and afterwards in several provincial towns. It is full of amusing incidents connected with Molière's sojourn at Toulouse and the strolling players of the time.

In the year 1788 Madame de Gouges' comedy, "Molière chez Ninon," was offered to the management of the Théâtre Français and rejected. This heroine of the French Revolution was born at Montaben in 1748, and was guillotined by the order of Robespierre on December 31, 1793. As a dramatist, Madame de Gouges never achieved more than a passing notoriety. Her first play, "Zamour et Myrza," was only produced at the Théâtre Français through the rather expensive influence of Molé, the celebrated actor. Madame de Gouges paid the unprincipled actor more than 600 livres for his influence, and had to distribute twice that amount between the other actors and actresses before the play was ready for production. When she sent her next play, "Lucinde et Cardenio," this time without any presents, it was unanimously rejected by the committee of actors. The rejection of "Molière chez Ninon" seems to have finally cured Madame de Gouges' dramatic aspirations. The ghosts

of Molière and Terence are introduced in "Le Temple de Thalie," the prologue of a trilogy in verse entitled "La Journée Amusante, ou les trois Comédies." It was written by an anonymous author, and printed in 1788. Neither the prologue nor trilogy, however, has ever been produced on the stage.

"La Convalescence de Molière," a comedy by Willemain d'Abancourt, was represented at some *Théâtre de Société* in 1788. The MS. play, which was lost for nearly a century, was discovered at Châlons d'Arge a few years ago by a descendant of the author, and still remains in the possession of the family.

The next play, founded upon an episode of the life of the great dramatist, is a comedy in three acts, entitled "La Mort de Molière," by the Chevalier de Cubrières, who was better known to the public by his nom de plume of Dorat. It was first represented at the Théâtre Français on November 19, 1789, and notwithstanding the lugubrious title of the comedy, it contains several lively and interesting scenes during the progress of the three acts. In the first act La Chapelle is discovered showing to Molière a new comedy in five acts, entitled "L'Inconstant." The great dramatist, after perusing several pages of his friend's work, explains to La Chapelle in a goodnatured manner that his comedy is not suitable for the stage, and to justify his opinion he proposes to consult his maid-of-all-work, La Forêt. La Chapelle is rather astonished at the idea. her," Molière says, "that the piece is mine." La Forêt enters, and Molière reads to her the commencement of the first scene. having listened to a few lines she falls asleep, leaning on her broom.

Vous voyez l'effet de la lecture, Elle dort tout debout.

"La Matinée de Molière," a comedy in one act, by M\*\*\* (P.N.), was represented at the Théâtre de Monsierer, on April 23, 1789. The unknown author has written with evident appreciation of his subject, and the description of authentic particulars adds not a little to the usefulness of the chronicle.

"Le Souper de Molière, ou la Soirée d'Auteuil," a comedy in one act, by Cadet-Gassicourt, was represented at the Théâtre du Vaudeville on January 23, 1795. It is founded on the anecdote related by Louis Racine in the biography of his father. Molière, according to the story, invited Boileau, La Chapelle, and other jovial friends to supper, and after drinking more wine than was good for them, they had a discussion on the miseries of life, and determined to throw themselves into the river close by. The dramatist and his guests were scarcely out of doors when they came to the conclusion that it was

better to return to the house and drink the rest of the wine, and on recovering their senses the next day they made up their minds to face the miseries of life in future. Such is the story which Cadet-Gassicourt has taken the liberty to vary in applying it to his own purposes. The authenticity, however, has been disputed by Voltaire and other writers of the latter part of the last century. But it is impossible to join with them in rejecting it. Louis Racine heard it from his father, who heard it from Boileau. There is no reason to doubt the truth of this assertion; the younger Racine as a biographer performed his task diligently, judiciously, and without the slightest ostentation.

There is much excellent fooling in Coupigny's "Hommage du Petit Vaudeville au Grand Racine," a pièce de circonstance which created quite a sensation during its run at the Théâtre du Vaudeville in 1798. Le Vaudeville summons Mercury, and prevails upon him to conjure up the illustrious dead, to induce them to accept Thommage du petit Vaudeville. Harlequin, who is charged with the commission, meets on the threshold of the Champs Elysées Petit Jean of Racine's "Plaideurs," now fulfilling the duties of porter, and after some conversation with Antoine, the gardener of Boileau, and La Forêt, the maidservant, he is introduced by them to their respective masters.

"Molière à Lyon," a vaudeville in one act by J. M Deschamps, Ségur, and Despez, represented at the Théâtre du Vaudeville on June 13, 1799, is founded upon an early love affair in the life of the great dramatist.

"La Servante de Molière," a comédie-vaudeville in one act by an anonymous author, represented at the Théâtre de la Gaïté on October 9, 1799, is a graceful little sketch, drawn with full insight into the period described. The heroine is Molière's maidservant, La Forêt; the interest of the play, however, is not concentrated on her alone.

Molière is one of the personages in "Ninon de l'Enclos, ou l'Épicurisme," a comédie-vaudeville in one act by A. Creuze de Leser, originally published in 1800. The same play was subsequently reprinted as the appendix to an edition of the "Lettre de Lenclos au Marquise de Sévigné," a fabrication attributed to L. Damours.

The next dramatised version of Louis Racine's anecdote, Rigault's and Jacquelin's comédie-vaudeville in two acts, called "Molière avec ses Amis, ou le Souper d'Auteuil," was first performed at the Théâtre de Jeunes Artistes on January 28, 1801. It was subsequently revived at the Théâtre Montausier on April 5, 1806, and reprinted in 1807 with the reduced title of "Molière, ou le Souper d'Auteuil."

"L'Apothéose de Molière," a prologue-vaudeville in one act, was

written expressly for and performed at the opening of the Théâtre des Variétés National et Etrangers, Salle Molière, on April 14, 1802. It served its purpose, and was well received by the public.

"La Lecture du Tartuffe chez Ninon," a comedy by Chazet and Dubois, was produced at the Théâtre Louvois during the year 1803. The particular period is supposed to take place a few hours before the first performance of "Tartuffe." Ninon, who is greatly interested in the production, invites several of her friends to accompany her to the theatre; they are informed that the representation has been forbidden, and to pass the time away it is proposed to give a recital of the piece. When this is about to commence, Molière receives the order of the King, permitting the stage performance. The recital is then closed, and the assembled visitors retire. Thus the piece ends happily, and to the satisfaction of all parties.

"La Chambre de Molière," a farcical comedy in one act, by Barre, Gradet, and Desfontaines, represented at the Théâtre du Vaudeville in 1803, is merely a fictitious and amusing fantasy on the birthplace of the great dramatist. The plot of the sketch is as follows. The room wherein he was born is occupied by a young sculptor, who has just finished a bust of Molière. The sculptor is also in love with a young lady named Agathe, but her brother, a librettist of comic operas, wishes her to marry an Italian composer.

Andrieux's comedy, "Molière avec ses Amies, ou la Soirée d'Auteuil," the third and indisputably the best dramatic version of Louis Racine's anecdote, was represented at the Théâtre Français in 1804. The plot is almost similar to that of the previous productions already noticed. Armande Béjart is, however, introduced as one of the principal characters, and there is a touching scene between Molière and his future wife.

"Le Voyage de Chambord, ou la Veille de la première représentation du Boûrgeois Gentilhomme," a comedy in one act mélée de vaudeville, by Desfontaines and Henri Dupin, was performed for the first time in public at the Théâtre du Vaudeville on July 11, 1808. The incidents, which are purely imaginary, are supposed to take place at a village inn in the neighbourhood of Chambord.

"A bas Molière," a comedy in one act, mêlée de vaudeville, by Chazet, Merle, and Desesarts, was represented at the Théâtre des Variétés on August 21, 1809. This piece was hissed off the stage. It is not, however, without merit, notwithstanding the severe satirical remarks on certain persons who flourished in the early part of this century, which the authors themselves afterwards acknowledged were too acrimonious.

"L'Original de Pourceaugnac," a comedy by Dumersan, represented at the Théâtre du Vaudeville on February 22, 1816, is founded more or less upon some scenes of the "Pourceaugnac," the "Malade Imaginaire," and Molière's matrimonial squabbles with his wife. The author has introduced into the action La Chapelle, La Forêt, M. Purgon, an original person named Sottignac, and, naturally, the distinguished and unhappy couple.

The same author—Dumersan—wrote, during the same year, two other plays founded upon the great dramatist's life, entitled respectively, "Molière Jaloux" and "Molière et les Médecins." The first, a vaudeville, which is mentioned in the catalogue of the "Société des Auteurs Dramatiques,"was, according to some theatrical historians, represented at a minor provincial theatre; and the other, a comedy, after being offered to several managers, was, for some unexplained reason, finally withdrawn and destroyed by the author.

"Ninon, Molière, et Tartuffe," a comedy in one act and verse, by Henri Simon, was represented at the Théâtre du Vaudeville on April 5, 1816. It is another dramatic version of the anecdote of the first performance of that famous satire on the Cantwells of the seventeenth century, and the assistance Molière received from Ninon d'Enclos and her friends.

During the winter season of 1820-21, a successful comedy called "Le Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle," by Scribe and some other well-known but now forgotten dramatists, was running at the Gymnase Theatre. The *collaborateurs* wrote expressly for the anniversary of Molière's birth, in January, 1821, a sort of epilogue, and the characters introduced are Tricot, the comic personage of the piece, and a rather absurd English nobleman. After a dialogue of some duration the scene changes and discloses the interior of a temple, at the end of which is seen the bust of Molière placed on a pedestal. Tricot, the English nobleman, and the other characters who took part in the "Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle," then come forward and crown the bust of the great dramatist with laurels.

"Molière dans son Ménage," a comedy in one act and in prose, by Naudet and Justin Gensoul, was represented at the Théâtre Français in 1822. It introduces Molière at home surrounded by the members of his own family.

In the next comedy, however, we find Molière in his proper sphere—the theatre. The comedy, which is entitled "Molière au Théâtre," is by the once well-known dramatists, Baillard and Romieu, and it was represented at l'Odéon in 1824. The argument is as follows. During Molière's sojourn at Versailles, some of the

members of his dramatic company secretly prepare a little festival in his honour. The Grand Monarque, who is tired of the officiousness of his court, also invites the great dramatist to lunch at the same table with him. Molière returns enchanted after the gracious reception accorded to him, and invites some noblemen to attend the rehearsal of Psyche, but the company, who are in the midst of their preparations, refuse to admit them. Molière then quarrels with his comedians and determines to quit the stage for ever. He is also excited to take this resolution by Boileau, who informs him that the Académie Française only awaits this opportunity to offer him the first But all's well that ends well. Molière is deeply vacant fauteuil. touched on discovering the true intention of the members of his company, and intends in the future to devote his life to them. afterwards, Molière's prodigal factotum, Baron, the actor and dramatist. who is in love with La Thorillière's daughter, returns to his brethren. and Molière being anxious to create a good feeling among the members of his company, obtains the father's consent to their marriage, and gives them his blessing. Boileau then places a crown of laurels on Molière's head, and recites: Cest le bouquet de la France.

"La Fête de Molière," a comedy in one act, by Samson, the once well-known actor, was first produced at l'Odéon, on January 15, 1825, and reproduced some years later at the Théâtre Français, on June 13, 1833. Molière quarrelled with his wife, and the reconciliation, which is brought about by the intervention of their friends, La Chapelle and La Fontaine, forms the groundwork of the plot.

"Racine chez Corneille, ou la Lecture de Psyché," a comedy in one act and in verse, by Brulebœuf-Letornan, performed for the first time in public at the Théâtre des Arts, of Rouen, on June 29, 1825, is a pièce de circonstance of more than usual interest. The action is supposed to take place in the year 1670, at the Parisian residence of the two Corneilles, and Molière is one of the principal characters. The plot deals with the production of Psyché, which was ordered by Louis XIV. to be written in eight days. The elder Corneille comes to the rescue, and Molière is satisfied. The weakness of Racine's character, on the other hand, is depicted in plain and direct terms which far exceed the strictness of truth.

"Molière," a comedy in one act and in verse by François Darcy, was represented at the Théâtre Français in January 1828. The particular period is supposed to take place on the eve of the anniversary of the great dramatist's birth. The principal personages, the manager of a provincial theatre and his *jeune premier*, are arranging the programme for the following evening. This gives rise to the

introduction of a crowd of actors and actresses, who, with the solitary exception of a single individual who renders thanks to George Dandin for having preserved him from a sot mariage, are by no means admirers of Molière and his works. The censor of Harpagon is a miser, and that of Tartuffe a hypocrite. The portrait of Arsinoë is also criticised by an ancient giddy actress, and the grande coquette of the theatre is very indignant on hearing the comparisons between Célimène and herself. The piece concludes with the coronation of Molière's bust.

"Le Mariage de Molière, ou le Manteau de Tartuffe," a comedy in three acts, by F. Garnier, was published at Lyons in 1828, but never represented on the stage. The greater part of the piece is founded on Goldoni's play, but the author presented his fellowtownsmen all the defects of the celebrated Italian's work without a single specimen of its beauties.

"Baron chez Molière," a comedy in one act and in prose, by P. Rogers, of Bruges, was performed for the first time in public at the Théâtre de Bruxelles on October 9, 1829. It is founded upon Molière's adopted son's unhappy passion for his wife.

Dumersan's "Mort de Molière," performed at l'Odéon on February 20, 1830, is simply a collection of all the incidents of Molière's last moments related in Taschereau's biography, which are by no means dexterously put together. The most successful portion of the work are some characteristic and graceful lyrics.

The next piece, entitled "La Vie de Molière," by Dupeuty and Etienne Arago, represented at the Théâtre du Vaudeville in January, 1832, is another curious attempt to interest spectators by a mere literal presentment of a few pages of history. Molière having caught the infection of wishing to become an actor, runs away from the parental roof, and joins a rambling company of comedians. He subsequently falls in love for the first time. His plans in that direction, however, are frustrated by a scheming priest, who steals his mistress and confines her in a convent. After this there are several scenes which depict Molière's quarrel with Montfleury, the unhappy marriage with Armande Béjart, and the interdiction of the first performance of "Tartuffe." Some dramatic tinge is imparted to the last scene, when Molière expires, after a representation of the "Malade Imaginaire," in the arms of a sister of charity, whom he recognises as the object of his first love.

"L'Anniversaire de la Naissance de Molière," an à propos in one act and verse, by Viollet d'Épagny, represented at the Théâtre Français in January, 1832, contains nothing that entitles it to much

admiration on the score of novelty. The author's style of writing, however, is full of smartness, and commands, in a high degree, the enviable art of presenting sentiments which have often been uttered in an agreeable manner.

"Molière, ou la Première Représentation du Tartuffe," a comédie-vaudeville in two acts, by Merville and Alexandre Martin, performed at the Théâtre Molière on January 14, 1832, is forcibly written. The old inexhaustible story is retold with great spirit and effect, and there are many clever and shrewd sayings and remarks.

"Molière," a drame historique in one act and in prose, by Addison and Eugène Moreau, represented at the Gymnase Enfantin Theatre on April 2, 1833, is accounted the happiest effort of the dramatists, who were distinguished rather for elegance of sentiment than for high poetic power. The incidents of the play, however, are wrought with a spirit which indicates them to be copied from reality.

Molière plays a secondary part—not a very dignified one, it is true—in "Les Papillotes," a vaudeville in one act, by Jacques Arago, represented at the Théâtre de la Gaïté in 1837. The principal personage of the piece is Ninon l'Enclos. The famous courtesan, however, is not, as in Chazet and Dubois's comedy, "La Lecture du Tartuffe chez Ninon," a protectress of the muses, but miserabile est in love. Her lover, a young nobleman, the Comte de Saint-Pol, who then had the possession of her heart, is so much in love with her that he has determined to marry his beautiful and spirited mistress, in spite of the prejudices and opposition of the members of his family. Ninon had the misfortune previously to be treated with brutal insolence by a lady of title, who told her, among other things, that it was impossible to be presented at Court without having a husband. These two serious motives were quite sufficient for Ninon to accept the hand and heart of the Count. The projected marriage, however, is not viewed in a favourable light by Ninon's frivolous friends. Molière, too, also confesses to her the trials he experienced through the infidelity of Armande with Delaunay, which is subsequently confirmed by the unfaithful wife. Later on Ninon's prospective mother-in-law, whose indignation is roused, determines to hurry away her son from so dangerous an intruder. This is the signal for the lovers. The marriage is arranged, but they have the happiness, or rather the unhappiness, to pass une soirée en tête-à-tête, and naturally quarrel. Ninon now recognises that marriage is a failure, and Saint-Pol is tormented with the recollections of the former lovers of his future bride. Briefly Ninon, who has been enlightened, regains her independence, and has made up her mind never to marry unless she

can find a joli cavalier whom she can love . . . tant qu'elle le bourra.

In Pernot's and Colomb's comedy, "Un Amour de Molière," performed at the Ambigu in 1838, the great dramatist is supposed to be still the proprietor of a boutique de tapissier at the same time that he is writing "L'École des Femmes." He is visited by Saint-Evremont and Fouquet, who seems to have come expressly for the purpose of making fun of him. A great part of the play also describes Molière's love and matrimonial difficulties with Armande Béjart, who is infatuated with the silly pride of exciting her husband's jealousy, and acquiring the character of a woman of gallantry.

Alphonse Dercy's comedy, "Molière et son Tartuffe," which was published in 1839, but never performed on the stage, seems to be founded upon Goldoni's masterpiece. The language, however, though seldom polished into classical elegance, is adapted with great propriety to the manners and sentiments of the respective characters.

A comedy, entitled "Molière chez Le Barbier la Pézénas," by Charles Gille, was announced in several newspapers during the year 1839. The present writer, however, has been unable to gather any further information concerning its probable representation or publication.

"Molière Apprenti Tapissier," a comedy in one act and prose, mêlée de chant, by F. Vallet, represented at the Théâtre du Gymnase Enfantin on January 16, 1840, is well planned and has no lack of incidents. The whole story is extremely entertaining, the characters are vigorously drawn, and an air of romance is skilfully thrown over the early episodes of Molière's life.

"A Propos de la Naissance de Molière," three scenes in verse, by Viollet d'Epagny, was represented at l'Odéon in January 1841. Unlike the work already mentioned by the same author, it is extremely dull and uninteresting.

There are many entertaining incidents in Charles Desnoyer and Eugène Labat's comedy in four acts, "La Vie d'un Comédien," represented at l'Odéon on December 23, 1841. It is one of the most complete dramatic versions of Molière's life from a biographical point of view.

The action of the next comedy takes place during the rehearsals and the first performance of Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" at Chambord in the month of October 1670. "Molière à Chambord," by Auguste Delportes, the comedy in question, is in four acts, and was represented at l'Odéon in January 1843. One of the most interesting scenes is the supper en tête-â-tête with Louis XIV., which is founded upon an anecdote related in Madame de Genlis's memoirs.

Molière plays a prominent part in Adolphe Dumas's "Mlle. de la Vallière," represented at the Porte Saint-Martin Theatre, in 1843. The author combines with some effect the two sad and painful stories of La Vallière's unhappy passion for Louis XIV., and Molière's for his actress-wife. The play opens and ends with the distresses of the unfortunate lady and Molière.

"Le Bouquet de Molière," a comedy in one act and verse, by J. Commerson, represented at l'Odéon in January 1845, has often been revived on the French provincial stage. The author adheres closely to his topic, and some parts of the work are extremely poetical.

In the month of January 1847, the now veteran French author M. Jules Barbier made his first appearance as a dramatist at the Théâtre Français, with a comedy entitled "L'Ombre de Molière." The literary merit of this comedy, which has never been printed, is reported to have been indifferent, and what little success the piece met with was owing to the efforts of the players, Mlle. Augusta Brohan, and M. Got, and M. Maillard, who created the principal characters. It only survived seven performances.

In the opening of Méry's comedy "Le Quinze Janvier, ou Comédiens et Parrains," represented at l'Odéon in 1847, Molière has just been presented with a daughter, and the question is, who will be the godfather. The friends and comrades of the great dramatist contend for the honour; the comedian Legrange wants to be, and Brécourt also, and La Thorillière, and Duparc, and Baron, and La Chapelle! Molière is at his wits' end. At length, however, he proposes to them de jouer la comédie; the one who displays the greatest wit and plays the best will be entitled to act as sponsor; they select their respective parts: Harpagon, Tartuffe, Don Juan, Alceste, and Célimène. Harpagon is transformed into a model of constancy; Don Juan is a virtuous and religious man; Alceste adores all human beings without distinction; Célimène is no more a coquette corrigée; and Tartuffe is the most open-minded and best of men. Molière is about to nominate the representative of Tartuffe as the godfather of his child, when an officer of the King arrives from Versailles. brings a message announcing that the King will select the godfather of the child, and the godfather is himself, Louis XIV., nec pluribus impar! All the candidates withdraw from the contest on hearing this, and with great enthusiasm cry: "Vive le Roi!"

Madame Georges Sand's prologue in verse, "Le Roi Attend," written expressly for the opening of the Théâtre de la République on April 6, 1848, is a sort of imitation of "L'Impromptu de Versailles." On the rising of the curtain, Molière is discovered in his humble

lodgings, broken down with illness and sorrow, and hard at work on a new play for the Court theatricals. Without the good-natured La Forêt's pleasantries, life seems to him but a tiresome void. After having for a long time endeavoured to soothe the offended vanity of certain high-born personages, and undergoing the severer mortification of listening to insulting remarks from his own colleagues, Molière receives successive messages from the Court announcing that "le roi va attendre, qu'il attend, qu'il a attendu"! The poor great dramatist, who is seated in a posture of profound thought, suddenly gives way to grief, and faints away. A thick cloud passes over the stage, and soon after a scene opens at the back, and discloses, as if in a vision, the goddess of poetry surrounded by Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, symbolising the ancient world; and Shakespeare, Voltaire, and Beaumarchais symbolising the modern world. They encourage him to proceed with his work. The thick clouds disappear and Molière awakes. La Forêt then comes in, and says again that "le roi attend"; but, this time, it is not "le roi à manteau fleur-delisé, à perruque en folio," who is impatient; it is "un roi plus puissant et plus formidable encore, le peuple de 1848!"

Lesquillon and Saint-Yves, the authors of a comedy "Le Protégé de Molière," represented at l'Odéon in 1848, closely adhered to the traditional story of how Racine came to Paris without money, but with a tragedy in his pocket, and introduced himself to Molière. The great comic dramatist, according to the story, advised young Racine to burn his tragedy and write a new one. This advice was followed, and Molière advanced the young man the sum of one hundred louis. La Forêt and two jealous poets, named respectively Leclerc and Corcas, are also introduced in "Le Protégé," and are of sufficient interest to create attention.

Madame Georges Sand's comedy, "Molière," like Goldoni's famous masterpiece, has been translated into most European languages, and enjoys an extensive reputation among persons of culture. But, notwithstanding its undoubted literary merit, it only achieved a succès d'estime on the occasion of its production at the Gaïté Theatre in 1851, and has long since disappeared from the theatrical répertoires. The first act opens in a picturesque mountainous country, with pines and rocks. Molière, the various members of his company, and some other travellers are making a halt; the horses are unharnessed and the cloth is laid on the grass. While the assembled company of strolling players are making merry over their cakes and wines, an unknown traveller, finding the cloth groaning under champagne, burgundy, and pyramids of

sweetmeats, seats himself, and partakes of the bacchanalian feast. Brécourt, on noticing the indiscreet convivial jollities of the stranger, is about to chastise him for his presumption, when Molière cries, "Holà! c'est monseigneur le prince de Condé." Brécourt apologises; the Prince salutes the ladies present, and is invited to complete their party. The glasses are charged in honour of the distinguished guest, and Armande Béjart, impressed with the grandeur and rank of the Prince, who has just been appointed commander of the Parisian troops, drinks to the prosperity of La Fronde. After a variety of incidents, Molière repairs to Paris, and receives the most gracious attentions from Louis XIV. and the members of his suite. The task of arranging the Court theatricals is confided to Molière, but there occur certain events which disturb his peace of mind. Molière has fallen desperately in love with Armande Béjart, and has not the courage to declare his affection to her. The lady, on the other hand, seems to enjoy more the intimacy and company of her licentious admirers than that of her honest admirer, Molière. "The first step is the only difficulty," is an old proverb. Armande suddenly learns, through the humanity of the Prince de Condé, hat Molière is one of the most famous men of the century, and being desirous of sharing his exalted position, she proposes herself. Molière then believes himself the most happy of men. A more striking scene than that which follows has seldom been witnessed, and Mme. Sand works it out with singular power and ingenuity. Madeleine, Armande's sister, a warm-hearted girl, adores Molière without any mean or mercenary object, though she has long hesitated to avow it. It is too late now to take action in the matter; nothing can be done to warn Molière of the character of the woman to whom he is plighting his troth, and she is left to suffer and be strong. Molière is hardly married when his troubles commence. The succeeding scenes are of a sombre and even tragic cast. The two central personages are Molière and Armande: Molière doting, affectionate, with no other thoughts but his wife's happiness, Armande slowly compassing her husband's death by her cruel coquetry. The anecdote of the interdiction and subsequent performance of "Tartuffe" is introduced, and amply repays the reader or spectator for the sadness occasioned by a great part of the preceding action. In the last act Molière has also to contend with troubles in the shape of a strong attachment Armande has for his adopted son, Baron. The erring parties have their follies exposed; they vow reformation, and resolve to live peaceably hereafter. The excitement, however, broke the spirit and shattered the health

of Molière, and he expires shortly after a representation of "Le Malade Imaginaire," in the presence of his wife, family, and the various personages engaged in the action of the drama.

Much stress has always been laid by biographers and dramatic historians on Molière's visit to Vienne (the Roman Vienna, and one of the earliest seats of Christianity in France) in 1651, and it is supposed that it was at the old and still existing theatre that the then budding playwright first introduced his earliest comedies. This circumstance has been made the subject of a charming little à propos by Ponsard, who was also a native of Vienne. Ponsard revisited his native town in the autumn of 1851, for the purpose of superintending the production of his poetical play, "Horace et Lydie," at the theatre, the scene of Molière's early triumphs. During his sojourn there, he was asked by the manager to write a lever de rideau in honour of his return. Ponsard, who was by no means the most rapid writer in the world, was at first rather at loss for a subject. The manager suggested Molière, and in eight days "Molière à Vienne" was already written, rehearsed, successfully produced, and reported in all the provincial and Parisian newspapers. opening there is a dialogue between Molière and an early patron, the Comte de Maugiron, who delivers a prophetic declaration of the fame the then obscure young player would acquire as a dramatist. The plot reminds one of Molière's early farces. Monsieur Dimanche, a wealthy cloth merchant, is desirous of marrying his daughter Angélique to a young man named Clysterion, the son of an apothecary of Vienne. Mlle. Angélique, who is of a romantic turn, cordially detests the young chemist, and has a sincere admiration for Sergeant Bellegarde, one of the most handsome men in the barracks. During Molière's sojourn in the town the young lady frequently visits the theatre, and being convinced of her father's undue severity, calls upon Molière, confides her troubles, and asks for his advice and protection. Molière soon perceives that the young lady's peace of mind can only be restored by securing her happiness with the man she loves, and through his good offices her little affair is successfully arranged. Happily, young Clysterion is not a very difficult customer to deal with. His greatest ambition is to create some sensation as the hero of an adventurous liaison with a lady of title. somehow learns the secret, and charges Duparc and Armande Béjart with the mission of imposing upon the simpleton. After some of the usual difficulties, Duparc succeeds in obtaining an interview with Clysterion, and tells him that a beautiful baroness is desperately in love with him. Armande makes up as the baroness. At night the con-

spirators are punctual in attendance outside the apothecary's shop, and, after a pause, Clysterion comes out with a syringe under his arm. stranger to repose, and a prey to the most torturing apprehensions, the young simpleton remains for a few seconds irresolute how to act; but he is soon roused from his reverie by the deep sobbings of the baroness, who falls on his neck and tenderly embraces him. deluded young man swears that he will never marry Angélique, and faithfully promises to inform old Dimanche of his resolution. terion is at last compelled to part from the object of his affection. and at the door of her lodgings he meets old Dimanche, who is calling upon Molière for the purpose of showing some samples of cloth. The young chemist does not fail to fulfil his promise, and the old man is so furious that it is quite impossible for him to restrain himself, even in the presence of his customer, Molière. manager naturally takes advantage of the old man's disposition, and in a very short time succeeds in obtaining his consent to the marriage between his daughter and Sergeant Bellegarde.

"Molière Enfant," a comedy in one act, by E. Vierne, represented at l'Odéon on January 15, 1855, is a charming little romance which is wanting neither in pathos nor in force. The plot is worked

out with great skill.

"Molière en Ménage," a comedy in one act, by Abel Jannet, represented at the Grand Theatre of Angoulême on November 11, 1855, is based upon a story of extreme simplicity. The author depicts Molière soured by misfortune, and doomed to undergo pain and sorrow in his family circle. The play will be found in the first volume of the "Théâtre et Poèsie d'Abel Jannet."

Molière and his father, Jean Poquelin, will be found in the list of characters of "La Jeunesse de Louis XIV," a comedy in five acts and prose, by Alexandre Dumas. It was first performed at the Vaudeville Theatre of Brussels, on January 20, 1856, and was introduced to a Parisian audience, after its author's death, at l'Odéon, on March 14, 1874, with some judicious alterations and revisions by the younger Dumas. The incidents are supposed to take place at Vincennes on September 25, 26, 1658.

"Le Songe de Molière," a comedy in one act, by Hippolyte Minier, was first performed at the Théâtre Français of Bordeaux on May 21, 1857. The title sufficiently suggests the character of its

leading subject.

The next à propos, "Le Quinze Janvier," is from the pen of the now celebrated author M. Henri de Bornier, who made his first appearance before the public as a dramatist at the Théâtre Français,

on January 15, 1860. The *dramatis personæ* consist of an actress, a modern poet, and Molière himself, who has revisited this world in order to learn how his successors are behaving themselves in his old home. The lines spoken by the actress are neat and epigrammatic. The poet, on the other hand, is at first rather ill at ease in the presence of Molière, who, however, soon cheers and encourages his younger rival. The entertainment subsequently concludes with wishing Molière many happy returns of the day.

On the same evening in January 1860, the management of l'Odéon produced a comedy entitled "La Fête de Molière," by M. Alexis Martin. The author in this piece has resuscitated M. Jourdain of the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme." This time, however, he is not troubled with visions of nobility and gallantry, and has no desire to be introduced to persons of quality:—

Mais il a la manie étrange et singulière De n'aimer qu'un seul homme—un seul homme, Molière.

The worthy old man is also the fortunate owner of two charming daughters, whom he has renamed Henrietta and Isabelle, in honour of the "Femmes Savantes" and "L'École des Maris." His servant girl, and the object of his occasional wrath, now answers to the call of Dorine. The privacy of this eccentric family is somewhat disturbed by the appearance of two budding young dramatists. Every possible indulgence is shown to them, but when both subsequently demand in marriage the fair daughters of the house, the father is very indignant. The young men, however, are determined to venture all to gain possession of the old man's darlings. To promote this design, they seek the assistance of Dorine. "Mon maître," she says, "a une autre manie. Et de deux! Il veut entrer à l'Académie Française? Non, à l'Académie d'Auteuil." The authors, by a most singular coincidence, are personally acquainted with all the members of this suburban Académie, and, under the pretext of inducing M. Jourdain to sign his adhesion aux statuts de la docte compagnie, they succeed in obtaining his much-coveted signature on two marriage contracts.

"Molière à Nantes," an à propos historique in verse, and in one act and two scenes, by Marcel Briol, was represented at the Grand Theatre of Nantes in January 1863. It is founded on incidents concerning Molière's visit to the town with his strolling players, and there are many pleasing passages in the piece.

A comedy called "La Fête de Molière," by the then young author M. Adolphe Carcassonne, was performed for the first time in public at the Gymnase Theatre of Marseilles, on January 15, 1863,

and was favourably received. It was subsequently reproduced at l'Odéon on the occasion of the anniversary of Molière's birth in 1879.

Madeleine, the daughter of Molière, was during her lifetime rather an obscure young lady, both on and off the stage. But a clever dramatist, M. Fournier, has managed to ransack enough incidents of her life to form a pretty and romantic one-act comedy, entitled "La Fille de Molière." The comedy in question was represented at l'Odéon, on January 15, 1863, and the subject is as follows:—Madeleine is deeply in love with a worthy man named Claude de Montelant, who is old enough to be her father, and she learns from the old maid servant, La Forêt, how her father, notwith-standing his genius and kind heart, suffered from the same disparity of ages during his married life. This, however, only strengthens Madeleine's resolution to marry Claude, in order to prove her sincere and ardent affection for her elderly admirer. The difference of ages being the only obstacle which separates them, Molière subsequently gives them his blessing and reunites them.

In the *Poèsies Posthumes* of Edmond Roche, published in 1863, with a preface by M. Victorien Sardou, there is a charming little comedy called "La Dernière Fourberie de Scapin." The scene takes place in the Champs Elysées, and Molière is introduced with Scapin and other characters of his own creation. This work was written for an anniversary of Molière's birth, and originally entitled "La Comédie des Ombres." Sainte-Beuve interested himself on the author's behalf, and recommended the play to the actors of the Comédie Française, but without any satisfactory result. The unfortunate author died in 1861, a few months after he translated the libretto of Wagner's "Tannhäuser" for the Paris Grand Opera.

The groundwork of "Molière à Bordeaux," a comedy in two acts and in verse, by Hippolyte Minier, represented at the Théâtre Français of Bordeaux on February 14, 1865, seems to be founded upon an imaginary episode. M. Armand Detchevery, in his "Histoire des Théâtres de Bordeaux," denies that Molière ever passed through and performed at any theatre in the town. Some other writers, however, mention several instances of his performances in a tragedy of his own composition, entitled "Étéocle et Polynice."

"Molière et Pézénas," a comedy in one act by M. Pages, represented at l'Odéon on January 15, 1866, relates an incident of the great dramatist's early manhood. It is intended to serve as an introduction to one of Molière's earlier comedies, "Le Médecin Volant."

At length the incidents of Molière's life seem to have been so well worn for dramatic purposes that M. Fournier, the author of "La Fille de Molière," was reduced to such sore straits as to make a comedy out of the contents of the great dramatist's travelling bag. The title of the comedy is, "La Valise de Molière," and it was represented at the Comédie Française in January 1868. The subject is as follows: A manager of a company of strolling players has found a travelling bag which Molière lost on the way without noticing it, and proceeds to proclaim himself as the author of the contents, when, unfortunately for himself, the *real* author, accompanied by his own troupe, arrives on the scene. Molière claims his own property, and, after some controversy between the *sham* and *real* authors, the comedy ends merrily all round.

"La Maison de Molière," a comedy in one act, by M. Paul Bellet, was offered to the Comédie Française and read before the comité de lecture on November 11, 1869. That august body, however, subsequently rejected the play, and the author published his work in 1872.

"Le Cimetière Saint-Joseph," an à propos in one act and in verse, by M. Gustave Rivet, was first performed at the Alhambra Theatre (Faubourg du Temple) on January 17, 1871. It attracted little attention at the time, on account of the Franco-German war and other political events. The work, however, was revived during the month of January 1874 with better results. Since then the author has added a spirited Apothéose, and the work in its present shape has been honoured with more than fifty performances in Paris alone.

The production of M. Albert Glatigny's prologue "Le Compliment à Molière," at l'Odéon on January 15, 1872, is now chiefly memorable from an historical point of view as being the first à propos on the great dramatist introduced at a state-supported Parisian theatre since the fall of the Second Empire. The work, however, is not without merit, and it has been reproduced at several French provincial theatres.

M. Xavier Aubryet's "Le Docteur Molière," or "Molière Médecin," a comedy in one act and in verse, was represented at l'Odéon on April 7, 1873. The greater part of the incidents seems to be based upon Melesville's "Sullivan," one of a long series of dramas described by Théophile Gautier as "the everlasting story of Garrick, Talma, or Kean curing some foolish girl of a passion for them as actors by exhibiting themselves in private life under the most repulsive conditions": the only difference in the present case being that Molière, the actor, disguised as a doctor, undertakes the weary

process in favour of a love-sick rival. The two young people are eventually affianced, and there seems to be no obstacle to the union until the young man's amorous and miserly uncle comes himself to ask for the young lady's hand. Molière, who understands the queer trio of lovers, however, opportunely presents himself and sets all right.

"La Mort de Molière," a drama in four acts and six scenes, by M. Pinchon, was written expressly for the performance at the Paris Théâtre Italien, organised by M. H. Ballande, the founder of the Matinées Littéraires, in honour of the second centenary of Molière's death, which took place on May 15, 1873. The author introduces into his drama the cérémonie of the fourth act of the "Malade Imaginaire."

The title of "Les Comédiens Errants," by MM. Paul Arène and Valery Vernier, represented at l'Odéon in January 1874, is rather misleading. It is founded upon an incident in Molière's theatrical career, but the great dramatist himself never appears. The story, however, is of the simplest, and relates the various rounds and turns, and sad and gay vicissitudes, which Molière's company experienced before being called to Paris by order of the King in 1658.

M. Ernest d'Hervilly's one-act comedy, "Le Malade Réel," represented at the Comédie Française in January 1874, was no doubt first intended to serve as a prologue to a revival of "Le Malade Imaginaire." The author introduces various types of medical men from the seventeenth century to the present time, and the scene of their reconciliation with Molière is very amusing.

The comedy of "Molière," by MM. Camille Allary and Alfred Privat, was represented at the Théâtre du Gymnase of Marseilles in January 1874. According to a local newspaper criticism of the first performance, "there is not one gleam of fun in the whole composition, which is as ill-written as it is vulgarly conceived."

M. d'Hervilly's next *Molièresque* comedy, "Le Docteur Sans Pareil," represented at l'Odéon on January 15, 1875, is founded upon a little known or rather supposed episode of the great dramatist's youth. Molière, in defiance of his father's wrath, runs away from home with little Madeleine Béjart and another companion named François, to take part in a performance of his first play, "Le Docteur Sans Pareil," on the boards of a mountebank's booth. The youngsters are shortly afterwards recognised by their respective parents, who pursue them with much rancour, while a melancholy clown, named Fritelin, predicts that they will become one day the glory and honour of *l'art français*.

"Molière à Auteuil," a comedy in one act, by MM. Emile Blemont and Léon Valade, represented at l'Odéon on January 15, 1876, has nothing in common with the famous anecdote related by Louis Racine. The authors have contented themselves with showing us Molière at home, listening to the infatuations of a young man named Armand, the son of a lawyer, who wants to become an actor in order to marry a pretty young actress, Marotte Beaupré. The young lady, however, subsequently quits the stage, and marries a rich financier. Armand then, to the astonishment of Molière, renounces the idea of becoming an actor. La Forêt, however, like most women, seems to have been aware of the real facts of the case from the commencement.

Molière received his early education, narrow or liberal, at a free school. Of the worthy schoolmaster, to whom he was "turned over" at the time, we have no accurate information. But M. d'Hervilly, in a comedy entitled "Le Magister," represented at l'Odéon in January 1877, following some biographers who could have had no means of ascertaining the truth, honours a certain Georges Pinel with that distinction. Molière's father, thinking the dramatic profession dishonourable to his family, visits the worthy pedagogue, and induces him to counsel his former pupil on the pernicious life he is pursuing. The younger Poquelin—that is to say, Molière—also pays a visit to his ancient friend. But it is not with the object of being converted: it is to gain a recruit. He is in search of a congenial representative of the pedant, and Georges Pinel fulfils all the necessary conditions. How to induce the schoolmaster to accept an engagement, that is the question. Without further parley, Molière relates an adventure he had with his companions close by the roadside inn at Auteuil. Shortly after a crowd of comedians rush in, and further excite Pinel's enthusiasm with so bewitching an eulogy of the pleasures of la vie de Bohème, that without a moment's deliberation he immediately accepts an engagement for life. When old Poquelin comes in to learn the results of the schoolmaster's negotiations, he finds two comedians instead of one.

On the same evening in January 1877, two other *Molièresque* productions were also given at the Parisian theatres, "Le Barbier de Pézénas," by MM. Emile Blemont and Léon Valade, at the Comédie Française, and "L'Eternelle Histoire," by M. Achille Eyrand, at the Troisième Théâtre Français. The action of the first-mentioned takes place in the easy-shaving establishment of Gély, the *doyen* of the barbers of Pézénas, and there is some amusing gossip between Molière and the other bristly customers.

In January 1878 there was a question of producing at the Comédie Française, on the occasion of the anniversary of Molière's birth, a comedy in one act, called "Le Mariage d'Alceste," by M.

Charles Joliet, but notwithstanding the fact that the management announced the postponement of the performance until the following year owing to insufficient rehearsals, the piece has never been produced up to the present time. On the same anniversary, however, the more energetic management of l'Odéon presented a comedy called "Le Médecin de Molière," by M. Roger. In the play Molière is shown to us broken down with sorrow and illness at his lodgings, and waiting the return of his unfaithful wife.

A comedy in one act, called "Molière et Montespan," by M. François Fabie, a professor at the Lycée at Toulon, represented at the now defunct Troisième Théâtre Français, was the only new work produced in Paris on the occasion of the anniversary of Molière's birth in 1879. The management of the Comédie Française and l'Odéon having contented themselves with revivals of the great dramatist's own comedies, a young author, M. Benjamin Pifteau, wrote a comedy called "Molière en Voyage," expressly for l'Odéon, but it was rejected on account of its great length and almost entire absence of action. It was, however, subsequently published in a small volume. with an essay on Molière's troupe ambulante. The action of M. Fabie's little comedy takes place in Molière's apartments, a few hours after the first performance of "Amphitryon." The Marquis de Montespan comes on purpose to chastise the insolent actor and dramatist, who has dared to introduce on the stage himself, his wife, and Louis XIV. under the mask of General Thébain, Alcmène, and Jupiter. he soon finds out that Molière, as a husband, is quite as much to be pitied as himself. The Marquis departs in better humour than he came.

"Un Souper chez Molière," a scene in verse, by M. Alfred Nancy, membre résident and secrétaire-adjoint of the Société Académique de l'Aube, will be found in the forty-third volume of the Society's Proceedings. It is simply another version of Louis Racine's anecdote of the supper at Auteuil.

A play called "Dandin Vengé," by the late M. Marc-Monnier, was brought out at Geneva in 1879. The subject is suggested by the unhappy state of affairs in Molière's household, but though the characters are those of his own circle of friends and enemies, their actions are due to the inventive powers of M. Marc-Monnier.

The plot of M. d'Hervilly's comedy, "Poquelin père et fils," represented at l'Odéon in January 1880, is founded upon an incident which escaped the attention of all Molière's biographers. A few years ago M. E. Soulé discovered the bill of discharge, signed by Rohant, the mathematician, who, being aware of the pecuniary distress of Molière's father, resorted to a stratagem and saved the family from

ruin. The mathematician, it seems, went to the old *tapissier* and asked his permission to place the sum of 10,000 livres (about 50,000 francs of our money) in his business, which was accepted.

M. François Coppée's dramatic sketch, "L'Impromptu de Versailles," was written expressly to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Théâtre Français in October 1880. The particular period of this play is the incident which led to the opening, and the principal characters introduced are Molière, La Thorillière, Brécourt, and Armande Béjart.

The first performance of "Molière chez Lui," a comedy in one act, by M. E. Bondroit, a Belgian dramatist, took place at the Gymnase Theatre of Liège on March 10, 1881. On the rising of the curtain Molière is discovered listening to the complaints of young Baron, who has come to the resolution to say good-bye "for ever." The young man is desperately in love with the great dramatist's wife, and honours him too much to do him any injury. Armande, however, turns the tables, and accuses the young man of attempting to seduce her. This, of course, leads to a row in the house, but, owing to the efforts of La Fontaine, Boileau, and the kind-hearted maidservant La Forêt, a general reconciliation is soon arranged without trop noircir madame.

Two days after the production of M. Bondroit's comedy an entertainment, under the patronage of Victor Hugo, was given at the Paris Hôtel Continental in aid of some charitable purpose, at which a comedy by M. Georges Berry, called "Louis XIV et Molière," was performed. The dramatic personages of this work, which was not very successful, were Louis XIV., Molière, and "la Muse de l'Histoire."

The late Herr Carl Gutzkow seems to have been the only German dramatist who ever wrote an original play on Molière. The work in question is a comedy in five acts, called "The Model of Tartuffe," and it was first performed at Frankfort-on-the-Main in 1881. The comedy, if not exactly a masterpiece, may be summed up as a creditable contribution to the *Molièresque* dramatic literature.

"Les Papillotes," a petite comédie à trois personnages, by MM. Léon Valade and Jules Truffer, first brought out at l'Odéon, January 15, 1883, is a clever little dramatic trifle. Hauteroche, an old gentleman passionately fond of poetry, has composed a "Compliment" on the occasion of Molière's birthday. The young lovers of the piece, Hubert and Madeleine, accidentally destroy the precious manuscript, and the question therefore is how to replace it.

<sup>&#</sup>x27;This work must not be confounded with Molière's "Impromptu de Versailles,"

Happily, however, young Hubert is also a poet, and he improvises another "Compliment," which is certainly the best part of the comedy.

M. François Fabie's one-act comedy, "Placet du Roi," was represented at l'Odéon in January 1884. It relates how the comedians La Thorillière and La Grange obtained from Louis XIV., owing to the generous intervention of Madame Henriette d'Angleterre, Duchess d'Orleans, the removal of the interdiction on the performances of the "Tartuffe." The scene takes place in a village inn in the suburbs of Lille during the year 1667, and the author has introduced a love intrigue between the daughter of the innkeeper and a young peasant.

M. J. Bernard's "Molière à Toulouse" was presented at the Théâtre des Nouveautés of Toulouse in January 1884. It contains little that calls for commendation. There is also too much dialogue for a one-act comedy, and what there is, is not by any means as strong, terse, and to the purpose as it should be. The scene of M. Louis Legendre's comedy "Célimène," represented at l'Odéon on January 15, 1885, takes place at Armande Béjart's lodgings during the year 1664, and this is the plot: A certain marquis, a dissipated young man of fashion, forms a base design of attempting to seduce Molière's wife, and failing in this, out of sheer revenge, he brings a letter to Molière from Armande to the Duc de Lauzun, which has fallen into his hands. This gives rise to an episode founded upon the famous scene of the letter in the "Misanthrope," and Molière pardons his wife and her admirers.

M. Billard's comedy, "La Vocation de Molière," was offered to and rejected by the management of l'Odéon. The author, however, published his play in the early part of 1885. There are only three personages, Molière, his father, and his maternal grandfather, Louis Cressé. The action takes place in 1635, and is chiefly founded upon the incidents of the great dramatist's first appearance as an actor on the Parisian stage.

A very charming thing is M. Clovis Hugues's poetical comedy called "Une Nuit de Molière." It was written expressly as a sort of prologue for the anniversary performance at the Jeune Théâtre Français of Marseilles, on January 15, 1885, and was a welcome item in the programme, as showing not only that so masterly a work receives due recognition, but that its merits were not ignored from the fact of its author having been born in the same town, and represented it in the Chambre des Députés.

M. Ernest d'Hervilly, in January 1886, presented to the public another comedy founded upon an episode of Molière's life. It is

called "Molière en Prison," and was performed at the Comédie Française. The author in this comedy shows us Molière at the age of twenty-three in prison for a debt owing to the merchant who supplied his theatre with candles. But Ragueneau, the pastrycook and poet, who subsequently became a member of Molière's own dramatic company, has sworn to save his favourite poet. He offers to change clothes, and proceeds to take off his garments in the presence of the gaoler Mascarat, who has fallen asleep, when suddenly a free pardon with a caution drops from his pocket.

The management of l'Odéon also produced, on the same evening in January 1886, a comedy called "La Première du Misanthrope," by MM. Adolphe Aderer and Armand Ephraim. The subject is as follows. Molière is married, and his wife, who has just obtained a great success in the part of Célimène, is much sought after by the Comtes de Guiche and de Richelieu. Molière is furious, and threatens to separate from his wife. La Chapelle, however, tries to reconcile both husband and wife, and succeeds in persuading the young noblemen that the wife of the author of the "Misanthrope" is only making fun of them. Armande then comes back to her husband, who adores her more than ever.

M. Emile Moreau's "Protestation," written expressly for the Molière anniversary performance at the Comédie Française in January 1887, is a pleasant jeu d'esprit. A comedian opens the proceedings by reciting an eulogy on Molière in pompous Alexandrine verse. He is soon, however, interrupted by an apothecary, who protests in the name of his corporation unjustly ridiculed by the great dramatist. This gives rise to an amusing dialogue between the two personages: the rival of M. Fleurant praises the virtues of the syringe and attributes its decadence to the pessimism of the times. The comedian, on the other hand, replies that Molière will always have the privilege of making people laugh, and charges his opponent with base ingratitude for not recognising that it was the grand railleur's satirical wit which immortalised his profession and instrument. The apothecary subsequently acknowledges all this, falls upon his knees, and humbly pleads for pardon before the bust of Molière.

"Molière chez Conti," a comedy in one act, by M. Alfred Copin, was represented at l'Odéon on January 15, 1887. The action takes place in a reception room at the Château de Legrange, near Pézénas, in 1653. The Prince de Conti, governor of Languedoc, is the host, and Molière, a young nobleman named De Cordaillon, the lively Abbé de Cosnac, and Madeleine Béjart, are the most prominent guests from a dramatic point of view.

M. Monier de la Motte, the author of a comedy called "Molière au Berceau," published in 1887, has unquestionably a keen sense of humour. He introduced at the baptism of Jean Baptiste Poquelin (!) a certain number of the great dramatist's future creations. The outline of the play, however, is in general well conceived, skilfully filled up, and the dialogue lively and well supported. There remain to be mentioned two other additions to the list of à propos which have not been honoured with a stage representation: "Le Roi chez Molière," by M. Pierre Barbier, and "La Lyre de Cahors," by M. Eugène Godin. Both these productions were published in Paris during the month of January 1888. The second is certainly interesting. Racine pays a visit to Molière in 1666, after the failure of "Alexandre," and reads the sketch of "Andromaque" to his confrère, who recommends him to entrust the part of Oreste to young Baron, then only thirteen years of age. It will be seen that the author has been guilty of a singular anachronism in coupling young Baron's name with Racine. It should have been Corneille's.

"Le Rire de Molière," an à propos in one act and in verse, by M. Louis Tiercelin, was performed for the first time in public at the Comédie Française on January 15, 1888. There are only two personages, Tartusse and Dorine. It somewhat resembles Molière's own comedies in exactness of delineation and the mixture of the comic with the tender.

M. Albert Lambert's comedy, "Une Collaboration," was written expressly for the Corneille anniversary performance at l'Odéon on June 6, 1888, and the author, who is also a well-known actor, played the part of the great tragic dramatist. It will, therefore, surprise no one to learn that Molière, according to M. Lambert, is but a secondary personage as far as the authorship of "Psyché" is concerned. M. Lambert has skilfully interwoven into his comedy extracts from "Psyché," "Pulchérie," the "Misanthrope," and the charming "Stances à la Marquise," which Corneille dedicated to Molière's wife, with whom he was once in love.

Mr. Walter Frith is the only English dramatist who has written an original play on Molière. It was first performed at the St. James's Theatre, London, on July 17, 1891, with Mr. George Alexander in the title part. There are many effective incidents in the one-act play, and it is certainly one of the best founded upon an episode of Molière's life. This tribute from an Englishman is worthy of being translated into French for an anniversary performance at the Comédie Française.

This account of Mr. Frith's comedy brings the notes on "Molière on the Stage" to a close. No one can be more sensible than the present writer of their analytical incompleteness, but they will have answered their purpose if they serve to introduce a single reader to the many plays founded on the various episodes of Molière's unhappy life, and the great dramatist who has given them immortality.

ANDREW DE TERNANT.

#### DROPS FROM THE CLOUDS.

THESE are days of weather wisdom, so I need hardly apologise for the following remarks on the rainfall. It may interest others to compare the results that I have arrived at with their own observations; and, moreover, keeping a record of the rain enables us to answer some questions which occur to anyone who is curious.

These questions may be roughly indicated, as the following:

Are we much above or below the average rainfall for the neighbourhood?

What is this average monthly rainfall?

How does this compare with other places?

What are the prospects of the wells being dry or full?

Is it likely that the crops will be injured by drought or flooding? What are the chances of the water-supply being short, and therefore of the consumption being limited by the waterworks company?

How far are roads and traffic likely to be interfered with?

Is the rainfall influenced by the character of the soil, the elevation of hills, the prevalence of particular winds, &c.?

Does rain fall more in the night or the day, in the summer or the winter?

How much snow are we to reckon as equivalent to rain?

What amount of rain do heavy dews represent?

What number of days should we expect to be wet in a certain month?

Does it make any difference whether you use a large or a small funnel for catching the rain?

Should this be near the ground, or any particular distance above it?

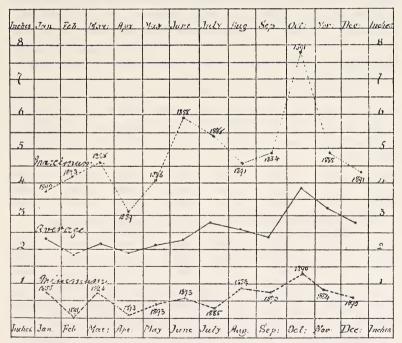
I will give first the results obtained from keeping a record of the rainfall in Sevenoaks for the ten years ending December 1893. Results are, after all, of more interest to the general reader than statistical records.

These results I put in such a form as to be capable of being cut off and stuck on any chart for the month we happen to be working at. At least, this has been my plan, and it is of some interest to see

what we ought to expect in the way of rainfail for the coming months:

	Average Rainfall, 1884-93	Highest Total	Lowest Total	Day Average	No. of Days with Rain	Night Average	No. of Nights with Rain
January February March April May June July August September October November December	2·20 2·28 2·96 2·57 2·49 3·87	1890, 3.75 1893, 4.33 1888, 4.59 1886, 3.20 1886, 4.08 1888, 5.92 1890, 5.46 1891, 4.51 1884, 4.97 1891, 7.70 1888, 4.96 1891, 4.36		·87 ·71 ·79 ·74 ·88 ·96 I·43 I·08 ·91 I·62 I·15 I·09	8 6 7 7 8 5 9 8 7 11	1.47 1.12 1.43 1.22 1.32 1.53 1.49 1.58 2.25 2.15	11 9 10 8 8 8 8 8 9 9 12 14

The following chart will perhaps show clearly the average monthly rainfall, together with the maximum and minimum:



There are some points to be first noticed with regard to this, or any other record, for it would be a fallacy to suppose that places which are near one another are necessarily visited by the same amount of rain. Many of us may have seen a sharply defined edge marking a heavy fall of rain in an adjoining garden or field, whereas hardly a drop falls in one's own, or *vice versâ*. Then, again, what has happened in any one ten years is no certain indication of what will happen in another ten years, though we must allow that there is a probability of the difference not being very great. We may summarise these remarks by the following statements:

First of all, what does an inch of rain represent to the unscientific mind? Perhaps it will be more easily understood when we say that an inch of rain represents about a hundred tons falling on an acre of land.

But with reference to our tables of rainfall at one place we must bear in mind—

- 1. That the record for this particular station is by no means to be accepted as the record for any other station, even in close proximity; for instance, in 1889 the total rainfall at Riverhill, near the top of our range of hills, but with a southern aspect, was 26 inches. Then a mile from this, N.N.W., quite on the top of the hill, at Clare Bank, 27 inches; two miles further N.N.W., at Riverhead, 26 inches; whereas at Purleigh, about one and a half miles due north of Clare Bank, and on the north face of the range of hills, the rainfall was 31 inches, and all these places were within an area of little over two miles.
- 2. That the rainfall in the particular ten years I have been able to take must not be accepted as evidence of an exactly similar rainfall occurring in any other ten years; for instance, in London, at Camden Square, the average for ten years, 1880 to 1889 inclusive, was:

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. 1.62
Tan. .
                    April.
                                         July .
                                                              Oct. .
                                                                        . 2.89
                              · 1.74
                                                   . 2.68
Feb. .
                                         Aug. .
         . 1.88
                    May.
                              . 1.00
                                                   · 1.88
                                                              Nov.
                                                                        . 2.66
Mar. .
         . 1.61
                    Tune.
                              . 2'01
                                         Sept.
                                                   . 2.21
                                                              Dec. .
                                                                        . 2'07
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Whereas the average for the twenty years 1859 to 1878 was:

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Jan. .
                     April.
                                · 1.68
                                           July .
                                                     . 2.06
                                                                 Oct. .
          . 2:34
                                                                           . 2.63
Feb. .
                                                                 Nov..
          . I'49
                     May.
                               . 2.09
                                           Aug. .
                                                     . 2'45
                                                                           . 2:37
                     June.
                                           Sept..
                                                                 Dec. .
Mar. .
          . 1.83
                                . 2.51
                                                     . 2'53
                                                                           . 2.20
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By which it will be seen that in the months of January, February, June, July, and August, the differences were very decided, according to whether we take the average for ten or twenty years.

3. From these tables it will be seen that as regards the neighbour-hood of Sevenoaks, which lies twenty-three miles south of London, and stands on a range of hills running east and west, with an elevation varying from 300 to 800 feet, that the wettest months in our

locality for the last ten years appear to be October, November, July, and December. In the "British Rainfall," by Mr. Symons, for the year 1892, he has given a very interesting account of the average monthly rainfall for forty-six years at eleven different stations and from these it appears that April is the driest month, while October and January are the wettest.

- 4. That the greatest monthly rainfall occurring in this locality for the last ten years was in October 1891.
- 5. That the smallest monthly rainfall was in February 1891, when no rain fell; but last year, 1893, we have to record the longest period of drought, March to June inclusive, and again in August, and this appears not to have been equalled since the year 1844.
- 6. That the greatest rainfall on any one day during this period was 2.63 inches on June 20, 1892.

Now I want to call attention especially to the difference between day and night rain as one of importance, and one that has not been generally attended to.

In the years 1884 to 1893 inclusive, the proportion of rainfall occurring in the night to that occurring in the day at this station was as 3 to 2, by which it is evident that a much larger amount falls in the night than in the daytime.

It will be most convenient if we arrange the night and day rainfall for the different months in the form of percentages, rather than the actual quantities.

	_	Day	Night		Day	Night
January		37	63	August .	42	58
February		39	61	September .	37	63
March.		35	65	October .	42	58
April .		38	62	November .	35	65
May .		40	60	December .	41	59
June .		43	57			
July .		48	52	Average	40	60
			,	0		

This will show still more clearly by the following chart of proportionate day and night rain for each month (in percentages):



Looking over this table, it will be seen that, although the proportion per cent. is 40 for the day and 60 for the night for the whole year, it is 35 to 65 in March and November, whereas it is only 48 to 52 in July. Moreover, the day rain exceeds 40 per cent. in June to August inclusive, and also in the months of October and December. The peculiarity of this excess of day rain in these particular months shows that it cannot be accounted for simply by the fact of the days being longer at these times, for they are really shorter.

I have chosen the day to represent the invalids' day, *i.e.* from 10 o'clock in the morning until sunset. This I have a personal interest in, and, in addition to this, I think it of great importance for all visitors to any country place to know whether they may expect to find a large amount of rainfall in the day-time. Most of us would certainly prefer it to come more in the night than in the day, and Nature itself would prefer its draught of water to come in the night, and leave the sunshine for the day.

It is possible that the large amount of rainfall during the day in the three summer months may be accounted for by thunderstorms, for there is no doubt that they add materially to our total rainfall; but, after all, the amount is not large. It is only the proportion of night and day rain that we have been referring to; so pleasure and health seekers in the country need not be alarmed, only it would appear to be wise to carry an umbrella.

What are the chances of having fine days or fine nights in any month? If we have kept our record of day and night rainfall this question can be easily answered.

Here is the result of ten years, giving the averages we require i.e. days with some rain, and nights with some rain:

		Day	Night	1		Day	Night
January		8	11	July .		9	8
February		6	9	August		8	9
March		7	10	September		7	9
April .		7	8	October		11	12
May .		8	8	November		10	19
June .		5	8	December	•	8	12

By this it will be seen that the wet nights exceed the wet days, except in the month of July; that the largest number of wet days will be found in October and November, and that the largest number of wet nights will be found in October, November, December, and January.

Although last year, 1893, was particularly dry, and the rainfall

was  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches below the average, the previous year, 1892, on the other hand, showed an excess to about the same amount.

Several of the questions which I have started with have already been answered by the authorities, but doubtless most observers will find for themselves answers to the questions that most interest them. Here, at Sevenoaks, we have more rain on the north side of the range of hills than they have on the south, or even on the top.

I may instance again what I have already given in support of this statement. Riverhill shows an average of about  $26\frac{1}{2}$  inches, and this is on the south face of our range of hills, but near the top. If we go a mile N.N.W. of this, to Clare Bank, which is situated on the top of our range, we find the average rainfall is about 28 inches. Now go a mile and a half due north of this, to Purleigh, which is on the north aspect of the range, and we find the average rainfall is much higher,  $30\frac{1}{2}$  inches. The character of the soil in each case is about the same, a porous, sandstony formation, which allows the rain to soak in or run off so rapidly that we never complain of its long remaining wet and dirty; and pedestrians, and those who use carriages and cycles, always find a good hard road. It may be, and is, very hilly, but the roads are never a mass of mud or of dust.

The valleys on the north side are wetter than those on the south. Our heaviest dews have recorded two-hundredths of an inch ('02) in our rain-gauge, but the average heavy dew is '01.

Snow has been frequently rather difficult to estimate, for it may fall very light and pack very loosely, when twelve inches of snow will represent one inch of rain; or it may fall very moist and pack very close, when not more than seven or eight inches would be required to equal an inch of rain. Moreover, snow seems to evaporate very readily, so that three or four inches are soon reduced to almost nothing. It is difficult to collect it in the rain-gauge, for when it is piled up two or three inches deep it will, out of a sort of contrariety, blow off the wrong way.

The size of the funnel used by the majority of observers is five inches in diameter, but, after all, it is possible to estimate the amount of rain required to constitute an inch fall, or any proportion of it, whatever be the size of the funnel used. This is only an interesting mathematical problem, easy to any observer to solve for himself. The height of the funnel above the ground should not be less than one foot, otherwise the dews may be very heavy and rather upset one's calculations.

<sup>1</sup> Arrangements for the Systematic Observation and Record of the Rainfall of the British Isles, by G. J. Symons, F.R.S.; also British Rainfall, published annually.

It is possible to err in one's calculations, but we ought not to do so if we take care. Some observers record more than others, but the fault is generally with those who record the least; for if the receiver is only emptied once a month instead of daily, there is so much the greater chance of the water having evaporated. In just the same way the tiles, hanging clothes, the ground, and even saucers full of water, will soon become dry on exposure.

There is one point which puzzles some mathematical minds, and that is, how to secure a rain-gauge doing its full duty of collecting all that falls on its own area.

What I mean is this, that rain falling perpendicularly on a circle, must measure much more proportionately than if it falls aslant.

And yet upon further thought it is evident that if a rain-gauge be tilted to meet the rain perpendicularly it would not represent any corresponding area of the earth's surface. A rain-gauge must have its surface parallel with the surface of the earth, in order to catch the amount of rain which would have fallen upon an equal area of the ground. The earth is not tilted to meet the rain perpendicularly, so why should we tilt the rain-gauge? Moreover, here is a wise provision of Nature in the slanting direction in which rain falls. Instead of coming down very heavily it falls more softly, and covers a much larger area. For if a cloud a mile long emptied its contents perpendicularly, it would only wet a mile's length of the surface of the earth, but if it falls obliquely at an angle of 45°, it would extend over about a mile and a half of the surface of the earth. So that a much larger surface receives rain from the clouds.

Rain really falls usually at about an angle of 40°, but, of course, this varies according to the wind.

Another point that is worth any one's while to think over, and that leaves much to be cleared up, is, what can be accepted as special local intimations of rain to come? What does the shepherd look upon as the surest forecast of rain? Shepherds are keen observers, and so sometimes are washerwomen, when the clothes won't dry; grocers' assistants, with the sugar and salt damping; gardeners, and those who suffer from their corns; housemaids, when their fires won't light; bootblacks, when they can't get a polish; to say nothing of the ordinary observers, who study their storm-glasses, their barometers, the clouds, and how the frogs disport themselves in the pools, and the donkeys raise their voices, or the pigs turn up the straw. "Ore solutos immundi meminere sues jactare maniplos."

Indeed, it is probable that all animals, ants, bees, birds, cattle,

<sup>1</sup> Virgil, Georgics, i. 399.

and the like, have their own special way of showing the coming weather. But are we clever enough to read their language?

The study of the rainfall, I think, will help us, and in any case it is a subject full of interest to those who care to watch the ways of Nature around them.

W. W. WAGSTAFFE.

## JOHN LYLY AND HIS "EUPHUES."

WHEN Sir Walter Scott, in the character of Sir Piercie Shafton, attempted the portrait of an Euphuist after the manner of John Lyly's once famous hero, few persons knew anything about "Euphues' Anatomie of Wit" or its author, for when "The Monastery" was written, Elizabethan literature, though Charles Lamb had directed attention to its treasures in his "Specimens" twelve years previously, was scarcely read by anyone except himself and Coleridge. In a late edition of his romance Scott was fain to confess that his attempt had proved a failure. It is probable that the great novelist had never read "Euphues," and drew his knight from Jonson's and Shakespeare's caricatures instead of from the original. Charles Kingsley, in "Westward Ho!" falls foul of Sir Piercie, and points out that he is an anachronism belonging to the later and worst days of the euphuistic crase.

The author of "The Anatomie of Wit," it would seem, was born in the Weald of Kent, about the year 1553 or 1554, and entered Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1569, but did not matriculate until two years afterwards, when he was entered in the books as plebis filius. Wood (Ath. Oxon.) tells us that "he was always averse to the crabbed studies of logic and philosophy. For so it was, that his genius being bent to the pleasant paths of poetry (its pitfalls had given him a wreath of his own, bays without snatching or struggling), did in a manner neglect academical studies, yet not so much but that he took degrees in arts, that of master being completed in 1575; at which time he was esteemed at the University a noted wit, and afterwards was in the Court of Queen Elizabeth, where he was also reputed a rare poet, witty, comical, and facetious." He took the degree of B.A. in April 1573, and that of M.A. two years afterwards. But for some reason unknown he afterwards left Oxford and removed to Cambridge, whence he went to Court.

There is preserved among the Lansdowne MSS. in the British Museum a beautifully written Latin letter, dated 1574, from Lyly to Lord Burleigh, in which the young scholar solicits the patronage

of the great statesman. And not in vain, for in "Euphues and his England" Lyly writes: "This noble man (Burleigh) I found so ready, being but a stranger, to do me good, that neither I ought to forget him, neither cease to pray for him." It would appear that he was admitted to some position of trust in Lord Burleigh's household, but from a letter addressed to his patron, preserved in the Lansdowne MSS., it seems that in 1582 he fell under some suspicion, and was dismissed in disgrace. The earnest and passionate tone in which he entreats that a full inquiry shall be instituted justifies the conclusion that the accusation was a false one.

"God is my witness," he writes, "before whom I speak, and before whom for my speech I shall answer, that all my thoughts concerning my lord have been ever reverent and almost religious. How I have dealt God knoweth and my lady can conjecture, so faithfully, as I am unspotted for dishonesty, as a suckling from theft. This conscience of mine maketh me presume to stand to all trials, either of accounts or counsel; in the one I never used falsehood, nor in the other dissembling. My most humble suit, therefore, unto your lordship is that my accusations be not smothered and choaked in ye smoke, but that they may be tried in ye fire, and I will stand to the heat:" and much more to the same effect.

Whether or not Lyly succeeded in clearing himself is not known. But he was already one of the most famous writers of the day. "Euphues: the Anatomie of Wit" was published in 1579, and in the following year the second part, "Euphues and his England," appeared. At the commencement of 1584 he was writing comedies for the Court entertainments, and during the next five years produced some eight or nine dramatic pieces. But all this time he seems to have been more famous than fortunate. A petition to the Queen, undated, but probably indited about 1590 (Harleian MS.), sets forth how for ten long years he had solicited, under promises, the appointment of Master of the Revels, and how, if it were not speedily granted, he must at Court suffer shipwreck of his time without hope. That his humble prayers were not granted is proved by a second petition three years later, in which he writes: "My last will will be shorter than my invention: but three legacies, patience to my creditors, melancholy without measure to my friends, and beggary without shame to my family. . . . The last and least, that if I be born to have nothing, I may have to pay nothing."

Whether this second appeal was or was not more fortunate than the first is nowhere recorded. The next thirteen years of his life is a blank, and then an entry in the parish register of St. Bartholomew-

the-Less completes the story: "1606, Nov. 30, æt. 52, John Lyllie, gent, was buried." That the author of the book so universally read and admired, that one whom Ben Jonson names with Beaumont. Marlowe, and Shakespeare, whom others numbered amongst the finest geniuses of the time, and whom an enthusiastic editor could describe twenty-six years after his death as "the only rare poet of that time, the wittie, comical, facetiously-quick and unparalleled John Lyly," should have been suffered to languish in poverty and hope deferred for thirteen years—nay, most probably during his whole life—prove how barren was the patronage Elizabeth extended to literary men. Green, Peele, Marlowe, and others less known, but in all of whom burned the divine fire of genius, lived in penury and died in absolute want; and although it may be urged that these were men of evil and licentious lives, no such excuse can be alleged for the neglect of Edmund Spenser, or apparently for that of the subject of this memoir. In no age, not even that of the second George, was genius more neglected than under the magnificent reign of Elizabeth. And, indeed, Lord Burleigh treated plays and poetry much as did the "dapper George." It was under her much-contemned successor that Shakespeare, Edward Alleyn, and other poets and players became men of substance; and that Bacon, who previously could not obtain advancement, was raised to the honours he merited.

But to return to Lyly. No one of the present day would concede to him the position accorded by his contemporaries; only the literary student would now have patience to sit down to the perusal of his writings, which have fallen into the oblivion that awaits all books composed only for the fashion of an age. "Euphues' is written in the form of a romance, although it has little or no story. is an Athenian gentleman of large estate, who, at the opening of the book, journeys to Naples, where he falls in with a young Neapolitan named Philautus. So warm is the friendship that springs up between them that they lodge together, eat at one table, sleep in one bed, and read from one book. Philautus is engaged to be married to Lucilla. the daughter of Don Ferardo, one of the governors of the city. He introduces his friend to his mistress. Lucilla falls desperately in love with the young Greek, and engages him in long conversations upon the nature of love, much like those to be found in the romances of Mlle. de Scuderi; and Euphues returns the passion with equal ardour. This brings about a breach between the two friends. But Philautus is quickly avenged when his fickle mistress as suddenly transfers her affections to another gentleman, named Curio, and marries him. After this the two injured suitors renew their friendship, "both

abandoning Lucilla as abominable. Philautus was earnest to have Euphues tarry in Naples, and Euphues desirous to have Philautus to Athens, but the one was so addicted to the Court and the other so wedded to the University that each refused the offer of the other. Yet this they agreed between themselves, that though their bodies were by distance of place severed, yet the conjunction of their minds should neither be separated by ye length of time, nor alienated by change of soil." Then follows an epistle from Euphues, the title of which explains the subject: it is called "A cooling card for Philautus and all fond lovers."

The falsehood of Lucilla has produced so deep an impression upon the young Athenian that he determines "never again to be entangled with such fond delights," and so, repenting of his misspent time, he resolves to give himself up to study and wisdom, and thereupon composes a treatise upon education. ["Euphues and his Ephœbus."] This was evidently inspired by Roger Ascham's "Schoolmaster;" it is admirably written and full of excellent instruction for the training of youth. It is worth noting, that in an age in which the rod was used with frightful brutality, Lyly opposed the corporal punishment of children. This treatise is followed by a number of letters, one of which, written to a friend to whom is given the very suggestive name of Atheos, is an eloquent and earnest defence of the Christian religion. The book ends with Euphues' determination to journey to England, where he has heard "of a woman yat in all qualities excelleth any man." At the opening of the second part, "Euphues and his England," the hero and Philautus, after crossing the sea, arrive at Dover, and presently travel on to London. Here everything is painted couleur de rose, although not without a few satirical touches, but the usual fulsome flattery of the time is given to court and monarch. Philautus becomes enamoured of a lady named Camilla, who is described as "such an one she was, as almost they all are that serve so noble a prince; such virgins carry lights before such a Vesta, such nymphs, arrows with such a Diana." But the lady loves another; and after having composed many passionate epistles and talked endlessly upon the nature of love, Philautus is induced to transfer his affections to a companion of the inexorable fair one, the Lady Flavia, who has from the first regarded him with favourable eyes. He marries her; while Euphues determines "to sojourn in some uncouth place, until time might turn white salt into fine sugar; for surely he was both tormented in body and grieved in mind." So he betakes him "to the bottom of the Mountain Silixsedra," and so the book ends.

Both the title and subject of Lyly's famous novel were doubtless suggested by a passage in Roger Ascham's "Schoolmaster" (published in 1570), in which he describes how "to choose a good wit in a child for learning." He is to be "first euphues." The author then goes on to describe what he means by the word: "One apt by goodness of wit and readiness of will to learning; a tongue ready to deliver the meaning of the mind; a voice soft but manlike, a countenance fair and comely, a person tall and goodly," &c. To which description our Euphues exactly corresponds.

John Lyly, however, although he invented the name, did not originate the sentiment which he called euphuism; for the beginning of that curious affectation we must go back to the days of chivalry, to the courts of love, those curious tribunals presided over by lords and ladies, patronised by kings, queens, and emperors, in which, with all the formulas of a court of justice, nice questions in regard to love and the relations of lovers towards each other were discussed and adjudicated. A few years previous to the appearance of "The Anatomie of Wit," Du Bartas had produced his "Création du Monde, ou la Semaine," that curious poetic encyclopædia which treats of every created object from the stars to the smallest insect, and which, unless we go back to the writings of the neo-platonists, is one, if not the earliest, specimen of that pedantic jargon employed by Lyly. Just at this period, however, all European literature was infected with the same extraordinary craze; in Italy, Macini, and in Spain, Gongora, abandoned the old classical forms of their languages for mere fantastic verbiage. Both were contemporaries of Lyly. Macini was born in 1569, and was consequently only nine years of age when "Euphues" was written; 1561 is the date of Gongora's birth, which makes him seventeen at the same period. It has been asserted that Lyly was indebted to both these authors for the suggestion of euphuism, an assertion which these dates render in the one case impossible, and in the other exceedingly improbable. But strained conceits and pedantic and super-refined modes of expression obtained at the English court before Lyly's time; he combined them into a system, caught the spirit of his age, became its interpreter, and the rage with every person, male or female, who aspired to fashion, or what we should now call the high-cult: "And he who spoke not euphuism," says a contemporary, "was as little regarded at court as if he could not speak French." Nash, in his introductory epistle to Greene's "Menaphon," comments upon this folly: "I am not ignorant," he says, "how eloquent our gowned age is grown of late, so that every mechanical mate abhorreth the English he was born to,

and plucks with a solemn periphrasis his *ut vales* from the rich-born." This passage suggests the cause of Shakespeare's supposed love of conceits in putting them into the mouths of all classes, from the noble to the clown; he was but imitating the phraseology of the time.

As no description can convey a just idea of Lyly's strange diction, I subjoin a few specimens, and will begin with an extract from one of Camilla's letters to Philautus:

I did long debate with myself, Philautus, whether it might stand with mine honour to send thee an answer, for comparing my place with thy person, we thought thy boldness more than either manners in thee would permit, or I with modesty could suffer. Yet at ye last, casting with myself, yat the heat of thy love might clean be eased with ye coldness of my letter, I thought it good to commit an inconvenience, yat I might prevent a mischief, choosing rather to cut thee off short by rigour, than to give thee any jot of hope by silence. Green ores are to be dressed roughly, least they fester; tetters to be drawn in the bearing, lest they spread; ringworms to be anointed when they first appear, least they compass ye old body, and the assaults of love to be beaten back at first siege, least they undermine at ye second. Fire is to be quenched in ye spark, weeds are to be rooted in ye bud, follies in ye blossom. Thinking this morning to try thy physic, I perceived thy fraud, inasmuch as the kernel vat should have cooled my stomach with moistness, hath kindled it into cholic, making a flaming fire where it found but hot embers, converting, like the spider, a sweet flower into a bitter poison, &c.

The effect of this epistle upon the rejected lover is thus described:

Thus, gentlewomen, Philautus resembleth the viper, who being stricken with a reed lieth as he were dead, but stricken the second time, recovereth is strength; having his answer at the first in ye masque, he was almost amazed, and now again denied, he is animated, presuming thus much upon ye good disposition and kindness of women, that the higher they sit the lower they look, and the more they seem at the first to loathe, the more they love at the last. Whose judgment as I am not altogether to allow, so can I not in some respects mislike.

A short extract from Philautus's reply to Camilla will suffice to complete these illustrations:

I am not he, Camilla, that will leave the rose because it pricked my finger, or forsake the gold that lieth in the hot fire, for that I burned my hand, or refuse the sweet chestnut for that it is covered with sharp husks. The mind of a faithful lover is neither to be daunted with despite nor affrighted with danger. For as the loadstone, what wind soever blow, turneth always to the north, or as Aristotle's Quadratus, which way soever you turn it, is always constant, so the faith of Philautus is evermore applied to the love of Camilla, neither to be removed with any wind, or rolled with any force. But to the letter. Thou sayest that green wounds are to be dressed roughly least they fester; certainly thou speakest like a good chirurgian, but dealest like one unskilful, for making a great wound, thou puttest in a small tent, cutting the flesh that is sound, before Vol. CCLXXVIII. No. 1971.

thou cure the place that is sore; striking the vein with a knife, which thou shouldest stop with lint. And so hast thou drawn my tetter (I use thine own term) that in seeking to spoil it in my chin thou hast spread it over my body.

These examples are fair specimens of the stple of the entire book: the chief characteristics of which, as the reader will perceive, are alliteration, forced antitheses, extraordinary, sometimes uncouth, and not over-delicate similes, poured forth with astounding prodigality from stores of quaint learning, chiefly drawn from the fabulous accounts of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms contained in Pliny's Natural History. Both censure and ridicule were freely bestowed upon this jargon by Lyly's contemporaries. Michael Drayton, in one of his elegies, 1 praises Sydney as being the first to

Reduce

Our tongue from Lillie's writing then in use: Talking of stones, stars, plants, of fishes, flys, Playing with words and idle similies, As the English apes and very zanies be Of everything that they do hear and see; So imitating his ridiculous tricks, They spake and writ all like mere lunatics!

Shakespeare is supposed to have aimed at the absurdities of euphuism in the characters of Armado and Holofernes. The former is described as:

A man in all the world's new fashions planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:
One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony; . . .
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

But as he is further noted to be "a traveller of Spain," it would seem that the ridicule was directed rather at the affectations of foreign manners than at those of English growth, and the language used by Armado certainly bears very little resemblance to the phraseology of Lyly; while the affectations of Holofernes are the pedantries of

1 To my most dearly loved friend Henry Reynold of Poets and Poesy.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> The love of the English for foreign modes was a favourite subject of satire among the wits of the time. Here is a specimen from Lyly's "Euphues in England":—"The attire they use is rather led by the imitation of others than in their own invention, so that there is nothing in England more constant than the inconstancy of attire, now using the French fashion, now the Spanish, then the Morisco gowns, then one thing, then another, insomuch that in drawing of an Englishman ye painter setteth him down naked, having in ye one hand a pair of shears, in the other a piece of cloth, who having cut his collar after the French guise, is ready to make his sleeve after the Barbarian manner."

the schoolmaster, who vain of his Latin and learning, despises the knight as being "too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate." . . . "I abhor such fanatical fantasms, such insociable and point-devise companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak 'dout,' fine, when he should say doubt; 'det,' when he should pronounce debt—d, e, b, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour *vocatur* nebour, &c." This passage is curious, as showing the rise of our modern pronunciation.

Fastidious Brisk, in Jonson's "Every Man out of his Humour." is usually quoted as a satire upon the euphuists; but, if it be so, the imitation is as far from the original as that of Shakespeare. Brisk is described as a "fresh Frenchified courtier," which again points to a foreign source. Carlo calls him a "nimble-spirited catsos"—an Italian expression of contempt—who "dance and do tricks in their discourse, from fire to water, from water to air, from air to earth, as if their tongues did but e'en lick the four elements over, and away." There is, however, little or no attempt to realise these peculiarities in the dialogue assigned to this character. That both Shakespeare and Ionson could have brought their satire close to the original cannot be doubted; why, then, did they purposely shoot wide of the mark? It is a curious fact that we do not remember to have seen noted before, that none of the dramatists have attempted a picture of the female euphuists; surely crabbed old Ben would have delighted in such a subject. Was euphuism too much affected by the Queen and the Court to be openly attacked? The reticence of the poets might be thus explained.

Robert Greene produced two imitations of "Euphues," in his novel entitled "Menaphon: Camilla's Alarm to Slumbering Euphues in his cell at Silixsedra;" and in "Euphues, his Censure to Philautus" (1589). In the former, our author's style is imitated with marvellous fidelity; but the story has nothing to do with the original, or with any of Lyly's characters. The latter is simply a treatise upon the duties of a soldier, and has for its second title "Sophomachia: a Philosophical Combat between Hector and Achilles." Lodge's "Rosalynde," from which Shakespeare took the plot of "As you Like It," is further entitled "Euphues' Golden Legacy, found after his death in his cell at Silixsedra." the introduction we have no more of the supposed author, who plays only the part of prologue. That writers of such repute as Greene and Lodge should court public favour by such devices, proves incontestably the high estimation in which Lyly's romance was held. Notable among later imitators of its style was Dr. Donne, in whose

erotic poems the absurdities of euphuism may be said to have culminated; the quaint conceits and far-fetched images of the master are there outdone, but clothed in a rugged, uncouth style that contrasts most unfavourably with the mellifluous flow of the original. Donne was followed by Cowley, who was the last of the euphuists.

Between 1579 and 1636 "Euphues" passed through ten editions. During the troublous times of the rebellion and the rigid theocracy of the Commonwealth, men's minds were not attuned to such idle fancies, and the roisterers of the Restoration had no sympathy with such refined and sublimated theories of love.

Just about the time that euphuism was on the wane in England the society of the Hôtel de Rambouillet was in its full meridian in That the précieuse was but the euphuist under another name goes for the saying, and that the French craze was borrowed as much from the English Court as from the examples of Spain and Italy, must be evident to every person acquainted with the literary history of the time. Antonio Perez, the famous minister of Philip the Second, a man steeped in the literary cultivation of his age and nation, having fallen into disgrace with his royal master, took shelter in England, where he probably made Lyly's acquaintance, but most certainly adopted the fashionable jargon that writer had brought into Perez was a constant correspondent of the Marquis de Pisani, the father of Catherine de Vivonne, afterwards Duchesse de Rambouillet, and his letters were very models of euphuism. He afterwards passed over to France, became Henry the Fourth's instructor in the Spanish language, and exercised an immense influence upon the literary society of the nation. But even without the interposition of such special agents we have the close relations which subsisted between the two Courts to support the theory.

As a dramatist Lyly was highly esteemed by his contemporaries. Francis Meres, in his "Palladis Tamia," 1598, enumerates him among the best writers of comedy, and in Ben Jonson's celebrated epitaph upon Shakespeare occurs the lines:

I should commit thee surely with thy peers, And tell how far thou didst our Lily outshine, &c.

Blount tells us that his plays "crowned him with applause, and the spectators with pleasure." Yet of all the productions of the age they seem to me the most mediocre. The period in which they were composed—between 1584 and 1589—ranks him among the pre-Shakespearians—Kyd, Peele, Greene, Lodge, Marlowe; but his style has nothing in common with theirs, it rather resembles that of

a yet earlier class of dramatic writers, such as George Gascoigne, and those others who translated or adapted classical plays for the entertainment of the Universities and Inns of Court; indeed, the six comedies reprinted by Blount in 1632 are styled "Court Comedies," and were all originally represented before the Queen by the children of Paul's on certain festivals—as New Year's Night, Twelfth Night, Candlemas. All are written in prose, the plots and subjects being taken from Terence, Ovid, Pliny, &c. The language is for the most part correct and carefully finished, and is notable for a delicacy little characteristic of those free-speaking times; any one of these plays might now be read aloud in a mixed company with scarcely an But while devoid of the licentious freedom of conomission. temporary works they are equally barren of the fire, the poetry, the wit, the genius which condone that offence. Any productions more cold, more pedantic, more wearisomely uninteresting it would be difficult to discover; scenes intended by the author to be witty and humorous are stuffed with dull conceits and distorted words, while the serious parts are destitute both of romance and passion. Campaspe—to take an example from his first play, "Alexander and Campaspe"—is loved by Alexander, but has fallen in love with Apelles, who has been employed by the potentate to paint her portrait; here is a soliloguy in which her passion is revealed:

Campaspe, it is hard to judge whether thy choice be more unwise, or thy chance unfortunate. Dost thou prefer—but stay, utter not that in words, which maketh thine ears to glow with thy thoughts.—Tush, better thy tongue wag than thy heart break. Hath a painter crept farther into thy mind than a prince? Apelles than Alexander? fond wench! The baseness of thy mind bewrays the meanness of thy birth. But, alas! affection is a fire which kindleth as well in the bramble, as in the oak, and catcheth hold where it first lighteth, nor where it may best burn. Larks that mount aloft in the air, build their nests below in the earth; and women that cast their eyes upon kings, may place their hearts upon vassals. A needle will become thy fingers better than a lute, and a distaff is fitter for thy hand than a sceptre. Ants live safely till they have gotten wings; and juniper is not blown up, till it hath gotten on high top. The mean estate is without care as long as it continueth without pride.

What a soliloquy for a love-sick damsel! And yet in this same play we find the following exquisite song of Apelles:

Cupid and my Campaspe play'd At cards for kisses, Cupid paid; He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows, His mother's doves and team of sparrows; Loses them too; then down he throws The coral of his life, the rose Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how),

With these, the crystal of his brow, And then the dimple of his chin; All these did my Campaspe win. At last he set her both his eyes, She won, and Cupid blind did rise. O Love! has she done this to thee? What shall, alas! become of me?

Here is a lyric worthy of Greene, Peele, Fletcher, and even Shakespeare. Can it be from the same pen that wrote the preceding pedantic jargon? It must be remarked that neither this, nor several other charming songs scattered through the plays, appeared in the original quartos, but only in Blount's edition, to which reference has been made already; this may render their authenticity doubtful.

Alexander, as here presented, is the very mildest of potentates, and when he discovers Campaspe's love for Apelles, relinquishes her with, "I perceive Alexander cannot subdue the affections of men, though he conquer their countries. Love falleth like a dew, as well upon the low grass as upon the high cedar. Sparks have their heat, ants their gall, flies their spleen."

At Shrovetide, in the same year in which he produced "Alexander and Campaspe," "Sappho and Phaon" was played before the Queen by the same actors, the children of Paul's. And at the following Candlemas, "Endymion." "Endymion" is an allegorical play, in which, under the character of Cynthia, the most fulsome flattery is lavished upon "the Virgin Queen." Endymion's love is expressed in the same Sancho Panzian flow of proverbs and wise saws as that of Euphues or Campaspe. The humour of a portion of one of the scenes between the knight and his page is drawn from definitions contained in the author's Latin Grammar. The three remaining Court comedies, "Galathea," "Midas," and "Mother Bombie" present much the same features. In "Midas" occurs the following exquisite morceau; it is sung by Apollo in his contest with Pan:

My Daphne's hair is twisted gold,
Bright stars apiece her eyes do hold,
My Daphne's brow enthrones the Graces,
My Daphne's beauty stains all faces,
On Daphne's cheek grow rose and cherry,
On Daphne's lip a sweeter berry,
Daphne's snowy hand but touch'd does melt,
And then no heavenlier warmth is felt,
My Daphne's voice turns all the spheres,
My Daphne's music charms all ears.
Fond am I thus to sing her praise
These glories now are turn'd to bays.

Besides these six comedies, there are three others extant, which have been assigned to Lyly: "The Woman in the Moon," in blank verse, "The Maid's Metamorphosis," in rhyme, and "Love's Metamorphosis," in prose; the last bears the date 1601. These, then, like the other six, were first represented by the children of Paul's, for, although one of the prologues informs us that "Alexander and Campaspe" was at one time performed at the Blackfriats, it is evident that Lyly was at no time a writer for the public theatres. Whether his muse was purposely subdued to suit the taste of those for whose entertainment she was evoked, or whether she was incapable of any bolder or loftier flights, it would be impossible to determine, but she certainly would not have been acceptable to the "groundlings" who delighted in the "Spanish Tragedy," or "Bussy d'Ambois."

As a writer, Lyly can only be esteemed as a curious fossil, and it is scarcely possible that the wheel of fashion can ever bring him into vogue again.

H. LACEY.

#### MONEY-MAKING AT THE TOWER.

I T might be expected, as a matter of course, that the metropolitan Mint would have a prominent part in the annals of coinage. And, in point of fact, while coins have been manufactured in many towns throughout the kingdom, coining operations have been carried on in the Tower of London in every reign since the Conquest, save in those of Richard I. and Edward V. Indeed, it is highly probable that coins were first struck here in the time of the Romans. For it is known that Constantine established a Mint in London, the treasurer of which bore the title *Praepositus Thesaurorum Augustensium*, Augusta being the name of London at that particular period. Specimens of these coins remain to this day. Under the Saxon kings, it is certain money was issued from more than one Mint in London, even as in later times there was a Mint in Southwark, and one in the Durham House, Strand, besides the one in the Tower.

In the reign of Henry III., and probably before, the supremacy of the London Mint may be said to have been recognised. In 1247, the money of that period was called in on account of the shameful condition into which it had degenerated through the prevalence of the detestable practice of clipping. The shears were so freely used that numbers of coins were shorn to the innermost ring, the border of letters having quite disappeared. New money was coined from fresh stamps or dies, and a proclamation was issued forbidding the use of any other stamp than that used in the London Mint.

Henry's son, Edward I., also made improvements in the state of the coinage. Finding the crime of clipping still very common, the Crusader's suspicions, rightly or wrongly, fell on the Jews, who consequently became convenient scapegoats; large numbers of this unfortunate people were apprehended throughout the kingdom on the same day to prevent their escape. Of these, two hundred and eighty were convicted and executed in London. This was in 1279, and eleven years later clipped and counterfeit money was received at the Mint by the king's order, where it was melted and recoined. As many as thirty furnaces were at work in London, and many in other

arge towns. The silver was cast into long bars. These were cut by shears into square pieces of a prescribed weight, and the pieces forged as nearly as possible into a circular shape. They were then blanched white by "nealing or boiling," and stamped or impressed with a hammer. This continued to be the general mode of manufacturing coin, till the introduction of milled money in the middle of the seventeenth century.

The provincial Mints seem to have had a tendency to introduce innovations upon the prescribed designs and composition of the coins; for it was specially enacted in Edward III.'s reign, and repeated by many of his successors, that all moneys, wherever coined, should be made in the same manner as in the Tower of London. This monarch was the first in England to have a gold currency. Gold nobles of the value of six shillings and eightpence were struck to commemorate his great naval victory over the French at Sluys in 1340. On the obverse the king was represented standing in a ship with a sword in his right hand and a shield in his left. This was to betoken his naval supremacy. The reverse bore the inscription "IHC autem transiens per medium illorum ibat," no doubt in allusion to the preservation of the royal person throughout the battle. alchymists, however, pretended that it had reference to the secret and invisible art which they received from Raymond Lully, who formerly had a laboratory in the Tower, and by which they transmuted the base metals into gold for the manufacture of these coins.

The profligate Henry VIII., though he inherited somewhere about five millions from his parsimonious father, suffered much from chronic impecuniosity, and was the first sovereign who systematically debased the fineness of the coinage to raise funds. Some of his coins are of a lower standard than any known before or since. Gold was reduced to one-sixth alloy, and silver to two-thirds alloy. No wonder the wits of that day said, in reference to the new testons, or shillings—

These testons look redde: how like you the same? 'Tis a token of grace; they blushe for shame.

Latimer, in a sermon of his in St. Paul's, inveighed against the practice of appointing ecclesiastics to offices in the Mint, and acrimoniously ascribed the deterioration of the coins to this cause. "Should we have ministers of the Church to be Comptrollers of Myntes?" "The saying is that since priestes have been mynters, money hath been worse than it was before!"

In 1527 the Tower pound weight was abolished by statute. This had been in use as the moneyers' or goldsmiths' pound since Anglo-Saxon times. It weighed twelve ounces of 450 grains each,

or 5,400 grains. The Troy pound, weighing twelve ounces of 480 grains each, or 5,760 grains, was substituted, and still remains in use.

To the undying credit of Elizabeth she made a most strenucus effort to reform the state of the money of this country. In 1560 she issued a proclamation wherein she declared to her subjects that she had never gained anything upon her coinages, neither had she coined any base money, and that she was determined to recover the "honour and reputation of the singular wealth that this realm was wont to have above all others." Accordingly the Tower Mint was commissioned to receive base money, and in twelve months about three quarters of a million pounds current value were coined into money of proper weight and standard. The fumes from melting these base coins were so poisonous that many of the workmen fell ill. The medical authorities of that day prescribed a potion from a dead man's skull as a certain remedy. Accordingly an official warrant procured some of these strange cups from London Bridge, and the draught was administered. It is said to have afforded temporary relief, but many died, whether because the skulls were traitorous in death as well as in life, history does not relate.

About this time, a new mode of coining by means of the mill and the screw-press was introduced from France by one Eloye Mestrell. The method was approved by the Queen and her Council; indeed, it has been said the first milled coin was struck in the Tower by her own royal hand. However that may be, the corporation of moneyers bitterly opposed the scheme, and, the Frenchman being detected in making milled money outside the Tower, was summarily hanged and quartered, and his machinery abandoned.

James I., a year after his coronation, visited the Tower preparatory to a procession through the City to open Parliament. On this occasion, William Hubbocke delivered a Latin oration before him, which was subsequently translated into English. While enumerating and expatiating upon the wonders of the Tower, he informed the august Scottish stranger that "Here is money coined, the joints and sinews of war, which now a good while since (sic, barely twelve months) has borne the image and superscription of your own Cæsar." In the same year that the Authorised Version of the Bible was issued with his sanction, it is recorded that he was present as usual at the trial of the Pix, held in the Tower, and "diligently viewed the state of his money and Mint." So that, like his predecessor, he seems to have manifested a sustained interest in the coinage of the country. He issued some new twenty-shilling pieces, on which he appeared laureated and mantled, and not crowned as on the sovereign. This

was made the subject of some waggery. It was said that since laurels were reckoned honourable, King James waived the crown to wear the laurel. And also that poets, being always poor, bays were rather the emblems of wit than of wealth; accordingly, no sooner did King James begin to wear laurels, than he fell two shillings in the pound in public valuation (the sovereigns being twenty-two and the new coins twenty shillings in value).

In the troubled times of Charles I. the Mints were numerous. Coins are known to have been struck at fifteen places at least, besides the Tower. In this reign, Nicholas Briot, a famous French engraver, and the inventor, or rather improver of new Mint machinery, worked here. The principle of his machine was to convey the impression of the design to the blank discs by squeezing them between segments of cylinders on which the device was engraved. By his means, Le Blanc says, proud of his countryman, "the English made the finest money in the world." This, of course, must be taken *cum grano salis*, though Briot's money is generally acknowledged to be above the average.

In 1643 the Tower was seized and held by the Parliamentary party, and money was coined there with the King's name and titles. But after the execution of Charles I., in 1649, the coins bore a new design. On the obverse was a shield with the St. George's Cross between a laurel and a palm-branch and a circumscription, "The Commonwealth of England." On the reverse were two shields, one having the St. George's Cross for England, and the other a harp for Ireland, the inscription being "God with us." These legends, the Cavaliers averred, were exactly typical of the true state of affairs. God and the Commonwealth were plainly on opposite sides, and out of their own mouths the Roundheads were judged. The double shield on the reverse afforded infinite merriment, and was caustically termed "The Breeches for the Rump." Fuller insinuatingly said: "I hope hereafter, when the question is asked of our coiners, Whose image and superscription is this? it will be returned, The Cæsars of England." As late as 1731 the device on these coins was ridiculed. In a prologue spoken at Bury School, and recorded in the Gentleman's Magazine for that year, page 537, these lines occur:

> A silver pair of breeches neatly wrought, Such as you see upon an old rump groat, Which emblem our good grandsires chose, to boast To all the world the tail was uppermost.

In the same year, 1649, Peter Blondeau, a Frenchman, made proposals to the Council of the Mint to coin money after a method of his own, by which the rim or edge might be marked or inscribed, as well as the flat sides, to prevent clipping or counterfeiting. His proposals were accepted by the Council, but the Tower moneyers were enraged at his interference, and so bitterly opposed the foreigner, that he was eventually driven out of the kingdom.

After the Restoration, however, he was sent for again. "Blondeau will shortly come over," says Pepys, in his Diary, "and then we shall have it (the quality of the money) better, and the best in the world." In 1662 a milled currency was permanently introduced, and at the same time it became the practice to mark the edge with raised letters and grainings. Small steel rolling-mills were set up in the Tower and driven by horse-power, and in some instances by water-power. The coining-presses were of the screw type, and are said to have cost £1,400.

It was at this time, 1663, that Simon's celebrated Petition Crown was produced. It arose out of a trial of skill between Thomas Simon, who had been Mint engraver in the Tower since Briot's time, 1646, and Roettiers, a Flemish engraver, who was brought over under the patronage of King Charles. Both made pattern pieces for the new coinage, but the Dutchman's work was accepted, and he accordingly received the order to make the new puncheons and dies. When Simon, with the honest indignation of an Englishman at being supplanted by a foreign competitor, expressed his displeasure at the result, his words reached the ears of the King, and he was deprived of his office of chief engraver of the coins. Simon's piece, however, has been pronounced by competent judges to be one of the finest pattern coins extant. The designs on both obverse and reverse are excellent. On the edge is the artist's petition in raised letters. runs thus: "Thomas Simon most humbly prays your Majesty to compare this his tryall piece with the Dutch, and if more truly drawn and embossed, more gracefully order'd and more accurately engraven, to releive him." About twenty of these pieces were struck off with the petition, and a small number without. Such masterpieces are naturally now much sought after, and being so rare, the prices are extraordinary. A firm of London coin-dealers at an auction sale recently gave no less than £,500 for one of Simon's crowns bearing his petition.

The milled money was vastly superior to the old hammered coins. Being exactly round, and lettered, or grained, on the edge, the new currency was not easily counterfeited or clipped without discovery. Yet it was soon found out that the milled pieces did not displace the hammered. Though the Tower Mint year after year issued waggon-loads of new silver, to the surprise of the authorities

they were rarely to be seen in circulation. The reason was a very practical one. The hammered coins were invariably shorn of a considerable proportion of silver, and therefore much lighter than the new pieces. So that people soon found it was cheaper to pay a tax or a bill with crowns that had lost a shillingsworth or so of silver than with full-weighted ones. And, on the other hand, they found it more profitable to put the new coins into the crucible or send them over the water than to pay them over the counter. Smashers took care the supply of old pieces was kept up, and tradesmen took care the new ones did not circulate. Macaulay mentions the case of a merchant who, in a sum of £35, only received a single half-crown in milled silver. Yet clippers and counterfeiters were rigorously punished. Seven men were hanged and a woman burned in a single morning; but the crime being so profitable, the number of criminals did not lessen.

This kind of thing grew gradually worse, till, in 1695, the state of the currency had become highly alarming. Many coins were no more than one-quarter of the standard weight. At Oxford a bag of coin of the nominal value of a hundred pounds was put in the scale, and weighed only 116 ounces instead of 400. A clergyman preached before some clippers, who were sentenced to be hanged next day, and, in pointing out the seriousness of their offence, said, "If the same question were to be put in this day as of old, 'Whose is this image and superscription?' we could not answer the whole. We may guess at the image; but we cannot tell the superscription; for that is all gone." The matter, therefore, could no longer be delayed. Official inquiries were set afoot. The philosopher Locke wrote wisely on the subject. Members of Parliament harangued upon it. Finally, in 1696, a Recoinage Act was passed. Immediately operations were commenced. Hammered money was called in. A number of furnaces were erected behind the Treasury at Whitehall, and the base and mutilated coins were rapidly converted into ingots, which were sent down the river to the Tower, next to appear in public as decent sterling coin of the realm.

A serious difficulty, however, arose. The old and clipped silver was brought into the Exchequer by tons and tons, at a much faster rate than it came forth from the Mint. The natural consequence was that an alarming scarcity of money prevailed. Credit became the general thing. Evelyn wrote in his Diary on June 11, 1696: "There is a want of current money to carry on the smallest concerns, even for daily provisions in the markets." At this critical juncture, Isaac Newton was appointed Warden of the Mint. The

philosopher proved himself equal to the emergency, and soon showed that his great powers could be exercised in managing coining operations as well as in profound mathematical researches. His conscientiousness and rare integrity led him to devote his entire personal attention to this official business. Under his direction the mills in the Tower were increased to nineteen, and bands of trained coiners were sent to other towns: so that the weekly issue rose by leaps and bounds, from £15,000 to £120,000. In a few months, as might be expected, the distress had altogether subsided, and a time of commercial prosperity ensued.

An interesting Mint record of the time of Sir Isaac Newton's mastership (he was made Master in 1699) has recently been discovered and made public in the Annual Report of the Deputy Master of the Mint for 1890. It is dated February 26th, 1700, and is entitled, "An Exact Survey of the Ground-Plot or Plan of his Majests Office of Mint in the Tower of London with the Appurtennances thereunto belonging as now in Possession and use of the said Office." This plan very clearly indicates the position of the various workshops. The buildings were irregularly arranged along both sides of a narrow street, formed on the one side by the outer ramparts of the Tower overlooking the moat, and on the other side by the inner wall or ballium which surrounded the keep. So that the Mint Street extended around the fortress except on that side facing the river. The plan shows the position of the houses and lodgings of the Mint officers, the melting-houses, the mill-rooms, the press-houses, and the other workshops, besides barracks and stores. Subsequently two taverns were erected there by permission of the Lieutenant of the Tower, who received the rents, amounting at one time to several hundreds per annum. This a benignant Government for a long time winked at. Indeed, the taverns and old buildings were standing for some time in the early part of the present century.

As there was but little alteration in the mode of coining during the eighteenth century, it may be fairly supposed that the interior of Newton's press-room would be pretty accurately represented by the well-known coloured print of Ackermann, published in 1803. At that period, the coining presses only of the Mint machinery might be viewed by the public, and a guide book to the "Tower of London and its Curiosities," dated 1796, contains a good general description of the process of stamping. "There is no describing the particular processes that the different metals undergo here before stamped into money. The manner of stamping is all you are permitted to see; and this is very quickly performed by means

of an engine (coining-press), worked sometimes by three men. sometimes by four. The manner of stamping gold and halfpence is exactly the same, only a little more care is necessary in one than in the other, in order to prevent waste. The engine works by a spindle (the screw), like that of a printing press, to the point of which the (obverse) dye is fixed by means of a screw, and in a little sort of cup which receives it, is placed the reverse (die); between these, the piece of metal, already cut round to the size, and if gold, exactly weighed, is placed, and by once pulling down the spindle with a jerk (it) is completely stamped. It is amazing to see how dexterously the coiner performs this; for as fast as the men that work the engine turn the spindle, so fast does he supply it with metal, putting in the unstamped piece with his forefinger and thumb and twitching out the stamped with his middle finger. The silver and gold thus stamped are afterwards milled round the edges; the manner of performing this is a secret never shewn to anybody."

A few years later, 1810, more commodious buildings were erected on Little Tower Hill, to which His Majesty's Office of Mint was removed, and where it remains to this day.

This brief sketch may be concluded by a slight reference to the daring robbery from the Tower Mint in 1798. On the morning of December 20, James Turnbull, one Dalton, and two other men were engaged in the press-room swinging the fly of the screw-press, while Mr. Finch, one of the moneyer's apprentices, fed the press with gold blank pieces, which were struck into guineas. At nine o'clock Mr. Finch sent the men to their breakfast. They all four went out; but Turnbull and Dalton returned almost directly. And while the latter held the door, Turnbull drew a pistol and advanced upon Mr. Finch, demanding the key of the chest where the newly-coined guineas were kept. Finch, paralysed with fear and surprise, yielded it up. An old gentleman who was in the room expostulated; but both were forced into a sort of passage or large cupboard and locked in. Turnbull then helped himself to the guineas, and managed to get off with no less than 2,308. For nine days he effectually concealed himself in the neighbourhood, and then, while endeavouring to escape to France, was apprehended. He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to death. In his defence he cleared Dalton from any willing complicity in the crime. While awaiting execution in Newgate, he made several abortive attempts to escape, though he himself felt confident of success, as the following lines of his witness:

> In the morning when you rise, You will be struck with great surprise,

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When you find the Cells are broke And the Prisoners all eloped.

And, again:

We under sentence here did lay, But we found means to get away; And you poor men thats in this place I hope with God yowl make your peace.

He eventually made a full confession of his crime, and in due course was executed at the Old Bailey.

# VEILED PERSONIFICATIONS IN LITERATURE.

HARLES LAMB has an interesting passage concerning the supernatural beings that occur in the plays of Shakespeare, showing that they gain our attention, or even our sympathy, because they are ever kept true, in a sense, to our own human nature. "From beyond the scope of Nature," says Lamb, "if he summon possible existences, he subjugates them to the law of her consistency."

The witches in Macbeth are the instances he is specially alluding to. But his remark might well be extended to countless other cases in the highest literature in which some dimly seen, or even unseen, personality is wonderfully made real to the reader, whether through utterances that are heard not at first hand but through the report of one of the characters, or through some other imperfect manifestation: cases in which we are conscious of some great personal presence, but cannot discern the lineaments or the stature. And the point I wish to bring out is the marvellous way in which many such half-revealed beings, non-human, greater than human, are rendered not only real, but worthy of our regard. We revere them; we even love them.

Whence comes the extreme effectiveness of the lines in Macbeth spoken immediately after the murder has been committed, "Methought I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more . . ." unless from the fact that they distinctly suggest not merely a vague personification, a spirit of retribution or the like, as their utterer, but a character? In the microcosm of those nine lines there is a genuine character revealed, which in point of distinctness, such is Shakespeare's art, can hold its own and leave its impression on the mind in spite of its so transitory appearance from, and so rapid retirement into, the unseen world. There is intense individuality in the manner of its denouncement of the crime—we must use the neuter pronoun "its," for to speak of "he" or "she" would at once seem to dissipate the mist that the poet has chosen to shed around the unknown inter-

locutor There is intense individuality, I say; for it speaks as though the offence n its eyes were the murder not of a man but of Sleep. It insists with many a perfect phrase and metaphor on the grace and sweetness of Sleep: no other aspect of Macbeth's crime is present to it than the horror of putting Sleep to death. One might fancy that its heart is sore for the loss of another personality from its own shadowy world, the personality of Sleep, its friend, whom it now beholds ruthlessly murdered. Does not the faint suggestion of this in the language lend a tender human kindliness to the dead voice? But kindliness without strength would not gain our respect. There is the true strength of one who is more than man, of a deathless being, in this character. Think of the last words it utters:

Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.

Here, with the calmness of perfect knowledge, it enunciates through the mere collocation of the three names the relentless law of the irreparableness of sin. Whatever be the outward phases of the offender's life as he may rise from dignity to dignity, he shall inwardly remain ever conscious of himself as the mere man, Macbeth, the same beneath all titles, and shall never free himself from the doom that he has once for all incurred.

So tender and yet so terrible is this unknown power. And yet, distinct as are its traits, we part from our brief intercourse with it unable to say more than what is said in response by Lady Macbeth: "Who was it that thus cried?"

Wordsworth, who imagined the assemblage of "ghostly shapes" at noontide beneath the grove of yew trees, is well able to bring us into their presence when he wills. His representation of one of them is most strikingly true to the principle which Lamb lays down. It occurs in the short poem named "The Force of Prayer," which tells the story of the loss of young Romilly in leaping over the river Wharf at the Strid, and the founding of Bolton Priory in memory of him. The superhuman, or, at least, non-human character in the story, whose presence is nothing less than the making of the poem, is that of the more than half personified existence, the river Wharf.

Will it seem absurd if I say that Wharf is one of my favourite characters in Wordsworth? He is but a river, not a man, and he does a cruel deed in slaying a mother's only son. Yet I believe that Wordsworth loved him, and intended us to love him. Never was a river more lovingly endued by a poet with a heart and a soul of its own; not Father Tiber, whom Ennius revered as holy, nor Virgil's Eridanus, king of streams, nor Spenser's sweet Thames, nor even

Milton's Camus, who mourned for Lycidas as for his "dearest pledge." And with what art the personification is effected! Place all the allusions to the river side by side, as many as occur in the poem, and you will get a vivid sense of personality without a single direct assertion of it; not even such a vague, but confident assurance as Wordsworth at other times has given—e.g. "There is a spirit in the woods." When the chasm is described over which the boy leaped, Wharf is first made known to us as something more than inanimate:

. . . lordly Wharf is there pent in With rocks on either side.

I have italicised two contrasting phrases, which by their contrast at once prepare us for recognising a scene that combines the ideas of destiny, of a strong will coerced, and of a coercion where the right is not on the side of the oppressor. Wharf may be compared to the Prometheus of Æschylus, "fettered by force within a storm-beaten chasm." And the imprisoned Wharf's dignity is enhanced by the words that follow, in reference to the Strid:

A thousand years it hath borne that name, And shall a thousand more—

words which may recall the majestic utterance of the Æschylean Prometheus:

Sore vexed, I shall wrestle through a myriad years.

But the comparison with Prometheus does not hold beyond this point. We read in the next place:

The boy is in the arms of Wharf And strangled with a merciless force:

—merciless indeed, but implying no personal ill-will. Wharf is, as it were, the impartial administrator of nature's laws; he has been taught sternness by his own hard fate; yet, when he must needs inflict a like punishment on those who risk a conflict with the laws of nature, Wordsworth would have us think that the grave avenger is not without a touch of gentleness, and takes the victim *in his arms*. Wharf would even use his dread power in the service of mercy, if the chance were given; for it is suggested that if the bereaved mother could find solace by seeking a voluntary death,—

Old Wharf might heal her sorrow.

She would not, however, seek such comfort, and therefore, when she turns to the only true source of consolation, Wharf looks wistfully towards the same Power, who is supreme over her and himself, and,

as though grieving for the human sorrow of which he has been compelled by fate to be the cause, he seeks to take part in her prayers:

The stately Priory was reared, And Wharf, as he moved along, To matins joined a mournful voice, Nor failed at evensong.

It is no slight evidence of Wordsworth's artistic power that Wharf should be thus unconsciously placed before us as the true hero of the poem, gently, and by the slightest touches, the least exaggeration of which would have converted the veiled suggestion into a crude myth or allegory.

In the company of Shakespeare, of Wordsworth, and of a third, Sophocles, to whom I am about to turn, it would be incongruous to name a writer of so different a character as the novelist who has introduced into one of his stories an imaginary being very similar to those created by the poets. Will the quotation of these few words that follow sufficiently recall the instance I have in mind? They are words of infinite effectiveness taken with their context:

#### The kind hand trembled.

Can one read this after the description of the terrible shrouded presence, and of the terrors it instils into the sinner's heart, and not love it even the more for the very cloak of sternness out of which its innate kindness has to force a way?

It is of kindred nature with another, whom Sophocles brings within our ken by a single instantaneous flash, giving a briefer and a more startling vision than any yet named. In the Œdipus Coloneus when Œdipus has departed to his mysterious, solitary death, or rather to his translation from this world to the next, the messenger gives to the spectators a description of the scene. The blind king had preceded his attendants, and was wandering forwards alone towards the place whither he felt impelled to go in search of his fate; the attendants had passed, and had turned away their faces, lest the sight of what might not lawfully be seen should meet their eyes. Suddenly they heard a voice calling to Œdipus, and rebuking him for his delay; it was the voice of one whom they could not or dared not name. "Œdipus!" it cried, "dost thou hear me? Œdipus, why do we delay to set forth? Surely long enough on thy part has been this tarrying." The call was obeyed; and forthwith, in what manner the messenger knew not, Œdipus ceased to live.

Nothing more is revealed as to the unknown summoner. And to appreciate this reticence on the part of Sophocles it should be

remembered that for a Greek dramatist there stood ready to meet all possible demands of this kind the whole concourse of deities and powers that polytheism had created, each with a well-known name and office; more than one of these would have been appropriate to the occasion, whether Charon, or Hermes the Conductor of Souls, or Hades himself, the King of the Dead. And modern interpreters may specify with what certainty they please the title and name of the unknown Presence who led Œdipus away, alleging, perhaps, the distinctness with which elsewhere a supernatural visitant is usually displayed to the spectator. But Sophocles, at any rate, has left the name unspoken.

The human race has been scorned and reproved for its anthropomorphism. Yet what splendid precedents for our anthropomorphism have been given us by some of the greatest minds among us! we care to dwell upon ideals of human character, ideals whose high standard may help to raise our own, "The great, whom thou would'st wish to praise thee . . .; the pure, whom thou would'st choose to love thee . . ." perhaps we shall scarcely find any merely human beings who so well fulfil our ideal as do these little known, but easily imagined immortals, awful in their first revelation, but sure to prove winning and kind and tender with the tenderness of strength; such as the great voice that teaches how a single crime, the murder of one, is to higher minds irreparable and universal, a murder not of man but of mankind; or the strong, changeless power, old Wharf, who, even if he slew me in fulfilment of the only law he knows, would ever mourn for my loss, and yearn to be human in respect of man's great privilege, the capacity for prayer; or the unnamed companion, who at my last hour should relieve the stress and strain of the solitary departure from this world by bidding me make the journey not alone but with him as his comrade, and should show me by his words that all this earthly life, in comparison with what will follow, has been no better than a tarrying, a delay.

E. H. DONKIN.

## LOVE TOKENS.

"TAKE these to wear for me,"
Love's phantom smiling said
To maid all fancy-free,
And offered roses red.

She took the glowing sign,

Nor recked the hidden thorn,

Till by each treacherous spine

Her hands were pierced and torn.

Yet on her heart she laid,
Nathless, one blossom red;
I marked it droop and fade,
Though with a heart's blood fed.

Death brought a leaf of yew,
When Love's fleet bloom was dead.
"The love I give is true,"
In gentle tones he said.

"This leaf upon thy heart
Will heal its wound of pain,
Till with a grief or smart
It ne'er shall ache again."

Without a thought of guile,
Death's love is strong and deep:
So with a wistful smile
The maiden fell asleep.

ISA J. POSTGATE.

## TABLE TALK.

#### Position of our Army.

A CCUSTOMED to a series of little wars against savage and half-armed races, in which victory, with the exercise of common prudence, is assured, we have learned in England to look upon ourselves as a military power. How far we are justified in so estimating ourselves is not easily decided. Since we bore the chief brunt of Waterloo we have once stood face to face with the troops of a European power. I refer, of course, to the time when the best and bravest soldiers England has produced were sacrificed for a dream in the Crimea. Very far, indeed, were we in those days from facing a world in arms. We were far away from home, that is true, though three-fourths of the world's shipping was at our disposal to carry troops or munitions of war, and we fought in its vulnerable heel the Colossus of the North. It was not wholly nor even chiefly our own venture. We had a French army by our side, largely outnumbering our own; we had to draw upon an almost unlimited supply of Turks, in some respects the best soldiers in the world; and we were still further supported by a respectable contingent of Italians. Granting to the Russians the possession of a first-class fortress and other advantages, we cannot regard the fight as unequal. What was the result for ourselves? I am not seeking to go over again the historical aspects of the struggle. The Black Sea fleet of Russia has had to be reconstructed, and her great southern fortress to be rebuilt. Batteries more formidable than those previously existing are lining the coast or guarding the harbour; the dry docks have been re-made, and city and fortress have risen in Phœnix fashion from their ashes. Forty per cent. of the English soldiers who, in the winter of 1854, looked upon the capture of Sebastopol as a matter of a few weeks, or a few days even, lie buried in the Crimea or in the cemetery at Scutari. "Destroyed by unnecessary privation, exposure, disease, and undue exertions, our comrades never gave in." So writes one of the bravest, most resolute, and most capable of their number, who, fortunate enough to survive incessant peril and hardship, is now the recipient of high honours.

#### INFLUENCE OF THE CRIMEAN CAMPAIGN.

RACTICALLY, then, Russian schemes in the South have been retarded for something approaching half a century. Here is what may, or may not, be worth the treasure of gold and blood which England, to say nothing of her allies, expended in the Black Sea. Another result was the discovery that those in highest command were incapable. Most of these had had no practical experience. This was not their fault. Few, if any of them, showed, however, the kind of stuff out of which great captains are made. Brave most of them were, being of the same mettle as the troops they commanded. and they died in the front of those whom they themselves led to inevitable slaughter. But the most elementary lessons of warfare had to be learned in the course of absolute experience, and the fact that we escaped disaster, which was again and again imminent, appears to have been due to the fact that our antagonists could not believe us so incompetent as we were, and were afraid of deep-laid strategy in what was practically but ignorance and imbecility. have little military knowledge, and am not often disposed to treat on warlike subjects. I have, however, just finished the newlypublished volume of Dr. William Howard Russell, "The Great War with Russia," in which that most brilliant of war correspondents. while narrating his personal adventures in the Crimea, tells again the tale of ministerial apathy and of military collapse. I am old enough to remember the days when one read with horror in the Times the record of suffering and distress, and almost hoped that those in office were right in suggesting unworthy motive for the allegations. To this day those in highest command frown upon the writer who held up to public gaze their weaknesses and shortcomings, and the man who, of all alive, has done most to show England how to use her resources and strengthen her army, is still in the cold cloud of disfavour and dislike.

#### PROSPECT IN CASE OF WAR.

Now even, when from the lips of the greatest military authorities the truth of the harrowing pictures Dr. Russell presented has been confirmed, I would not open out the subject afresh were it not that it has an actual and immediate interest. Between the close of the war with France after the battle of Waterloo and present days, the Crimean war stands, roughly speaking, midway. Those who learnt the lesson of the Crimea, and came home with some knowledge of actual warfare on a great scale, are now veterans. Lord Wolseley, it is known, was regarded as dead

<sup>1</sup> George Routledge & Sons.

during the progress of the siege. "The sergeant pulled his body back without ceremony, intending to bury it in camp, when he found the life of his officer was not extinct." (Sir Evelyn Wood in the Fortnightly.) He is now reaching the years at which active service in the field becomes dangerous to health, even with the most robust. Have we, then, any guarantee that in case of another war, which heaven forfend, our soldiers will be better led? We have now, as then, dashing officers in plenty, and the harrowing exploit of Balaclava might, so far as regards the mettle of our troops, men and officers, be repeated if the chance came. Do not, however, the old laws of red tape prevail now as heretofore, and would not questions of rank prevail as hitherto in the bestowal of command? Sir Edward Hamley, quoted by Sir Evelyn Wood, says: "We soon reverted to our customary condition of military inefficiency. During the next thirty years (after the fall of Sebastopol) nearly all that remained as the result of the experiences we gained in the war were the present excellent system of our military hospital, the great example of those established at Netley, the framework of the Land Transport Corps, which still survives in the Army Service Corps, and Aldershot Camp." Sir Evelyn speaks of these views as pessimistic, but is at no pains to contradict them.

#### ERRORS OF ENGLISH COMMANDERS IN THE CRIMEA.

I DO not intend to dwell at any length on previous shortcomings, but I will extract from Dr. Russell's latest book a few instances of the want of knowledge and intelligence displayed. The inaction after the battle of the Alma, inexplicable on any ground except complete bewilderment on the part of our commanders, was responsible for the long siege. Here is one passage concerning the assault that makes the face flush even now: "A field officer of the 55th, with his hand pressed against his side, from which a red stream coursed through his fingers, gasped out: 'Mr. Russell! Mr. Russell! tell them at home we've been massacred! No supports!" Shortly after, to use Dr. Russell's own words, "we were within measurable distance of a calamity." This was averted, and the Russians fell back in retreat unpursued. Then spoke one of the best cavalry officers in the English army, whose rage after the Alma was at white heat: "To think that there were one thousand British cavalry looking on at a beaten army retreating-guns, standards, colours and all, with a wretched horde of Cossacks and cowards who had never struck a blow ready to turn back at the first trumpet—within a ten minutes" gallop of them—is enough to drive one mad! It is too disgraceful, too infamous. They ought all of them to be --!"

Yet, again, I find General Ebers, one of the most brilliant of Hungarian soldiers, saying: "There shall be another dam surprise soon. Vy vill Lord Raglan pay no heed to de Turks? Dey hear from de Tartars everywhere dat Menschikoff and Gortschakoff have got tens of thousands and more coming, and de Pasha send word to Lord Raglan and offer his Turks—here are 6,000 as brave men as ever live! No. Bah!"

THE LESSON.

MIGHT multiply such instances without end. The result of the neglect of the Turkish warnings was the surprise and slaughter of Inkerman. Everywhere was the same happy-go-lucky process, which in the case of troops less trustworthy would have led to constant disaster. I have taken three instances only of absolutely childish incompetency and neglect of precaution. I have said nothing that reflects on the courage of our general officers, many of whom left their bones with their men, and most of whom were brave as lions. Bravery is, of course, an indispensable attribute of the commander, but it is not the only, or even the principal, attribute. Read through Dr. Russell's book—the task will not be difficult, for it has all the charm of a boy's book of adventure—and you will see how often sheer stupidity accomplished the work of cowardice. Other humiliating facts concerning jealousies and quarrels between those in high office, offences calling, on active service, for exemplary punishment, may be read. Sufficiently humiliating to English manhood and pride is it to read of English mismanagement. The only scrap of consolation to be got is the heroism of the soldier. I return, however, to my old query: Will our great departments, in case of another war, be wiser, more active, and less hidebound than those who left our sick soldiers without medicine, and our wounded heroes without means of being carried from the field? I fear not. Red tape seems to have got into the blood of our bureaucracy. Shall we in case of war have generals even who place our soldiers where they will not stand a chance of being exterminated without having the power to help themselves? Let some one wiser and better informed than I answer. I, for my part, have my fears.

#### BIBLIOGRAPHY IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

THAT the French are a more versatile people than we is shown in their books as well as in their lives and pursuits. What with us is a solemn and scientific occupation is with them not seldom a fantastic and whimsical amusement. Taking books, for instance, we have started a new bibliographical society, and we are beginning to make amends for our past neglect of this science. Within the past

year or two a whole series of "books about books" has seen the light. From them a man may learn about everything that is known concerning the outside and the inside of books, and it is partly his fault if he does not become a practical type-setter or binder. How serious, not to say "stodgy," is the information that is supplied! We have one or two writers who have produced a somewhat lighter class of composition. Mr. Lang has talked with flippancy, not to say positive irreverence, concerning Elzevirs—short ones, of course—and, Mr. Austin Dobson has shown us that a book is not, like a fan to an English lady, mere luggage. These writers are, however, exceptions, and they even deal only with books so proper and edifying that one might hold a naughty book had never been printed in this country. They manage things differently in France. The most erudite and scholarly bibliographers admit books that would make an English bibliographer's hair curl, and more than one writer of high rank, like M. Gustave Brunet or his associate M. Octave Delpierre, so long in our midst, has made and strengthened a reputation by his analysis and descriptions of books which in England are classed in booksellers' catalogues as facetiæ, but find no other mention.

#### M. UZANNE'S TALES FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

A N Englishman myself, I am not speaking approvingly of French proceedings, or urging upon the country of Shakespeare, Congreve, Sterne, and Smollett any extended indulgence or augmented breadth of view. I hold, however, to my comparison between English and French books concerning books. Few bibliographers are better known than is M. Octave Uzanne, long the capable and conscientious editor of "Le Livre" and other works of authority, and the brilliant author of the "Physiognomy of the Quais of Paris," and a score of other works equally dear to the bibliophile for their merits of style as for beauty of illustration. In association with M. Robida, the brilliant designer and illustrator, M. Uzanne has now issued a series of "Contes pour les Bibliophiles," fantastic stories concerning imaginary books, libraries, auction sales, purchasers, collectors, and the like. First among these comes a delicious love-story between Mlle. Sylvie de Ligneul of Les Islettes sous Beauval, and M. de Coudray of the Bourgogne-Cavalerie, the whole extracted in pretence from a volume of the well-known "Almanach des Muses" Following this comes a truly tragic narrative called "L'Héritage Sigismond," in which a wretched woman, soured by desertion, sets to work expressly to ruin a bequest of books of the rarest and most priceless description. Forbidden to sell them, she subjects them to all possible ravage of weather and vermin. Mice

are hurried in droves into the library, and the white ant is ultimately imported to complete the ravages of the worm. Quite delightful to read of are the sacrifices of the hero, who throws himself with the courage of despair into the task of defeating these terrible schemes, and, veritable martyr, loses his life in the attempt.

#### BIBLIOGRAPHICAL WHIMSICALITIES.

I CANNOT follow seriatim all the wild imaginings M. Uzanne presents, but must content myself with one or two of the more joyous or salient. A whimsical creation is the Bibliothécaire van der Baëcken of Rotterdam, whose influence over his fellows is such that he can hypnotise all the buyers in a sale-room, and obtain the books he wants at the price he chooses to put upon them, none being able to bid against him. "Les Romantiques Inconnus" is, perhaps, the most remarkable piece of work of all, supplying as it does titles and full accounts of a variety of works having no existence except in the writer's imagination, yet calculated to disconcert the cleverest student. A mania for collecting first editions of Victor Hugo, Théophile Gautier, and other writers of the so-called Romantic school has long prevailed in France. M. Uzanne pretends to have come upon a nest of works of this class, the titles of which, and, thanks to the aid of his associate, M. Robida, the illustrations also, he reproduces. Nothing equally brilliant in imagination has been done in connection with bibliophilism, though, since the days of Rabelais, the titles of imaginary volumes have more than once been given. One of the works, the fantastic engraved title-page of which, an alleged masterpiece of Célestin Nanteuil, is reproduced, is called "La Fille d'Ophélie, ou le Fantôme d'Elseneur." The wildest idea of all is entitled "La Fin des Livres," and shows the change which the application of the phonograph is destined to bring. Books, it is held, will be spoken in to machines, and the lady in her boudoir, the invalid on his couch, the merchant in his office, will be able to hear the last new poet, novelist, or essavist declaiming his latest production in his own voice. Why, indeed, should this be quite impossible? I have seen the prospectus of a society for rendering operas and concerts audible in hotels, or even in private houses, at no great cost; and what may be done with music is surely not impossible with spoken words. I am happy to introduce M. Uzanne's original and beautiful volume to my readers.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

#### THE

# GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

APRIL 1895.

### BUTTERCUPS.

By E. HATCHETT-JACKSON.

N one of the riverside wharves stands a weather-beaten hut, long since abandoned by its rightful owners as unfit for habitation. Like many another survival of the past it seems loth to quit this life. The big rusty nails cling to the timbers tenaciously, whilst they in their turn, though they shiver and groan in autumn's blast, and creak ominously in the dry summer wind, yet stick to their post with a fidelity worthy of imitation in human circles. Perhaps the spirit of the house had something to do with the tenacity of purpose displayed by the shock-headed child who called this miserable shanty home.

All the riverside police knew that child well. All the wharfingers, the lightermen, and even the waterside characters who picked up a living along shore, had a sort of quaint respect for the small atom of humanity whom, by some trick of fancy, every one called "Buttercups."

It would have been difficult, so far as outward appearance went, to determine whether Buttercups was a boy or a girl. A shock head of yellow hair, which tumbled in all directions, and which its owner used to throw out of the eyes by a toss of the head similar to that of a restless colt, was neither long enough to claim femininity, nor short enough to assert a masculine superiority. The eyes that looked at you through this tangle were a few shades darker, and bright and keen as a ferret's, to whose quick movements those of Buttercups bore a close resemblance. Small of stature, lithe of limb, and keen of eye, Buttercups was as much at home in the river as on the shore, and many a time had he fearlessly swum to the rescue of a drowning cat, or carried a rope in his mouth to be made fast to the landing stage.

Indeed, that tumble-down shanty sheltered not only Buttercups, but also some half-dozen cats, of all ages and sizes, which he had rescued from death. These cats, with the exception of one, were constantly changing, as, when need pressed, their rescuer carried them round and managed to sell them for a few pence each, or for goods, to the inhabitants of neighbouring alleys, or to bargees requiring a cat to keep water rats at bay. Black cats were the prime favourites with the riverside population, partly because they were supposed to bring the owner good luck, and partly because they could dwell among coal and mud without greatly detracting from their beauty. To do Buttercups justice, he cared very much whether his pets got a good home or no; and any ill-used cat returning to his former quarters was sure of finding a hearty welcome, and a full share of the best of everything that Buttercups had to give.

The first day I saw Buttercups he was sitting blubbering on a doorstep, with something wet and fluffy on his knees.

"What is the matter?" I queried.

The child—he was about ten—looked up:

"Jim hev drownded the kit wot I sold his father last week, and he wur a slap down beauty."

"Is that the kitten?" I asked sympathetically.

"Yes, sir," and he actually cuddled that fluffy wet bundle with the warmest affection.

"Poor little thing, but perhaps it is better dead than alive if it had a bad master."

"Ay, he wur a right down bad un wur Jim; but I've gi'n un two black eyes, wot'll teach un to let my cats bide for 'm future."

This was said with such honest vigour that I found myself smiling in sympathy with the cat's champion.

"And where do you live, my boy?"

"There," he answered laconically, jerking his thumb over his shoulder.

"What, in that horrid shed?"

"'Tis my home."

"And your parents?"

"Ain't got none. Leastways, mother died when I wur a little un, an' she ses, ses she, 'Buttercups, you bide here wotever anybody ses to ee, an' look out for yer father. One day he'll come along in his ship wot went to Chinee, and he'll look here for we; don't yer go nohows.'"

"Buttercups? Is that your name? Have you no other?

"Ain't that enough? Anyways, that's all I knows."

"But how will you find your father if you don't know his name or the name of his ship?"

"Mother sed as how father'd come along an' look fer we, an' if he looks he'll find I, an' we shall know, cos he's mother's husband."

"How old are you, my boy?"

"Dunnow, somewheres about ten mebbe."

"And what do you live on?"

"Wot I gits."

"Can you read?"

"Noa, an' don't want to. Knows all about the boats without."

"But would not you like to know anything besides? Something, for instance, about that land where your father went?"

"Is that in books?"

"Yes, and pictures of it."

"Then p'r'aps as how you might tell me summat, an' show me them picturs."

"Very well, I will; and look, here's sixpence to buy you some dinner, lad."

"Thank ee, sir; me and the cats'll hev summat t' eat now."

Buttercups rose, hugging the drowned kitten with one hand, and extending the other for the promised coin. Then he shuffled off, about the strangest figure I had ever seen. A short brown skirt reached to his knee and belted a ragged shirt in at the waist, while a bright red tie held it firm at the neck.

In two or three days' time I presented myself at the miserable shanty and knocked on the closed door.

"Come in," shouted a voice from the inside. "Now then, old un," it continued, "just stan' back, will yer, an' doan't be greedy. Pip, me beauty, here's a sup of milk for ee as Tim left this here mornen."

I had entered quietly, and found Buttercups seated on a low wooden stool with half a dozen hungry cats round him and one kitten that he was nursing tenderly. The cat addressed as "old un" was a huge black tom, whose ragged ears suggested many a tooth-and-nail fight with rats, dogs, and other natural enemies of his kind. The beautiful tenderness with which poor rough Buttercups handled and smoothed the wailing kitten would have convinced the most sceptical that there is something divine in human nature even in its lowest and most untaught state. Here was the half-clothed, half-starved lad with his four-footed subjects, dealing out the scraps of food from his poor larder, six portions for the cats, a seventh no bigger and no better for himself, while the little kitten had a special supply of bread and milk, and was held in the boy's shirt for warmth and protection.

"Mornen, sir; so ye've come agen?"

"Yes, Buttercups, and I have brought a book and some pictures and some clothes for you, my boy."

"Clothes? Wot, is them there duds for I? Why, the boys woan't know me. D'ye think father would?"

"Yes, just as well as in those. Can I sit on this box, Buttercups? I will wait till you have finished feeding your cats."

"We've adone, sir; leastways, we've eaten all there is t'eat, an' so us can't do no more. Now, old un, you leave the genelman alone, will yer? No, he won't hurt ye, sir; he's only a bit cur'ous."

"Is he very old?" I asked, as the huge animal walked round me,

sniffing suspiciously at me and my bundle.

"Dunnow; me an' he growed up togither. 'Specs he knows more about father nor I, for mother sed as how father left the kit with her for comp'ny like, an' I wur to kip 'un allays. So us two bides here, doan't us, old un?"

The creature's great green eyes turned on its master with such evident comprehension and sympathy that it seemed quite uncanny.

"Look here, Buttercups," I went on, as soon as the cats were ranged quietly round him. "Here is the picture of a Chinaman."

"Why, he've got a tail longer nor old un hisself. Will father have grow'd like that, an' will he have petticoats?"

"No, your father is an English sailor, Buttercups; but that tail, as you call it, is the man's hair."

"Humph!" ejaculated Buttercups, giving his own shaggy mane a toss. "Shouldn't like mine atied up so. An' wot does father do there, sir?"

"Most likely he has to bring home tea---"

"Ah, the brown stuff passons give th' old women wot's pertickler good," interrupted Buttercups with ill-concealed contempt.

"Yes; and traffic in opium."

"Is that same as 'baccy, sir?"

"No, I will show you pictures of the plant another day."

How the boy's eyes dilated and flashed as I described the Chinese pirates and their cruel ways!

"Us wouldn't hev them fellurs here," he declared, hugging his sleeping kitten.

But when I began to read, Buttercups soon followed the example of his cats and fell sound asleep.

"Look here, Buttercups," I said, when he woke himself by tumbling off his stool among the cats, "I'll fasten up this picture of the Chinaman for you." "No, will yer?" he said with wide eyes. "It'll look quite nat'ral to father when he comes in."

"I wish, my boy, you would let me take you to a better home."

"No, thank ee," he answered sturdily. "Mother sed as how th' old un an' I wos to be sure an' bide patient till father fun' us, an' so us will."

And the big black cat, purring assent, rubbed his head against his master's knee!

So I fastened up the Chinaman, and giving the boy another sixpence bade him good-bye. Many and many a visit did I pay him all through spring, summer, and early autumn, and he was always the same. Many a necessary comfort did he accept from me, but any proposal for another home he always met with the same reply.

One day I had taken him some canvas and lined the walls of his hut, an arrangement he vastly approved. I had not gone far on my homeward way when I heard—

"Stop, stop!" in panting tones, and Buttercups stood before me. "You be a good un," he said. "Would yer like this here kit?"

"Very much indeed, Buttercups, if you don't mind parting with it."

"Well, I does, fer I loves un. But there, I'd have to sell un mebbe, an' he'll be happy with ee I knows, an' I've nought else to give ee."

I laid my hand on the boy's arm:

"I want nothing but to help you, Buttercups."

"Ay, but every one else 'ud want summat back. Yer be so mortal good, I doan't mind so very much partin' wi' un to you."

"Keep him till I come again," I suggested, seeing tears in the lad's eyes.

"Thank ee kindly, sir," and the kitten was once more put tenderly inside the ragged shirt.

Two days afterwards I was leaving a house some streets off, when a policeman coming up said:

"Beg pardon, sir, is it you who visit Buttercups?"

"Yes, I am just going there."

"That's well, sir; the lad's dying, and asks for you."

"What has happened?" I asked eagerly, as I accompanied the officer.

"Well, sir, it seems a huge water rat attacked a kitten the lad is saving for you, and Buttercups flew to defend it."

"Yes," I suggested as the constable paused.

"And the boy is so badly bitten, sir, that nothing can save him."

"When did it happen?"

"Early this morning, sir. No one knew until I passed on my rounds, and then I couldn't make out for a long time who you was, sir, but the doctor said he had seen you visit here."

Soon we reached the wretched shanty, and there, lying on his mattress, his head on the arm of one of those kind doctors who give their lives for the very poor, was Buttercups.

He opened his eyes as I knelt down and touched his hand.

"Ah! ye've come. Here," feebly trying to open his shirt, "is yer little kit. I loved un, but I love ee too, an' I'd like to think as he's with ee. I saved un for ee, ye know."

Reverently I took the little black kitten as a sacred charge from the hand of the dying boy.

"Thank you, Buttercups. I will take care of him and love him always for your sake. I am so grieved to lose you, my boy."

"An' th' old un, can he bide here withouten I, d'ye think, sir, or how'll father know?"

"I'll see they are all taken care of, Buttercups, and keep a lookout for your father. He shall know how you waited and watched for him always."

"An' ye're not hurted as I didn't come with ee now, are ye, sir?"

"No, my boy, only very sorry I cannot keep you longer. Are you in great pain, Buttercups?"

"Yes," he moaned. "Yes, but the little un is all right, sir, an' he'll be yer Buttercups now. I minds all ye've told me. D'ye think the Man'll be pleased as sed us couldn't do better nor die fer our friends, sir? I done it fer ye and the little un, ye see, fer I loves ye both well."

"Yes, Buttercups, I am sure He will, and He will take care of you all the time till I come, my boy."

"An' ye'll be sure an' bring the little un, sir?"

"Yes, I'll take care of him, my boy."

"Let me kiss him again, sir, and let me kiss you."

I held the little black kitten to the boy's whitening lips, and the little creature, purring, rubbed its head against its dying master's face.

"You now, sir," he whispered. "Quick, where are ye?"

As I stooped to kiss him, my hot tears fell on his face, and Buttercups, with a last effort, feebly stroked my cheek, murmuring:

"Good-bye, dear friend. Good-bye. Come again to Buttercups soon, fer—he—loves—ye, an' the—little un's all right?"

As the last gasping words passed his lips, the little fellow's head fell back on the doctor's arm, and his spirit fled.

"Poor little fellow," said the doctor. "A great soul in a poor little body groping its way back to the Source of infinite pity and love."

We laid Buttercups to rest in the nearest churchyard, and planted winter aconite all round the headstone which bore his favourite text:

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

I did all I could, but the "old un" pined for his master and died. The black kitten thrived and grew a big cat, but Buttercups' father never came home.

# THE SCOTTISH STAGE IN THE LAST CENTURY.

P to the year 1746 there seems to have been no regular and permanent theatre in Scotland. In that year the foundation-stone of the Canongate Theatre was laid by Mr. Lacy Ryan, of the Covent Garden Theatre, London. At the prices then customary (viz. 2s. 6d., 1s. 6d., and 1s.), a full house was worth from £60 to £65. On special occasions, such as the benefit of a popular actor, as much as £70 was taken, but only by admitting spectators to the wings and even to the stage itself. Sometimes the stage was so crowded in this way that the actors had not sufficient room to carry out their "business" properly, and, if engaged in a duel, had to shorten their lunges for fear of pinking a patron. It is to the credit of Garrick that he was the first to set his face against this abuse, and to close the stage-door even to a Prince of the Blood.

Those were days in which every theatre led a precarious existence. Actors were barely tolerated; they were, legally, "vagabonds." Their profession was considered immoral, not only by the great bulk of the public, but, in a way, by themselves. A curious illustration of this had been afforded a little while before at a theatre in London. In a play called "The Sorcerer" (titles repeat themselves) a dance of fiends was to be performed. They were masked and dressed in the usual manner, with all the Dantesque accessories to make them terrible. They were twelve in number. But, in the midst of their performance, they discovered to their horror that a thirteenth had joined himself to them. This was too much for the actors. Conscious of the fact that they were considered by most men fit candidates for the special attentions of the arch-fiend, they fled in all directions before the unwelcome visitor, if haply they might yet escape the destruction which they believed was coming upon them. Owing to this general stampede, the supernumerary devil was never unmasked. But when the panic was over, it was remembered that

there was a thirteenth infernal toilette, which might have been assumed for the occasion by some practical joker. At the time, however, the direct interposition of Satan was firmly believed by the actors and the audience. The actors fled; the audience dispersed, carrying to their homes the tidings of this terrible avatar. And so profoundly did it affect the imagination of some of the spectators, that they professed to have seen the intruder fly away through the roof of the theatre, and to have been themselves almost suffocated by the residuary stench.

This is but one illustration of the repute in which actors were in those days held by their fellow-citizens. Another illustration, bearing rather on the social than the moral aspect of the case, may be found in the fact that the nobility, who protected and patronised them, were sometimes under the necessity of enrolling them *pro tem*. in the list of their domestic servants. Thus, the Lord Somerville of those days once engaged a leading actor as butler; and the great man, having played Richard III. on the stage, did not disdain to draw corks in the dining-room.

It was in these evil days for actors that the Canongate Theatre was born. And its birth was distinctly illegitimate. It was built, not only without legal sanction, but in direct defiance of the law. It existed only on sufferance, and, in consequence, it had at first a very chequered and precarious existence. It was founded by certain gentlemen-proprietors; but, in the eye of the law, they had no proprietary rights.

From 1746 to 1752 these original proprietors appear to have remained in possession. But in the latter year a Mr. Lee, whose chief claim to distinction is that he quarrelled with Garrick, bought the house for £648, and certain annuities of £100 each to the surviving lessees. Mr. Lee was not, however, able to hold his ground for more than three or four years, when the theatre, which was still on its original illegal footing, was purchased—mirabile dictu !—by a coterie consisting mainly of legal gentlemen, including Lord Elibank, Lord Monboddo, and others. The theatre thus purchased by the Lords of Session was, as if to complete the quaintness of the situation, placed under the management of a worthy Edinburgh merchant named Callender.

It was under Mr. Callender's auspices that the once famous tragedy of "Douglas" was produced. This is said by a writer of the period to have proved "a great temporary relief to the finances of the house." He goes on to prophesy that "the play will be for ever a monument to the honour of the poetical genius of Scotland, as well

as a lasting credit to the theatre at large "—a prophecy which posterity has cruelly neglected to fulfil.

However, at the time it was first produced it had an unprecedented "run." This was all the more remarkable, inasmuch as it seems to have stirred the special wrath of the Scottish clergy-partly because it was written by a member of their order, and partly because it was judged to be in some respects exceptionally profane. In those days for a clergyman of the Scottish Church to so much as enter a theatre was enough to excite the furious anger of his brethren. What, then, must their feelings have been when they learned that one of their cloth had actually written a play, and had got it produced at a theatre? The Presbytery were aghast. They summoned Home, the author, before them, and would no doubt have deprived him of his living but that he took the precaution to be beforehand with them by resigning it. Then they fulminated against the play, and summoned such of their members before them as had dared to attend the theatre. All were severely censured; one was suspended from his benefice.

Two or three passages seem to have given special offence. One was the line in which Glenalvon says—

No priest! No priest! I'll risk eternal fire.

Another was the oath of the Shepherd-

By Him that died on the accursed tree.

And yet a third was the scene in which Lady Barnard kneels down on the stage and utters a prayer.

These passages, and the play as a whole, though they survived the wrath of the Presbytery, and seem even for a while to have thriven upon it, are now dead to the public, and the tragedy is mainly remembered in virtue of that pitfall to the unwary elocutionist contained in the line—

My name is Norval; on the Grampian hills, &c.

The infancy of the new theatre was chequered and troublous. The rising of 1745, and the memories of Culloden, had left Scotland sore at heart and divided in sentiment. And the theatre was on more than one occasion the scene of party strife. In 1749, on the anniversary of the Duke of Cumberland's victory, some officers who were present called in a spirit of wanton aggressiveness on the band to play a tune called "Culloden" in honour of the battle. This was regarded by the bulk of the audience as an insolent allusion to a

So they, for their part, ordered the musicians to national calamity. play "You're welcome, Charles Stuart." The musicians, as Scotchmen, obeyed their own countrymen, but with disastrous consequences, for the officers drew their swords, and at once attacked the orchestra. Trumpets and fiddlesticks being no match for cold steel, the musicians fled, and left the military masters of the field. But they, in their turn, were assailed from the galleries with fragments of broken forms, apples, snuff-boxes, and every other object that sudden anger could convert into a missile. Thereupon the officers attempted to storm the galleries, which, however, by this time were securely barricaded. And then a sad thing, not recorded in any history of the British Army, happened to this gallant detachment. For, whilst attacking the galleries, they themselves were attacked in the rear by the sturdy Highland chairmen, who made such good use of their poles that the military were forced to surrender at discretion. Thenceforward the orchestra were forbidden to play any tunes except those selected by the manager.

Another riot, almost equally serious, arose in connection with the wounded feelings, not of officers, but of servants. Those were fine times for footmen, for when their masters attended the theatre, they had free admission to the upper gallery. This was all very well so long as the management did nothing to offend them. Scottish servants of those days had a keen sense of dignity, and would not submit to be satirised. So when the farce "High Life Below Stairs" was announced, the footmen of Edinburgh resolved in full committee that they would not allow such a scandalous libel on themselves to be produced on the boards. A letter was written to the manager of the theatre, in which it was stated that a band of seventy men had sworn, at any cost, to stop the production of the piece. This letter was foolishly read aloud on the stage, and then, in spite of the threat it contained, an attempt was made to perform the farce. Hereupon the upper gallery turned rebellious. noise and the discord were prodigious. The masters in the body of the house went up to remonstrate with their contumacious servants, but the latter would not listen to the voice of authority. Order was at last restored, but not before the footmen had been expelled in a body from the house. There was no free admission for footmen after this.

But even these riots pale into insignificance before the notorious Stayley riots in 1767. A Mr. Stayley, an itinerant actor, had succeeded in currying favour with various influential people in Edinburgh, and on the strength of this he came to a strange but

bold resolve. It was nothing less than to compel the managers of the theatre to engage him on his own terms. The idea looks original in the light of our tamer century, but in those days such attempts were not uncommon.

Stayley had a knack of acting in what is nowadays sometimes called the transpontine manner. In a part like Macbeth, for instance, he would take what Charles II. called "an unconscionable time in dying." But he was far from apologising for this protracted agony. On the contrary, he considered it a merit, and the claim was cheerfully allowed by his numerous admirers. It was notoriously of no avail to run him through twice, or even thrice; he could never be got to die on such slight provocation. He had to be riddled with sword thrusts, delivered on every part of the stage and in every region of his body, before he would fall to rise no more. In fact, it was never quite certain that he would not rise any more, for he had often been known when in the very middle of his death agonies to spring up again and renew the fight as if nothing had happened. For a nature so energetic it was obvious that Shakespeare's genius would not prove sufficient; so Stayley, to adorn his dying hours, was in the habit of interpolating a long tirade of his own, which has, unhappily, been lost to posterity.

Such was the man who, admired intensely by the vulgar herd, was determined to force himself upon the unwilling management of the Canongate Theatre. In a way he succeeded. For at one of the performances a number of his partisans assembled in the pit, and, interrupting the performance, insisted on the appearance of the manager. When he showed himself, they demanded that he should there and then engage their idol. The idol himself was waiting to be engaged in one of the upper boxes, whence, after a long-continued scene of uproar, he was invited by the manager to come upon the stage and make his own statement.

He had evidently prepared a speech for the occasion, but he never got beyond the exordium:

"I am proud," he said, "and sorry to appear in this way before this audience: proud for the honour, and sorry for the cause——"

This was as far as he got. It seems a promising beginning, but it did not satisfy the majority of the audience, who stopped the speaker and clamoured loudly for the play to be resumed. Stayley accordingly retired, and the programme for the evening was duly carried out without further disturbance. But it had an unexpected epilogue, for, when the bulk of the audience dispersed, the malcontents remained behind and became so abusive and violent that at

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last the managers, in their terror, consented to engage the services of the redoubted Stayley.

In this way he carried his point. But, for practical purposes, the point proved not to be carried after all. For the next day the managers, recovering from their terror, issued the following strange manifesto:—

#### THEATRE.

Edinburgh, January 12, 1767.

The Managers and Performers humbly hope that, from the dangerous situation both They and the Theatre were in on Saturday night, after the farce was over, from a party who staid behind the rest of the audience in behalf of Mr. Stayley, and by throwing stones, pieces of sticks, half-pence, and lighted candles, COMPELLED a promise of his being engaged, as the ONLY MEANS left to preserve the Theatre from fire and destruction, they shall stand justified to the public in suspending all Entertainments, till they can be assured of a proper protection; and also of refusing to admit, as one of their community, a Man capable of taking such unwarrantable and wicked means to gain his ends.

Thus the good town of Edinburgh was wholly deprived of its dramatic joys because a wandering star persisted in trying to force himself upon the theatrical firmament on his own terms. The privation lasted from January 12 to January 24, and during this period a brisk warfare was carried on by means of printed letters and broadsheets. The conflict was made the more piquant by the fact that there was at that time an internecine feud between the two leading actresses. A Mrs. Ward had been engaged to take the principal parts, but she soon had a rival in the person of a rising favourite. named Mrs. Baker. Mrs. Baker, considering herself, with charming feminine complacency, the equal in every way of Mrs. Ward, insisted that her name should be printed in letters of the same size on the play-bills. But this modest request it was impossible for the managers to grant, as Mrs. Ward had stipulated from the first for what she called "distinction of name" in the bill. Thereupon Mrs. Baker favoured the deputy-manager with the following frank epistle:

SIR,—The Town does not more heartily laugh at your acting than I do at your power. I have formed no engagements with you. I have behaved justly. I sent Mr. Dowson word before the bills were printed that, if he would not put in my name as Mr. Bland had dictated, he must not put it in at all. Surely it is in my option to play Miss Stirling or let it alone. The part is Mrs. Robson's. I persist in my resolution of not doing it, except my name is distinguished. If therefore it is neither altered nor taken out on Monday, I must excuse myself to the Town (which has ever been kindly partial to me) in the manner I think best; and I believe you will find, in the public opinion, that nobody in this company deserves greater distinction than

This was but the beginning of a lengthy correspondence, which

served to fan the flames of contention between the management and a section of the public. Mrs. Baker did not carry her point, and perhaps somewhat over-estimated her popularity. In one respect, however, she was certainly entitled to such distinction as comes of size, for she is described as "corpulent." Her end was unfortunate. Some years later, when the Edinburgh Theatre was in the market, she managed to raise the money to purchase it, in order that she might gratify her vanity as an actress without restraint; but, in the quaint words of a contemporary writer, when the bargain was made and the dream of her life was realised, her excessive joy "so forcibly struck her vital movement that she retired to her chamber and almost instantly expired."

The theatre was reopened on January 24, but this was only the signal for hostilities to break out on a far grander scale. The rioters now demanded an apology from one of the actors, in the name of the rest, for some reflections that had been cast upon them in the battle of the broadsheets. This was refused, and the strife began in earnest. Armed with rails of lattices, branches of chandeliers, and broken benches, the mob attacked the stage and carried it by storm. The illusory character of everything connected with theatrical affairs received a new and striking illustration. For the actors, being (at times, at least) warriors by profession, did not yield without a struggle: but, alas! the spears, the swords, the battle-axes, which had made so brave a show in many a mimic combat, were not fashioned to bear the brunt of a real assault. They went to pieces in the hands of the defenders, who in the end were compelled to surrender at discretion. No lives were lost, but the devastation was great. inside of the theatre was, in fact, utterly wrecked, the pictures torn down, the scenery demolished.

At last a detachment of the city guard came to the rescue; but they were repulsed, and it was not till a reinforcement was sent from the Castle that the riot was suppressed.

And now the gentlemen-proprietors of the theatre were taught a severe lesson. It was in vain that they threatened an action for damages against those who had instigated the rioters. They were threatened, in return, with a counter action for having plays acted in their house contrary to Act of Parliament. Neither action came to the birth, but the result of the whole affair was that on September 2, 1767, the theatre was put on a legal footing by royal patent. As by this time it was little more than a shell, it was decided to rebuild it. For this purpose twenty-five gentlemen subscribed £100 apiece, for which they were to receive 3 per cent. interest, with free admission

to all entertainments. To the £2,500 thus raised was added another sum of the same amount which the lessee had to find. The paying off of old interests absorbed nearly  $f_{2,000}$  more, so that the total cost of the new theatre was about  $f_{.7,000}$ .

In 1769 another new theatre, on another site—near the New Bridge—was built; but, as it did not at first prove much of a success. the lessee sub-let it to Mr. Foote at a rent of 500 guineas a year. The new manager, bringing with him an excellent company, is said to have netted £1,000 in the course of one season. In 1781 it was purchased by an actor of the name of Jackson, to whom I am indebted for most of the facts mentioned in this paper.

Amongst the great actresses who performed at this theatre was the celebrated Mrs. Siddons. She came, of course, only for a short visit, nor was it an easy matter to get her to come at all. terms were almost prohibitive. At one time it was hoped she might consent to come for £,400 and a clear benefit. But, after some correspondence, it transpired that Mrs. Siddons did not "choose" to perform for any stipulated sum, but preferred to take her chance of the receipts. In this she appears to have been well advised, for her profits were as follows:

		£	S.	d.
Nine nights' receipts		467	7	7
Public subscription to get her down		200	0	0
"Clear" Benefit at raised prices		180	0	0
Presents by plate and gold tickets		120	0	0
Total .		£967	7	7

This was certainly pretty good pay for those days, being an average of over £100 a night. The manager's share of the profits was, of course, considerably less; still, the visit of the great actress appears to have brought him in some £350. The working expenses averaged at that time from £35 to £40 a night.

It was one of Garrick's sayings that "the plague of management is enough in one year to expiate a whole lifetime of sin." And certainly in the last century a manager needed to be of the toughest fibre to carry on his work. In addition to the disputes amongst the company, such as are not unknown in the present day, there was always the chance that the general public would take sides in the quarrel and make a riot in the theatre. More than one of these took place in the new theatre, but none of them attained the proportions of the Stayley riot. On the whole, the theatre did not prove profitable. In one year the proprietor lost £1,000. But this did not deter him from trying to secure theatres elsewhere. By this time

various theatres had sprung up. There was one at Dumfries, which the manager of the Edinburgh Theatre proposed to take for a time. When he arrived at Dumfries with his company he found the theatre a smoking ruin. How the "accident" happened was never known, but it bore every evidence of design. There had been no performances, and therefore no legitimate fires, in the building for two days.

At Glasgow, a little while before, the stage had been deliberately fired by fanatics. A Methodist preacher had informed his congregation that he had had a terrible dream. He had been present at a great banquet in the infernal regions, and had heard Lucifer give as a toast the health of the gentleman who had sold the land on which a house for himself (Lucifer) was to be built. By a house for himself, Lucifer was understood to mean the theatre.

Such a discourse carried with it its own moral. The congregation determined on a house-warming for the expected tenant, and, proceeding in a body to the freshly erected theatre, set the stage on fire. The damage done was reckoned on a moderate computation to amount to £900, the whole theatrical wardrobe being destroyed, together with some valuable jewels. The principal actress—the well-known Mrs. Bellamy—lost all her wardrobe, except the things which she chanced to be wearing. But the good people of Glasgow were so liberally disposed towards her that before ten o'clock the next day they had presented her with more than forty gowns. Whether any of them fitted her is not told us by the chronicler.

The gentleman thus singled out for special honour by Lucifer seems to have been himself fully conscious of the nefarious character of the business for which he had sold his land. It did not, however, make him hesitate to sell it; he only felt justified in charging an enormous price for it. He asked four shillings a yard, which in the Glasgow of these days would not be much, but which was then deemed a most extravagant sum. "Quite so," he said, when some one ventured to remonstrate; "but asit is intended to raise a Temple of Belial on the land, I expect an extraordinary sum for it." And, what is more, he got it.

But notwithstanding the prejudice that so widely existed in those days against theatres, there were many people of good position who were eager to exhibit themselves upon the stage. Then, as now, it was by no means those who were best fitted to excel who were most eager to perform. One lady, no longer young, but still good-looking, went to a manager to ask him to engage her. "Pray, madam," he asked, "are you for comedy or tragedy?" No answer. "Are you

a veteran, or is it your first attempt?" Not a word. "Are you married, madam?" "Pray, sir," said the lady, rising at last to the surface, "speak a little louder, as I am deaf."

On another occasion a lady was highly recommended to the same manager, as combining almost all the excellences that could be desired in an actress. Thinking he had secured a prize, the manager begged for an immediate interview with her. "Oh, there is one thing," said the agent, "that I had almost forgotten to mention—the lady is a negress."

For some years the theatres at Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dundee were carried on under the same management. That at Edinburgh was by no means very successful. It is true that in 1789 the net profits were £726. 3s. 7d., but in the following year there were no profits at all; on the contrary, a deficit of £21. 13s. 5d. It may be of interest to mention what the weekly expenses were during the winter of the last-named year:

Salaries, &c Other expenses		· ·	:		£ 100 60	s. 3 5	0
	Tota	ul .			£160		-

It was in this year (1790) that the manager, after various vicissitudes, judged it expedient to retire for a while into the safe seclusion of the Sanctuary. During this temporary occultation of its head, the company continued to perform in Edinburgh and Glasgow, but with a pecuniary result almost appalling in its insignificance. The "clear profit" for a month was nine shillings and fourpence halfpenny! And in this so-called "clear profit" no allowance was made for rent. Nor was this the only deduction to be made from the miserable balance, for "three shillings were taken to pay some centinels," "a trifle of bad silver was returned from the salaries," and had to be made good to the actors, and "some portion of what remained was in doubtful money."

Such were some of the vicissitudes of the Scottish theatre in the last century. Bitterly harassed by a host of enemies, and vouchsafed but a lukewarm support by its friends, it is almost a matter of wonder that it managed to survive at all. But the dramatic instinct lies very close to the roots of life itself, and though its growth may be checked for a while, it cannot be extirpated. The good men of the past wished to extinguish the theatre; our wiser and more tolerant age desires rather to purify and elevate it; and we may hope that the Scottish theatre, which passed through so troublous an infancy, has before it a long career of success and usefulness.

# GIANT TELESCOPES.

THE invention of the telescope is ascribed by Borelli, a Dutch mathematician to Zacharial I mathematician, to Zachariah Jansen and Hans Lipperscheim, spectacle makers, residing in Middelburgh, Holland, about the year 1600. The news of the invention did not spread rapidly, and was unknown to Galileo until the year 1609. In that year the famous Italian astronomer, having learned the principles of its construction, set to work, and succeeded in making one which magnified three times, about the power of a modern opera-glass. He afterwards succeeded in constructing one which magnified thirty times, and the reward of his efforts was—as is well known—the discovery of the satellites of Jupiter, the phases of Venus, the spots on the sun, &c. Galileo's telescopes were made on the principle of the opera-glass and binocular field-glass—namely, with a convex object-glass and a concave eveniece, both being single lenses. Towards the middle of the seventeenth century telescopes were constructed in which both the object-glass and eyepiece were convex lenses. The great objection to these forms of telescopes, with single lenses, is due to what is called "chromatic aberration," which produces a fringe of colour round the objects viewed. This colouring interferes greatly with clear vision. Take an inferior opera-glass, or cheap hand-telescope, and look at a range of hills projected against a background of white clouds. Along the "sky-line" of the hills will be seen a rainbowtinted fringe, which prevents the outline of the hills being seen sharply defined as it would appear in a really good telescope. This defect, annoying as it is with terrestrial objects, is especially so when we view celestial objects like the moon and planets. To get rid of this imperfection-at least to some extent-the old telescope makers had recourse to instruments of enormous length. The famous Hevelius, the astronomer of Dantzic, constructed one of 150 feet in length; the tube, or rather skeleton tube, being made of planks and suspended by ropes to a strong mast fixed in the ground! By a very ingenious system of ropes and pulleys he succeeded in keeping this unwieldy affair tolerably straight and steady. He suggested that it would be a better arrangement to have the apparatus attached to a revolving tower, but want of means prevented him from carrying out this plan. Campani, of Bologna, constructed a similar telescope, 136 feet long, in 1672; and Huygens one of 123 feet, which is still preserved by the Royal Society. Bradley measured Venus in 1722 with a telescope 212 feet long; and Auzout is said to have constructed one of 600 feet, which, however, he could not use owing to its enormous length! These huge instruments were, however, gigantic only in *length*, their diameter being only a few inches. One of Campani's, preserved by the Royal Astronomical Society, has an object-glass of only 2 inches in diameter. A modern telescope 6 feet long would probably be superior in every way to the largest of these old instruments.

Sir Isaac Newton made several experiments with a view to the improvement of refracting telescopes, but came to the conclusion that it was impossible to get rid of the chromatic aberration produced by lenses! He then turned his attention to the construction of telescopes with metallic mirrors—first suggested by James Gregory, a Scotchman, in 1663-and succeeded in making several which gave satisfactory results. In this form of telescope the image, being formed by reflection, is free from colour. Newton's telescopes were, however, very small, and only a few of any size were constructed for about 100 years, when Sir William Herschel took up the subject. and succeeded in constructing several reflecting telescopes of considerable size, his largest being no less than 4 feet in diameter. This great instrument was finished in the year 1789, and with it the illustrious astronomer discovered the two small satellites of Saturn, Mimas and Enceladus. In after years a reflecting telescope of 4 feet in diameter and 40 feet long was also constructed by Mr. Lassell, who took it to Malta, and with it discovered numerous nebulæ.

These telescopes were, however, soon exceeded in size by Lord Rosse's famous instrument of 6 feet in diameter, completed in 1845. This giant telescope, which is still the largest in the world, is 52 feet in length. The tube, 7 feet in diameter, is formed of wood strengthened with iron hoops. There are two mirrors, one weighing  $3\frac{1}{2}$  and the other 4 tons. The metal of which these mirrors is made is an alloy of copper and tin, in the proportion of 126 parts copper to  $57\frac{1}{2}$  tin. As the telescope is fixed between two high walls running north and south, observations can only be made when objects are near the meridian.

These large metallic mirrors, although of great light-grasping

power, are deficient in definition, and are said to "bunch bright stars into a cocked hat"! A German astronomer, having looked through Lord Rosse's telescope, afterwards said, "They showed me something which they said was Saturn, and I believed them"! Another objection to these telescopes is that the metallic mirror rapidly tarnishes, and has to be repolished. It may be imagined that this operation, in the case of a mirror weighing 4 tons, is a matter of no small difficulty.

Metallic mirrors have, in recent years, been superseded by mirrors made of glass. The glass disc is first carefully ground to the proper curved surface. This surface is then covered with a thin coating of silver by a chemical process, and this silver film is then polished. These mirrors reflect much more light and give better definitions than the old metallic mirrors. They are, of course, liable to tarnish also after being some years in use, but they can be re-silvered and polished with very little expense and trouble. These "silver-onglass" mirrors have recently come into great favour, and being much cheaper than refractors of equal power, they are very popular among amateur astronomers. Some very large telescopes of this kind have been constructed in recent years. One of 3 feet in diameter was made by Dr. Common some years ago. There is another of 4 feet diameter in the Paris Observatory, constructed by Martin. One of 5 feet in diameter has recently been finished by Dr. Common, and has proved very satisfactory. This telescope is probably equal, if not superior, both in light and power, to Lord Rosse's telescope of 6 feet aperture. Larger telescopes of this class are contemplated, glass mirrors of even 8 and 10 feet being now spoken of as possible in the near future.

Although Sir Isaac Newton despaired of any improvement in refracting telescopes which would get rid of the chromatic aberration, the problem was not abandoned as hopeless, and in the year 1729—two years after Newton's death—Mr. Chester More Hall, considering the construction of the human eye, succeeded in obtaining a combination of lenses of different kinds of glass which gave an image free from colour. This was the origin of the achromatic telescope, as it is called, which has made such rapid progress in recent years. The combination of lenses now employed was devised in 1758 by the famous optician John Dollond, and to him is often ascribed the invention of the achromatic telescope, but the credit of the invention is really due to More Hall. In 1765, John Dollond's son, Peter Dollond, discovered that the chromatic aberration could be further reduced by a combination of three lenses instead of two. This form of

object-glass is still sometimes used in binoculars, but for large telescopes two lenses only are generally used.

Notwithstanding this great improvement in the construction of refracting telescopes, many years elapsed before telescopes of any size were constructed on this principle. Even in the year 1825, the largest telescope of this kind was one of only  $9\frac{1}{2}$  inches in diameter, constructed by the famous optician Fraunhofer, for the Dorpat Observatory, Russia. M. Struve, the director of the Observatory, wrote with reference to it: "I stood astonished before this noble instrument, undetermined which to admire most—the beauty and elegance of the workmanship in its most minute parts, the appropriateness of its construction, the ingenious mechanism for moving it, or the incomparable optical power of the telescope and the precision with which objects are defined." Astronomers of the present day would hardly call a telescope of this size "a noble instrument," refractors of 8 to 10 inches in diameter being now comparatively numerous. Struve, however, did excellent work with this telescope, and discovered and catalogued hundreds of double stars-a good example of what has been said with reference to telescopes in general, that the work done with an instrument "does not depend so much on the diameter of the big end as on the man at the small end."

Gradually, however, refracting telescopes increased in size. 1834 an achromatic of 111 inches aperture and 19 feet in length was constructed by Cauchoix, and mounted in the Cambridge Observatory. This is known as the Northumberland Equatorial, and was so named after the Duke of Northumberland, who presented it to the Observatory. In the same year a refractor of 131 inches aperture and 25 feet long, by the same maker, was mounted at the Observatory, Markree Castle, Ireland, by the late E. J. Cooper. There is also a refractor by Cauchoix, of 11.8 inches aperture, at Dunsink Observatory, Dublin, and there are several of from 12 to 13<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> inches in the United States and elsewhere. At the Poulkova Observatory, Russia, there is a fine refractor of 15 inches aperture and 221 feet focus, the work of Merz and Mahler. The weight of this instrument is 7,000 lbs., or over 3 tons! It has a series of eyepieces, the highest magnifying 2,000 times. The Harvard College Observatory (U.S.A.) has a telescope of the same size and by the same makers as the Poulkova telescope. The Paris Observatory has also a refractor of 15 inches diameter, but it is not a very good one. The following Observatories also possess refractors of about 15 inches aperture: Nice, Royal Society, England, Rio Janeiro, Madrid, Brussels, and Edinburgh. The Harvard College telescope at one time shared with the Poulkova refractor the honour of being the largest refractor in the world. With it Bond, the famous American astronomer, discovered in September 1848 Hyperion, the 8th satellite of Saturn (discovered independently a few days later by Lassell in England). With it also Bond discovered the dark or crape ring of Saturn, which was also independently discovered by Dawes in England. Bond's great drawing of the Orion Nebula was also made with this telescope.

At the Madison Observatory (U.S.A.) there is a refractor of 15½ inches, and Mr. Warner, of "Safe Cure" fame, has one of 16 inches at his private observatory, Rochester (U.S.A.). Both these telescopes are the work of the famous American makers Alvan Clark & Sons; and so is the 18½-inch at Chicago Observatory, with which Mr. Burnham has done such good work among the double stars. It was with this 18½-inch glass that Alvan Clark discovered the companion to Sirius, before the instrument left his workshop. This was for ten years the largest refractor in the world.

The Observatory at Milan has a refractor of 19 inches by Merz, and there is another of the same size and by the same maker at Strassburg.

We now come to refractors of over 20 inches in diameter, and, as may be supposed, the number of these is limited. So far as I know there are only thirteen telescopes at present in existence with object-glasses of over 20 inches aperture. These are as follows:—

- 1. Refractor of  $20\frac{1}{2}$  inches, private observatory of M. Porro.
- 2. Refractor of 21'2 inches, constructed by Buckingham & Wray, for Mr. Buckingham's private observatory.
- 3. Object-glass 21'S inches, by Merz, at the Etna Observatory.
- 4. Refractor of 23 inches, constructed by Alvan Clark for the Princeton Observatory (U.S.A.). With this telescope Professor Young has done good work.
- 5. Refractor of 25 inches aperture, constructed by Cooke, of York, for the late Mr. Newall. This instrument is now at the Cambridge Observatory.
- 6. Refractor of 26 inches, made by Alvan Clark for the private observatory of Mr. McCormick (U.S.A.). With this instrument numerous measures of double stars have been made by Messrs. Leavenworth and Muller.
- 7. Refractor of 26 inches, also constructed by Alvan Clark for the Washington Observatory (U.S.A.). With this magnificent instrument Professor Asaph Hall discovered the two satellites of

Mars in 1877, and has made numerous measures of double stars. In the object glass of this telescope, the thickness of the crown glass lens is 1.88 inch, and that of the flint glass 0.96 inch.

- 8. Refractor of 27 inches, constructed by Sir Howard Grubb for the Vienna Observatory. This telescope has been chiefly used in the search for minor planets between Mars and Jupiter.
- 9. Refractor of 28 inches, made by Sir Howard Grubb for the Greenwich Observatory.
- 10. Refractor of 28.9 inches, made by Martin for the Paris Observatory.
- 11. Refractor of 29.9 inches, made by the Brothers Henry, of the Paris Observatory, for the observatory at Nice.
- 12. Refractor of 30 inches aperture, constructed by Alvan Clark & Sons for the Poulkova Observatory, Russia.
- 13. The great telescope of the Lick Observatory, California. This magnificent instrument, the largest refractor in existence at present, has an object-glass of 36 inches aperture, the work of Alvan Clark & Sons; the mounting being constructed by Warner & Swazey. The Lick Observatory was founded by the late Mr. Lick, a retired piano and organ maker of Baltimore, who made an enormous fortune by land speculations, most of which he left for public purposes. The observatory is situated on the summit of Mount Hamilton, at a height of 4,200 feet above the level of the sea, and about sixty miles south-east of San Francisco. The tube of the great telescope is 57 feet long, or about 5 feet longer than Lord Rosse's giant reflector. The telescope is fitted with "finders" of 3, 4 and 6 inches aperture. The largest of these would have been considered a large telescope in the beginning of the present century. The telescope is sheltered by a dome of 75 feet in diameter, weighing nearly 89 tons, and resting on a brick wall 35 feet high! Surrounding the pier which carries the telescope is a floor, which is raised and lowered by hydraulic power to suit the varying height of the eyepiece Although this moving floor weighs over 22 tons it can be raised in nine minutes. In addition to the object-glass, the telescope is supplied with a photographic lens of 33 inches aperture and 46 feet focus, with which some fine photographs of the moon and other celestial objects have been made. Although this giant telescope has only been in use for a few years, much excellent work has been done with it. By its aid Professor

Barnard discovered a fifth satellite of Jupiter, which is so faint that its existence was never suspected with any of the large telescopes with which the planet has been frequently observed. Numerous measures of close double stars have also been made with it by Mr. Burnham, who has added so much to our knowledge of these wonderful and interesting stellar systems. The coffin containing the remains of the late Mr. Lick was built into the masonry pier which carries the telescope, the great instrument thus forming a fitting monument to his memory.

A refracting telescope of even larger dimensions than that of the Lick Observatory is now being constructed for a new observatory, to be founded near Chicago by Mr. Yerkes, a wealthy American. The object-glass, which is to be 40 inches in diameter, with a focal length of nearly 64 feet, is now being made by Mr. Alvan G. Clark, and is progressing satisfactorily. The convex lens of crown glass—that nearest the object—is about 3 inches thick in the centre, and seven-eighths of an inch at the edge, and weighs about 200 lbs. The concave or flint glass is about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch at the centre, and  $2\frac{3}{4}$  inches at the edge, and weighs about 300 lbs. The mounting for this giant instrument has been completed, and was exhibited at the Chicago Exhibition. The tube is of sheet steel, and weighs 6 tons. The total weight of the telescope and mounting is about 75 tons. The driving clock weighs about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  ton. The dome covering the telescope will be 80 feet in diameter.

With reference to the largest-sized refractor which can be made, it appears that we have not yet reached the limit for this form of telescope. Mr. Clark recently expressed his opinion that, notwith-standing the absorption of light due to the increased thickness of the lenses necessary in these large telescopes, their light-grasping power has hitherto increased in proportion to their size. He considers that the 30-inch object-glass which he made for the Nice Observatory is "vastly superior" to the 26-inch Washington refractor; that the 36-inch Lick telescope is "certainly superior to the 30-inch," and he has "every reason to suppose that the 40-inch will be superior to the 36-inch." If this be so, we may look forward to interesting celestial discoveries in the near future with the great 40-inch Verkes telescope.

# ANARCHISM:

# ITS ORIGIN AND ORGANISATION.

A NARCHISM is one of those curious products of modern society which will well repay consideration. It is a symptom of disease, a malignant fungoid growth, so to speak, on the body politic, with deeply rooted causes which it is the business of the social pathologist to probe and investigate. It cannot be hastily dismissed as the product of the diseased fancy of a half-crazed brain, or simply as a phase of fiendish crime. Such a cursory treatment would be unphilosophic, and a wilful blindness to facts which are patent to all who do not refuse to see them. Anarchism is not a mere ebullition of passion, or the whim of a lunatic. It is much more than that. It is a creed or doctrine which has some sort of scientific basis, and which has been deliberately thought out and formulated in terms that are fairly well defined. Some of its bestknown propounders have been men of exceptional ability, and even such enemies of the human race as Vaillant, Ravachol, and Henry display an amount of cunning, determination, and of ill-digested knowledge which is almost incredible.

Anarchism may be said to be a creed of Franco-Russian origin. It is strange how extremes will sometimes meet; and just as republican France and despotic Russia have embraced one another in political alliance, so Anarchism has been hatched in Siberian prisons and on the boulevards of Paris. It is the child both of despotism and democracy. The propagandists of Anarchism go a long way back for a basis for their creed, and they have found no difficulty in finding in the writings of authors of established fame various statements or *obiter dicta* which, apart from their context, seem to lend support to the dogmas of Anarchism. From such writers all sorts of phrases have been borrowed, and loudly proclaimed with a flourish of trumpets. Such are the "Fais ce que veux" of Rabelais, and the 'A chacun selon ses besoins et selon la possibilité" of the Anabaptist Münzer, a contemporary of Rabelais. So, too, La Boëtie, the friend of

Montaigne, is brought under contribution, and his treatise, "De la Servitude Volontaire," is quoted with approval. Right, he says, has not created man for service; where there is not liberty, men live under a régime of tyranny. Even La Fontaine does not escape, and he, too, is placed amongst the fathers of Anarchism. His aphorism "Notre ennemi, c'est notre maître" often figures at the head of revolutionary placards. Stranger still, Bossuet is claimed as an implicit supporter of Anarchist doctrine. He certainly denounced the rich for their insolent oppression of the poor, and in his righteous indignation he committed himself to the statement that God had given all things as a common gift to men, as He had the air and the light, and that there was nothing over which anyone had any individual right; that, in fact, "tout est en proie à tous." These words are now part and parcel of the Anarchist creed, and, by a curious irony of fate, Bossuet, the lover of humanity, is actually claimed as a patron by perhaps the most perfectly cold-blooded class of malefactors that the world has ever seen. Never was there such an example of the Devil citing Scripture to his purpose, or such a case of paradoxical sublimity. It is with much less surprise that we find Diderot and Rousseau placed in the forefront among the prophets. There was much in their philosophy which would naturally seem to countenance Anarchical doctrines, and no one can wonder at finding their works heavily laid under contribution. Great philosophical writers almost always have disciples who torture and pervert their teachings quite beyond recognition, and borrow their authority in support of dogmas to which they in no way assented. "Nature," said Diderot, "has neither made servants nor masters: I do not wish either to give or receive laws." That is a dictum which has been received with a chorus of applause. Again, when Rousseau proclaimed that inequality is a social product and the result of education, he was sowing the seeds of more portentous growths than he ever dreamed of in his wildest flights of fancy. And so, too, with his philosophy of the origin of society: "The first person who, having a plot of land, thought of asserting 'This is mine,' and found people simple enough to believe him, was the true founder of civil society."

There is little wonder that writings which contain passages of this kind should form the gospel of the Anarchist creed. That creed was largely put in practice during the French Revolution in fact, though not in name. It was not then defined or formulated; the floating ideas had not yet been crystallised down into a system. Some years had yet to elapse before this was done. Proudhon was the first to make any approach to give form and substance to the doctrine.

This extraordinary man was born in 1809, at Besançon. He was early known, not merely for his great ability, but also for his exemplary character. His lectures and his writings were distinguished alike for their quality and their piety. But in the year 1840 he startled the world by the production of that extraordinary book, "Qu'est-ce que la Propriété?" He answered the question by saying, "La propriété, c'est le vol." He took part in the revolution of 1848, and was subsequently imprisoned for the part he played therein. He was again imprisoned in 1858, and died seven years later in comparative obscurity. Proudhon reduced Anarchism to a system, so far as it can be called a system at all. According to his theory, the State is no longer to exist; there is only to be a sort of administration charged with the duty of securing liberty and justice for all. There are no longer to be any masters, nor any higher and lower classes; sovereignty is to reside in each citizen; everything is to be decentralised for the benefit of the greatest number; from government there is to emerge no-government—in a word, Anarchism. There are to be no longer any national frontiers: there will be no such thing as La Patrie, because all the peoples of the world will fraternise together in brotherly love. Such, in brief, is the doctrine of Proudhon, and it is practically almost identical with the Anarchism of the present day.

With Proudhon Anarchism was little more than a philosophical abstraction; it was left to two Russians to give it that impulse for ward into the domain of practical revolutionary politics which was destined to result in such disastrous consequences. The two men were Michel Bakunin and Prince Krapotkin. Bakunin was born in 1814, of an aristocratic family, and entered the Russian army. He left it at the age of twenty-one, and took up his residence at Moscow, where he devoured the writings of Hegel and Schopenhauer, and formed one of a circle of young men, among whom were Katkoff, who became famous as the editor of the Moscow Gazette, and Herzen, who was afterwards a prominent Nihilist. Bakunin was a restless individual, who was never at peace himself, nor would let others enjoy it. He was a stormy petrel of politics, who delighted in nothing so much as in plots and revolutions. In 1846 he visited Paris, where he imbibed something of the teachings of Proudhon and George Sand. He was first distinguished as an active Panslavist, and of course took a part in the revolutions of 1848. For the share he took in that at Dresden he was given up to the Russian authoritics, who sent him to Siberia, whence he succeeded in making his escape. It was not until 1865 that he turned his attention to

social questions. In that year was founded the International Association of Working Men, of which Karl Marx was the dominating spirit. It was in connection with this association that the two men came into conflict. They agreed that society needed to be entirely reconstituted; but while the Socialism of Marx involved more restrictions on liberty than ever, the Anarchism of Bakunin meant liberty running into licence. Bakunin thereupon founded the International Alliance of Democratic Socialism, which became subsequently known as the Federation of the Jura. His rivalry with Marx was excessively bitter, and the triumph of his ideas at the Congress of the International in 1873 proved the destruction of that institution. He died in 1876, leaving behind him several works, the best known of which is "Dieu et l'Etat."

Prince Krapotkin was born in 1842, entered the army, and subsequently travelled in Siberia, and examined the glacial deposits of Finland and Sweden; and he received distinctions for his meritorious services. It was not until 1872 that he visited Belgium and Switzerland, where he joined the advanced or Anarchist section of the International. He then returned to Russia, and for his complicity in a revolutionary plot was imprisoned. He made his escape. and, going to Switzerland, joined the Jura Federation. An active propagandist of his peculiar doctrines, he took part in the direction of the first Anarchist journal, L'Avant-Garde, and in 1879 brought out Le Révolté at Geneva. He removed the paper to Paris, and subsequently changed its name to La Révolte, under which title it was run until its recent suppression. He was tried and condemned at Lyons in 1883 for his revolutionary doctrines, but was liberated in 1886. It only remains to be said that he has published several articles in some of the leading English journals and reviews, and that his Anarchist papers have been collected and published by his friend, Elisée Reclus, under the title of "Paroles d'un Révolté." Reclus himself is a distinguished geographer, some of his works having attained a world-wide reputation. He took part in the Paris Commune of 1871, was sentenced to death, transported, and was amnestied in 1879. He has subsequently taken a leading part in the direction of La Révolte.

Both Krapotkin and Reclus are men of no mean ability and achievements, and it is obvious that doctrines which they have deliberately adopted cannot be dismissed with a sneer. What, then, are these doctrines, what is their theoretical foundation, and what are their practical aims? The general character of Anarchism as a creed has already been outlined in what has been said of Proudhon.

but the subject will repay a somewhat deeper consideration at a time when so many desperadoes have carried out the creed to its logical To do the Anarchists justice, they leave us in no doubt as to their meaning. They, at least, give us full warning. they mean and what they intend is plainly set out in their published works, such as Krapotkin's "Paroles d'un Révolté" and his "La Conquête du Pain," and Jean Grave's "Société Mourante" and his "Société au Lendemain de la Révolution," not to speak of their journals, which are numerous enough and are in many languages. There is no concealment of their ultimate ends, nor are these ends, it must in justice be said, in themselves of that abhorrent description which people are accustomed to associate with the term "Anarchism." It is the adoption of the means in the name of which such crimes have been perpetrated which will for ever blast Anarchism with infamy and disgrace. And those who have preached the doctrines in words cannot shake off their share of responsibility for the terrible acts of those whose minds they have perverted.

Anarchism, then, may be said to have two sides—a positive and a negative. It begins from the negative point of view by advocating the total abolition of our present social institutions. There is to be no more property, capital, privileges, fatherland, frontiers, wars, State, or authority of any kind, whether monarchical or republican, absolute or parliamentary. Grave, in his "Société Mourante," puts it in this way: "Anarchy desires to assert the negation of authority. Now, authority pretends to justify its existence by the necessity of defending social institutions, such as the Family, Religion, Property, &c., and it has created a great machinery to assure its exercise and its sanction, such as the Law, the Army, the Legislative Power, the Executive, &c. Anarchists, then, must attack all institutions of which Power has been created the defender, and the utility of which it seeks to demonstrate, in order to justify its own existence." positive side is implicitly contained in the two leading formulæ. "Fais ce que veux" and "Tout est à tous." A sort of communism is to be established, in which harmony and goodness will, as a matter of course, prevail. The positive side is a necessary corollary of the negative, and almost necessarily follows from it, though whether the anticipated results are likely to follow is certainly what most people would strenuously deny. However that may be, and whatever one may think of it, it is the simple fact that there are some people who seriously believe that with unrestricted individual liberty, and the abolition of all authority whatever, the millennium for which men have so ardently yearned would speedily arrive. That is the Anarchist ideal, and it is in essence nothing but individualism or laissez-faire carried out to its logical extreme.

Such is the history and origin of the Anarchist creed, and it is one which anyone may be permitted to hold if he pleases, and also to preach so long as he confines himself to peaceful methods. Unfortunately, its practical realisation involves the destruction of society as we now have it. It predicates a complete sweeping away, the making of a tabula rasa of our social institutions, and for their peaceful evolution impatient Anarchism is apparently not inclined to wait. The transformation of society is demanded here and now, and this consummation can only be achieved by physical force, or by an active propagandism of the doctrine, in the hope of making as many disciples as possible. Anarchism is before everything a living and a proselytising creed. Like the followers of Mahomet, the Anarchist may be almost said to offer the alternative of the sword or the Koran. It will be, then, of some interest to inquire into the methods he has adopted for the dissemination of his tenets.

The basis of the Anarchist organisation is what is called the "group," and it is only consistent with the ideals of Anarchy to make this "group" of as simple a nature as possible. To do otherwise would be to leave the door open to the intrusion of that bite-noire authority. The "group" has no solid ground to rest upon or any element of duration. It is a sort of spontaneous meeting of persons who hold Anarchist ideas, and may be dissolved with the same ease with which it is created. The members of a "group" despise the name of "citizen," and have adopted that of "comrade" instead. "groups" are generally found in the great towns, and usually consist of those who live in the same street or quarter, the "comrades" meeting once or twice a week in each other's houses or in a wine-shop. They discuss Anarchism and its prospects, but that is all. No decision is arrived at which is in any way binding on the members of the "group." Anyone who pleases may attend, and no question is asked. He may become a convert if he chooses, and he may adopt any method of propagandism that he likes, without being under any necessity to divulge it to his "comrades." The whole idea of this peculiar system, which is no system, is to dispense as far as possible with any tangible authority. In some countries it appears that a federation of the "groups" has been attempted, but in France even this slender approach to centralisation has been discarded, and it is this absence of embodiment in the concrete which enables them so successfully to elude the investigations of the police. The whole system is an "unsubstantial fabric," which fades away like the fata

morgana when approached. A French Anarchist estimates that Paris contains about a hundred "groups," and the rest of France about four or five hundred, each "group" consisting of about fifteen "comrades;" so that this would bring up the number of militant Anarchists in France to something like ten thousand. In addition to that it is claimed that they have many adherents who, from motives of fear or prudence, have not dared to openly pronounce themselves, but who send pecuniary aid; while there are many more who at least sympathise with Anarchist ideas. The number of these more or less latent Anarchists—who form, as it were, an ill-defined fringe round the Anarchist proper-has been put as high as fifty thousand, and they are said to be drawn from all ranks of society. but chiefly from the workers who lead a sedentary life, such as tailors and shoemakers, and who do their work in their own homes. It is supposed that their occupations are not of a kind to offer distractions to the mind, which therefore turns in upon itself, and is like the sword of Hudibras, which

Ate into itself for lack Of somebody to hew and hack.

It should be added that several attempts have been made to hold both national and international congresses of Anarchists, and one of these was held last year in Chicago with some success. It is said that as many as seven languages were spoken at its meetings, which, if true, is striking evidence of the extent of Anarchist ramifications; and it is not surprising to read that the meetings were conducted in true Anarchical fashion, without any president or rules, while any proposals to organise the party were rejected as tending to introduce something resembling a form of government. And that is a thing which no Anarchist could stand.

Each "group," which assumes some fantastic name, makes itself a propagandist centre; and this it does in various ways. It possible, which generally means if it has sufficient funds, it starts a journal of its own. If it cannot do this, it does what is next best, and prints and scatters broadcast placards and manifestoes. These are frequently of a most incendiary description. They are described as being printed by some agency with a fantastic name, and are, therefore, difficult to trace to their sources. They are produced in great abundance at times of general elections, with the object of inducing electors to abstain from voting, and of bespattering candidates of all parties with abuse. Their violent character may be inferred from such headings as the following, which have appeared upon

some of these Parisian placards: "A bas la Chambre!" "Les Terroristes Russes à leurs Frères de France!" "La vengeance est un devoir;" "Mort aux juges, mort aux jurés!" "On ne tuera jamais assez," and the like. Here is a specimen of two manifestoes that appeared in France at the time of a general election, and it will serve to illustrate the sort of things they are: "Conrades, times of elections can be to us only a favourable occasion to show the people how they are exploited, the social injustice of which they are the victims, and to propagate the revolt. Every human being has a right to life and to well-being; and we only regard as robbers the rich, and those who exploit and take from the poor." Or, again: "Down with the Chamber, people! retake your liberty, your initiative, and guard them. The Government is the valet of capital: down with the Government! Down with King Carnot! Into the gutter with the Senate! Into the river with the Chamber! the dunghill with the whole of this old social rottenness! Down with the Chamber! Down with the Senate, the Presidency, Capital! Long live the social revolution! Long live Anarchy!"

Some of these manifestoes are specially framed to try and win over the army. The "group" known as the "League of Antipatriots" is particularly active in this direction, especially at times when conscripts are leaving their homes for the barracks. The "Chant des Antipatriotes" is one of their productions. Here is a portion of one of their manifestoes: "Conscripts, we are enemies of laws; all laws are barbarous, unjust, idiotic, made by capitalists and their valets to the entire profit of themselves, and to the injury of the producers, the poor, the unhappy. A struggle has been entered upon with the poor, who resist the exploitation of which they are the victims, and the bourgeois arm themselves in self-defence. They call you, soldiers, to their aid, wishing to make you their hired assassins; but at what hire? Conscripts, before going to the barracks reflect upon what the Anarchists tell you; reflect!"

It is with allurements of this kind and with antipatriotic songs that the conscripts are accompanied right up to the town halls where the lots are drawn, while those already enlisted are corrupted by documents which are tossed into the barracks.

The "groups" have various other methods of attempting to popularise their doctrines. There are, for instance, social meetings at cafés, which are known as "punch conferences;" family meetings in the evenings, "soup conferences," where the very poor are entertained; and vegetarian breakfasts, for vegetarianism is becoming a common practice with Anarchists. Then, again, strenuous attempts

are made to reach the peasantry, and with this object a number of travellers are employed to disseminate Anarchical ideas and literature in the country. These men are in France known as *trimardeurs*, a term which is said to be derived from *trimard*, a slang expression for a long route. A special form of literature has been designed for the country people, one of the best known being the tiny little brochure by Reclus called "A mon Frère le Paysan."

The Anarchist press has been incidentally referred to, but its importance challenges our further attention. It has, in fact, been extraordinarily active, and nowhere more so than in France. of these journals have been from time to time suppressed, and have therefore been for the most part extremely short-lived. But they reappear again under different names with the rapidity of the decapitated heads of the hydra. If the names of all which have existed were to be given, they would extend to quite a long list. As it is, taking the world over, those recently actually living are tolerably numerous. It has been calculated that there are eight in the French language, three being published in France, three in Belgium, one at Geneva, and one in the United States; that there are six in English, four being published in London and two in the United States; that there are ten in German, six being published in the United States, two in Austria, and one each in Berlin and London; that there are eleven in Italian, three of these being published out of Italy in New York, Buenos Ayres, and Brazil: that there are nine in Spanish, three of them being published in Chili, New York, and Buenos Ayres; while there are two in Portuguese, two in Czech, two in both Spanish and Italian, and one in Dutch. If this calculation approximates to correctness, there can be no doubt that the press is at the present moment a very important propagandist organ. These journals are supported by writers who give their services gratuitously; and as they rely on their sales to cover their expenses, it may be imagined that they are only kept going with considerable difficulty. Decidedly the best of them has been that founded by Krapotkin under the title of Révolté, which was afterwards called La Révolte. It has been, so to speak, the *Times* of the Anarchist press. It is grave and doctrinaire in character, and appeared regularly every Saturday for some years. Its circulation was in 1886 put down at about from 5,000 to 6,000 copies, and more recently at 8,000 copies, of which about a tenth were subscribed for. Its chief collaborateurs have been Krapotkin, Reclus, and Grave. Of the first two something has already been said. Grave was originally a shoemaker, and afterwards a printer. He is said to be a thoroughly practical man, and a

writer with a clear and limpid style. La Révolte had a literary supplement in which extracts from well-known authors of all kinds were given, those passages being selected which were supposed in any way to give support to Anarchical theories. Very different was the style of that other well-known French print, Père Peinard. If La Révolte represented the brain of the party, Père Peinard represented the passions. Its editor was one Emile Pouget, a man who had once occupied a respectable position, but who had afterwards been imprisoned for an *émeute* in which he had engaged along with the notorious Louise Michel. He is said to have been a forcible writer. like Montaigne, not despising the words that run in the streets of Paris. But the most remarkable part of Père Peinard was decidedly the illustrations, which appeared regularly on the last sheet. Of a rude and often of a revolting description, they held up the bourgeois and the capitalist to odium and contempt, and they must be held in a large degree responsible for inflaming the minds of the wicked and the reckless. Its circulation was considerable, amounting to about 8.500 copies, and at election times to as many as 15,000 copies.

Nor is the literary activity of Anarchism confined merely to the journal proper. It has had its periodical literature, such as Les Entretiens, which existed from 1891 till 1893. More important than this was L'en Dehors, which was founded by one Galland under the name of Zo d'Axa in 1891, and was written up by the ablest of the Anarchist writers. It perished when its editor was sent to prison, but was succeeded by La Revue Libertaire, to which the notorious Clovis Hugues and Reclus were contributors. Its editor, Guérin, has recently been arrested. Amongst other similar publications may be mentioned L'Art Social, La Revue Blanche, and L'Harmonie, the latter of these being published at Marseilles. The chief Anarchist books have been already mentioned, those of Krapotkin, Jean Grave. and Reclus being by far the most popular and influential. Pamphlets and brochures are also extremely numerous, and, though many are anonymous, some bear the names of the most popular writers. They vary in price from five to seventy-five centimes, and the covers frequently have printed on them a request to "read and pass on." A very few are distributed gratis, the most popular of these being one entitled "Riches et Pauvres," of which 50,000 copies are said to Illustrated almanacs, or revolutionary calenhave been distributed. dars, have also been attempted, in order to commemorate the chief events in the history of Anarchy, and to establish a sort of martyrology of those who have perished in the cause. Such was "L'Almanach du Père Peinard." A considerable mass of verse and songs has

also been written, of which space does not permit us to speak. One of the most popular of these songs, the "Chant du Père Duchesne," has acquired a grim notoriety, because three of its lines were the last words spoken by Ravachol on the scaffold. They were—

Si tu veux être heureux, Nom de Dieu! Pends ton propriétaire.

They are an excellent example of the sort of stuff the poets of Anarchy produce. In the face of all this it is not surprising that in France, at all events, the Government have felt obliged to arm themselves with the most stringent press laws for the protection of society. When a brochure, "L'Indicateur Anarchiste," openly explains the manufacture and use of the most dangerous explosives, which with a certain sense of humour are styled "produits anti-bourgeois," it was certainly time that something should be done.

It is evident, therefore, that Anarchism is an element in society which will have to be met in a very serious spirit. Its professed adherents are numerous, widespread, and determined, and are drawn from all ranks of society. An Anarchist has recently been arrested in Paris who had inherited a fortune, and among whose papers was found a will leaving a sum of 300,000 francs to Jean Grave for the benefit of the "comrades." A creed which wins votaries both among the intelligent and the wealthy, who sacrifice much to the cause, must have in it some rational elements at least. Anarchism, indeed, is, when closely looked at, nothing but a logical deduction from the doctrine of laissez-faire. It is the quintessence of individualism and the antithesis of bureaucracy. A colony of St. Simonians are said to have worn a coat so made that it could not be taken off without the help of some one else, as a perpetual reminder of mutual dependence. Anarchism is the exact opposite of that. It is the gospel of individual independence. Bismarck is said to have remarked that freedom is a luxury which few could allow themselves, but Anarchists consider it a necessity of life. And in so far as it is a protest against the excessive interference of the State, it has a firm basis on the ultimate facts of human nature. There is some sense in the remark of Tom Paine, that government is a necessary evil, is due to our wickedness, and, like dress, is a badge of lost innocence. When Reclus said that there could only be morality where there was liberty, he was only echoing what Aristotle laid down long ago in his "Ethics." There can be very little doubt that Anarchism is the direct product of that overgrown bureaucracy which together with excessive taxation and compulsory service in the army

has reduced the liberty of the subject on the Continent to the merest shadow. Everyone has become more or less the slave of the gensdarme, the tax-gatherer, and the drill-sergeant. Self-government in modern democracies has come to mean nothing else than government by others, and majorities are just as tyrannical in their way as ever absolute monarchs were. The name of the thing is changed, and that is all. It is against this failure of democracy-that democracy which it was fondly believed was to regenerate the earth-that Anarchism raises its bitter and despairing cry. Anarchism is but a phase of the opposition which strong-handed governments always produce, and that is a fact of very dire import; for so long as men are found to preach with voice and pen the necessity for the subversion of society, so long will wicked miscreants be ready to adopt what is euphemistically called "la propagande par le fait." There are always a certain number of men who are "so incensed" by "the vile blows and buffets of the world" that they are reckless what they do "to spite the world." Bring these men beneath the influence of Anarchical literature, and you have the bomb-thrower ready made. The intellectual propagandists of the theory are said to repudiate any complicity with crime, but their responsibility is a heavy one, and cannot be shaken off.

C. B. ROYLANCE-KENT.

## A SIX DAYS' TOUR IN LONDON WITH A FRETTY COUSIN.

M Y pretty cousin Laura, who occasionally comes to town, is insatiable for what she calls "the sights and shows." But, to my astonishment, on the very first morning after her arrival she said rather wearily—when I made my usual suggestion of a visit to the Tower—"I am sick of the Tower—and of St. Paul's—and," she added comprehensively, "above all, of that odious British Museum. London, I have come to the conclusion, is a very dull city, and there is really nothing to see."

"Nothing?" I said. "Why, London is full, 'chock-full,' if I may speak so vulgarly, of things one cares to see. It is one of the most entertaining cities in the world. But, then, they are not on the surface, and they appeal to——"

"I see," she said, "they are not for inferior, ignorant rustics such as the 'likes of me.'"

"Not that," I said; "but these things are not 'showy,' like our old friends St. Paul's or the Museum. They are curious and out-of-the-way. And you require some one that knows them, and will act as showman."

"The very thing for me!" she cried with enthusiasm. "What I have been longing for! Let us begin at once. We have a whole week, and can see something every day."

"Well," I said, "I think a week will just do it, but we shall have to work hard."

Accordingly we started on our pilgrimage, and I must say Laura was both surprised and entertained. I shall now take the gentle reader exactly over the same ground, acting as his or her showman; and I hope that he or she will be as much entertained as was my pretty cousin.

Monday.—We began our peregrinations that very day in the old familiar Strand.

The Strand is a conventional street enough. At the first blush we should hardly think of repairing to it for the purpose of making serious explorations. Yet it is a highly interesting street, full of curious things. We have only to go leisurely along, looking to the right and to the left as we go, and, on the old satisfactory principle of "eyes and no eyes," we shall see a good deal that is novel and that will repay our trouble.

Here we are at Trafalgar Square, standing at the Post Office under Morley's Hotel. There are old people who "mind the time" when the National Gallery with its pepper castors did not stand where it now does, and when the royal stables—an imposing range of building—stretched along in its place. It will be noted that the National Gallery recedes as it approaches St. Martin's Church, which recalls an angry controversy that arose at the time of its building. It was said that the architect wanted to level, or at least wholly "build out," the old church. It was only after much contest that it was settled, as a compromise, that the new building was to be thrown back, so as not to hide the church.

To the eye that loves harmony and proportion the Nelson Column will seem too short; the truth is, it was cut short abruptly by some twenty or thirty feet owing to lack of funds. The lions are the work of a painter, not of a sculptor, Sir E. Landseer, and it will be noticed that the same model, with trifling changes, serves for all four. It is something to have an open-air statue by an artist of the first rank. The equestrian one of George IV. here is by Chantrey, as one can see by the fine, natural, spirited treatment. It was intended for the Marble Arch. It is worth while comparing it with Boehm's rather wooden statue at Hyde Park Corner.

The rising generation will listen with surprise when we who have seen it describe how, at Charing Cross, close to the Grand Hotel, there used to stand a magnificent palace—Northumberland House—with a grand front and gateway, a fine courtyard, and vast garden of old trees stretching down to the river. It was virtually the work of three great architects—Jansen, Inigo Jones, and Robert Adam. The street ran on till it touched Parliament Street. We may lament the loss of this great palace, one of the few there are in London, for we can count them on the fingers. There is Lansdowne House, in Berkeley Square, and Devonshire House behind it; Lord Portman's in Portman Square, interesting because it was built for the celebrated Mrs. Montague; Grosvenor House; Holland House, and

voilà tout. There are, however, four left in the suburbs: Osterley at Brentford, Caenwood at Hampstead, Ham House near Richmond; and Sion House, also near Richmond.

Half a million was paid for Northumberland House, at which sum it was cheap, as from the Grand Hotel alone a rent is received of £10,000. The Golden Cross opposite is a very old coaching hotel. A few years ago there were to be seen the yard and archway "Pickwick," it need not be said, out of which the coaches drove. opens with a scene at this hostelry, and the party drove thence to Rochester. The Cross in front of the South-Eastern station is a capital reproduction of the Eleanor Cross at Waltham. As we come to Villiers Street, leading to the Thames, the interesting fact is suggested that almost every London street recalls some noble family to whom the ground belonged, or some intermarriage or settlement between money and rank. Villiers and the other streets round represent George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who laid out his fine gardens as a building speculation (Scott has described it in "Peveril"), and four of the streets in this neighbourhood bear his four names. Some years ago there was actually an "Off" Alley! Opposite we have Chandos Street, Southampton and Exeter Streets.

At Toole's Theatre, in King William Street, was the first "Oratory" founded by Dr. Newman. Beside it, or on a portion of it (where the commissionaire sits), is the entrance to the Beefsteak Club, or so much of the shadow of it as is left. Gatti's vast eating place was the gallery where the German Reeds originally performed.

Close by is Leicester Square, where, if we enter Messrs. Puttick & Simpson's auction rooms (No. 47), and ascend the handsome stone staircase, we shall feel that we are in some old stately mansion, with spacious chambers. This was once Sir Joshua Reynolds' house and studio, where he painted so many of his beauties and statesmen. In St. Martin's Street, adjoining the square, there is a shabby, tottering house, smirched yellow, next the chapel—Sir Isaac Newton's: and his observatory was long to be seen on the roof, where it remained until forty or fifty years ago. This now dilapidated tenement was once occupied by the Danish Minister, and after Newton by the Burney family.

From Villiers Street we pass into a very interesting old quarter, called York Buildings. At the bottom we see the crest of the old, well-worn, and battered water-gate, known as York Gate, which, before the Embankment, had its steps washed by the river. Now it seems to have been transported far inland, and looks foolish enough and

purposeless, sunk in the ground. Few will have noted the walk. lined with old trees, with parapet and steps, or have known that this was the old Thames Mall on which people used to lounge and look down upon the passing river. I have seen pictures by Canaletti of the pretty scene. The corner house on the left is York House. portion of a palace that once belonged to the Duke of that name, and, what is more interesting, was the lodging of Peter the Great. The ceiling of the drawing-room in which he used to sit is a rich specimen of stucco work and painting, well worth ascending to see. Beside it are several houses of the old pattern, with carved staircases. panellings, and doorways. They are interesting as showing what style was in favour two centuries ago. But an oddity should be noted—the grotesque faces that grin down at you, putting out their tongues or "making faces" of all kinds. These contortions are worth pausing to examine, and were no doubt a sort of Flemish We find exactly the same hideous physiognomies over at Oueen Anne's Gate. Facing York House is a mansion once the residence of old Pepvs, and most interesting is it to gaze on the house of one who has so contributed to the general gaiety. may also glance down Craven Street to note the house where Benjamin Franklin lodged.

Thousands pass by the Adelphi every hour; yet there are vast numbers who have never turned into the street by the corner where Attemborough flourished, or walked on the Adelphi Terrace, whence one of the brightest and most picturesque views of the Thames used to be seen in the old days when the water came up to its front, and when there was a wharf there, with a small dock where barges were moored. The Adelphi is a regular little "quarter," and an interesting one. Its familiar streets, John, James, Robert, Adam, &c., were so named after the family that built it. One of its streets is crossed by a very striking bridge of the Venetian sort, which is sure to please the architect. A great portion of the building is engrossed by Coutts' Bank, whose dingy façade in the Strand seems to affect a sort of modest, unpretending style, as though there were no business doing.

But the really curious interest of the Adelphi is subterranean. As we descend Durham Street we note a great yawning opening on the left, a vast archway entrance to a cavern as it were, which seems to lead into the bowels of the earth. It is all portentously dark, though a light glimmers here and there afar off. We enter, and have, as we explore the caverns, almost an hour's entertainment. We pass along great vaulted chambers and passages, now striking off to the

right, now to the left. A turn leads us suddenly to a row of vaults, quite bright and cheerful, which look out upon the Thames, and here we find a regular population, busily engaged in their various crafts. At times we come upon a skylight, or a sort of open well, which we are told communicates with the terrace overhead. stand before a pair of massive double gates, which open slowly, and admit us to the great cellarage of a well-known firm of wine merchants. This is a regular territory, with avenues of cyclopean arches stretching away in all directions. We are astounded at the great height and spaciousness of the archings, the vast width and the general monumental air of the whole. It is indeed quite Roman. Our guide—for one is necessary—takes us to a gloomy recess known to the cellarmen as "Jenny's Hole," where it seems some wild waif or stray of a girl was discovered. Here, in the bad old days of the "Adelphi Arches," people used to find a dormitory, or make ambuscades, decoying the unsuspecting for robbery or murder.

We have spent a long time in these explorings, and yet we have got but a little way down the Strand; so let us hurry on. Here is the Adelphi Theatre, the good old Adelphi of Ben Webster, Paul Bedford, and bright Miss Woolgar, who happily still lives. It used in its early days to be called "The Sans Pareil," an awkward name. Here of evenings we can see the French "queue," recently introduced, which will soon be universal at all the theatres. As we go up Southampton Street we note a "shored-up" house, No. 27, where the great actor Garrick lived during the early portion of his career: he moved from it to No. 5 in the Adelphi, a much finer mansion. Round the corner is Maiden Lane, once the garden of Westminster Abbey, where the monks came to walk. "Maiden" was, of course, from "Our Lady."

At Exeter Hall, now used by a Young Men's Society, there was once a menagerie, and the roars of the lions and tigers could be heard in the Strand. Crossing over, we look for the Savoy steps, a not unpicturesque descent by which we reach the precinct, with its gloomy churchyard and the gaunt tower and church. The gravestones here are plentiful. The Savoy Theatre is close by, and the great hotel bearing the same name, which, however, is dwarfed by the monstrous Salisbury Hotel, the fruit of one of the Balfour speculations.

We now go up Wellington Street, and pause before the bow window next the Gaiety Theatre, the old *Household Words* office, and haunt for many a year of the genial "Boz." Here the writer has often spent half an hour with the brilliant editor. Farther on, and close to St. Mary-le-Strand, we come to a paved descending lane, which leads to an unexpected thing—the old Roman bath. A Roman bath in London! It is a surprise to find it in this familiar street, and there is hardly anything so curious. The bath is of genuine Roman workmanship, of fine masonry, the end curved and set with Roman tiles. Tons of clear water pass through it every moment, and there is a holy well close by. In Catherine Street, opposite, near the bottom, was the old Turk's Head, where Dr. Johnson and his wise and witty friends met so often. One of the oldest shops in London is in the Strand, No. 87, to wit, Burgess the sauce maker. A copy of the *Times* is displayed in the window, containing an advertisement over 110 years old.

We have yet another surprise, close by the old Roman bath, in the shape of a little passage which we enter under an archway—Devereux Court it is called. The houses are pretty old, and of one pattern, with neat doorways. They appear to be the work of the Adam brothers. But the interest is in the name of the place: it is called after Robert Devereux, one of the Essex family; and a little tablet which has been preserved records the fact in old characters:

This is Devereux Court 1676

The air of retirement in this little court is curious. Indeed, the most interesting feeling in thus perambulating the London streets is the suggestions they are constantly making, and the fashion in which they revive old names and incidents. Thus, Elizabeth's Robert, and her famous nobles, and Charles II., and Steenie rise before us as though they were "ground landlords" like Lord Salisbury or the Duke of Norfolk. The latter is in strong force about here, with Arundel, Surrey, and Norfolk Streets, the Arundel Hotel, with Hastings and Howard Houses, and many more. As we walk down Essex Street we know for certain that it was in one of its houses, still standing, though we know not which, that the Pretender was sheltered by Lady Primrose when he paid his secret visit to London in 1750. The public-house—the Essex Head—has recently replaced the old tavern frequented by Dr. Johnson.

Many may have noticed, at the bottom of Essex Street, that architectural-looking archway, a heavy pile of some pretension, with a flight of steps leading down to the Embankment. This was another of the water-gates where in the old days folk took their wherries,

Now a long strip of *terra firma* interposes between it and the water. If we descend we shall see the only private house upon the Embankment, a piquant and attractive structure just completed for Mr. Astor, "th' American milliner," as one of the workmen tells us. There is something original in the river movement, both at morn and eve, which this gentleman will survey from his windows.

Should we be Johnsonians we must positively enter St. Clement Danes Church, and, climbing to the gallery, make our way on the left to a pew just by the side of the pulpit. There, next the pillar, the Doctor regularly sat, looking down on the preacher. A brass plate marks his seat. And why St. Clement Danes? From a tradition of some Danish king, said to have been buried here; or, as others maintain, a few Danes, who remained after the invasion, worshipped here.

The ugly Griffin cost over £,10,000 (a monstrous price). As we know, it marks the site of old Temple Bar and the entrance to the City. Young folk presently will wonder when they learn that here once stood a huge stone gate-house, with rooms aloft, a great archway with gates below, through which rolled omnibus after omnibus. To outside passengers it seemed always as if one were entering a fortified town or crossing a drawbridge: you felt that you had passed a barrier, and were in a new quarter. Not long since, wandering near Theobald's Park, by Waltham, I came upon the old Bar, set up and beautified as an entrance-gate to a demesne, and, embosomed in trees, most imposing it looked. Adjoining the Bar was a grimy old bank, Child's, that did business in the days of Charles II. They still possess some of Nell Gwynne's receipts. They can also show you in their registers the money accounts connected with the sale of Dunkirk to the French. In the old well-grimed room over Temple Bar these old books were stored away.

We can now secure a genuine surprise by turning into a little passage, just beyond Chancery Lane, which would escape the notice of many: it leads into the all but condemned Clifford's Inn. No one could conceive so truly old-fashioned and original a place. These "passages" abound in Fleet Street, lining all one side, and are scarcely found anywhere else. The eye first alights on the miniature old hall with its lantern, twisted vane, high roof, and painted windows, a compact little building, but decayed and tottering. Passing under the arch, in which is sunk the door of entrance, we find ourselves in the desolate court, with a blighted plot of grass, stooping railings, a solitary shop or booth stuck down by itself, and a range of ancient houses stretching away into corners and recesses. Very

ancient they are—I suppose a couple of centuries old. The artist will relish the broadly eaved roofs and windows joined in a row of two or three and tiled over. They seem borrowed from some old French town. It is a curious solitary place, which helps one to understand Dickens' old London. People still live here, though the inn is suppressed, and you see them flitting about or read their names on the doors. We cannot hear the roar of Fleet Street without. On the wall of the church beside it is a statue of Queen Elizabeth which was once niched in an old City gate—Ludgate.

We must take a glance at a tavern of the good old pattern close by, which has a regular pedigree and has had books written about it—the Cheshire Cheese, to wit. We go up Wine Office Court, and there it stands with its blinking windows and somewhat shaky walls. No wonder, too, for it carries its two hundred years or so bravely enough, and, like its extinct neighbour, the Cock, witnessed the Plague and Fire. Here the floor is sanded; here are "boxes" and rude tables; the chop is done on a gridiron before you, and there is a beefsteak pie made regularly every Friday which delights epicures.

No one, of course, will pass by the Temple, with its charming gardens and fine halls and church. There is scarcely any view in London more attractive than Fountain Court, with the hall and library, the old trees in front of the picturesque old houses, always with open doors, and the pleasant murmur of the water. There is the faint hum and buzz of Fleet Street coming through. Dickens has caught the poetry of the scene in his "Chuzzlewit." We might spend a couple of hours in the Temple under guidance, for there is much to see and point out, and we might wander through the quaint courts again and again, and be struck here and there with the picturesque arrangement. The circular Temple Church alone, with its recumbent knights, fills us almost with awe, for here we seem to see the Crusades.

Let us turn up one of these courts or alleys that lead out of Fleet Street, and it will lead us, by winding ways, into Gough Square, surrounded by old houses; though called a square, it is really no more than a paved court. That old house at the end with a gabled top, which is in sound condition, is the one in which, nigh a hundred and fifty years ago, the drudging Sam Johnson wrote his great "Dictionary." It is a strange feeling ascending the narrow twisted stairs. It is said that the house is soon to be taken down.

For Goldsmith we all have a sort of affection. Americans are always eager to see what relics are left of him. He is indeed a unique sort of writer, and worthy of this affection. We find his

grave just behind the Temple Church, a low-lying bevelled stone, certainly scarcely worthy of so great a poet. No doubt simplicity is desirable in such things, and there is something in the notion that the undecorated is more or less distingué. But there is a certain meanness in this case. No one, however, can pass through the quaint and solemn Brick Court, where he died, without being affected. The old brick, the general primness, the pleasing dull colour, the picturesque old fashion of the place, are all in accord. It was on the second floor that his death took place.

We should note the *riant* Italian villa-like mansion that is close by—a delightful residence, with its little garden and view of the Thames—the residence of the Master of the Temple, the accomplished Canon Ainger.

This was our first day's work, and Laura was delighted, and, like Oliver, asked for more.

Tuesday.—"There is a good deal that is interesting in the London squares," I said as we sallied forth next day. "They have all different styles and patterns, like dresses. Some are old and some new." This morning we visited quite a number. We most relished the old-fashioned ones. Some of these are quaint and charming enough, being mostly laid out in the Dutch fashion. Golden Square, near Regent Street; Red Lion and Queen Squares, in Bloomsbury, are capital specimens. The first, though so close to Regent Street, might be a dozen miles away; there is a welcome unkemptness: the grass is rank and wild, there are old trees ranged round its border in a symmetrical way. The houses round are picturesque, because each is distinct. It is given over to commission agents, merchants, and trade generally, yet within but a few years it was a place of genteel residence, like a usual square, and we find the late Cardinal Wiseman living in a substantial mansion here. Dickens, it will be remembered, placed Ralph Nickleby's house here, which is described on the occasion of the party to Sir Frederick and Sir Mulberry as having almost palatial apartments and the richest furniture. As we wander round, we are struck with the melancholy tone of the inclosure, yet everything seems brisk enough; but it belongs to the old world.

The square itself is very attractive and original, with a sort of Dutch or foreign air: we note the fine trees which shelter it all round in symmetrical lines, and the Roman-warrior sort of statue in the centre arrayed in full armour and representing George II. The grass and walks are laid out with a certain free-and-easy carelessness that is very acceptable, and contrasts with the trim, shaven, soulless treat-

ment of modern squares. Altogether, a visit to Golden Square will interest.

Berkeley Square everyone knows. Yet it has an extraordinary, sympathetic attraction from its grass and fine shading old trees. No one, we may be sure, has noted that these leafy patriarchs seem to range in two rows down the middle, like an avenue. The fact is, it was the demesne of the lawn in front of the old Berkeley House, which stood at the back of Devonshire House. The mansions round are very fine, and the ironwork, railings, &c., are all admired and to be admired. There are some queer things to be told about squares; for instance, that there was a General Strode who had a mania for setting up statues in squares at his own expense. We have seen equestrian statues in Leicester Square propped up with a broomstick, with portions broken away.

In Warwick Street, close by, we note a conventicle-looking chapel of brick, as ugly as can well be made, which turns out to be a Catholic chapel. This was, or may be still, the chapel of one of the embassies, and thus enjoyed at one time a certain privilege and toleration. However, in the Gordon Riots it was sacked and burnt, and later rebuilt, but, to escape observation, it was of set purpose built to simulate a Dissenting place of worship. This accounts for that lack of attraction so unusual in Roman Catholic buildings. Old people will recall the days of what was called "The Shilling Opera," when the great singers sang in the choir on Sundays. One of the writer's earliest recollections as a boy is his being taken there, and finding himself in the gallery close beside a lusty, red-faced man, who was giving forth stentorianly, "Comfort ye!" It was the famous Mr. Braham.

An interesting square in an interesting quarter, too, is Soho Square. This familiar name is said to have been the battle cry of the Duke of Monmouth at Sedgemoor, "So hoe!" The Duke had his house on the south side. In the square are plenty of fine old houses, well panelled, and with embroidered ceilings. There used to be a statue of Charles II. in the centre, but by some odd freak it was taken away in 1876 and removed to the grounds of a Royal Academician at Harrow Weald. These things are inexplicable. A sort of garden house has been set up in its place. The streets leading to the square—Dean Street, Frith Street, &c.—are all full of good houses formerly in high fashion. We pause with much interest before No. 75 Dean Street, which was formerly the residence of Thornhill, Hogarth's master, and the painter of the dull grey decorations in the dome of St. Paul's. In this house there is still a

staircase, painted with figures, in which, so tradition runs, Hogarth had some share. The large room at the top, Caldwell's Dancing Academy, has a history, and was a music-room in the last century, where about the year 1760 Handel's "Judas Maccabæus" was performed.

Looking up Shaftesbury Avenue from Regent Circus we shall see a strange, odd-looking steeple, like a cask set on the top of a spire. This is St. Anne's, Soho—this name in honour of the queen of that name—and the spire is said to be an imitation of a Danish spire—a compliment to Prince George. There is fixed up outside the door on the walls a tablet to the memory of that adventurer Theodore of Corsica, whose story is one of the most romantic that can be conceived. He was a genuine king, for a time at least, died in misery in London, and was buried here. The churchyard, where the children of the slums play about, looks forlorn and dismal enough.

The most dramatic of all the old-fashioned squares is perhaps Lincoln's Inn Fields, to say nothing of Lincoln's Inn itself. No one can be insensible to the special charm of the place, the not unpleasing neglect and the general tone of antiquity that pervade it. A genuine, well-preserved specimen of old London, as it was two hundred years since, is to be found on one side, where there is a row of Inigo Jones' houses, many displaying fleur-de-lis and other escutcheons, and the flat pilasters to which he was so partial. They have been plastered and painted over, but looked originally like the fine old house in Great Queen Street-also his work-with its overhanging eaves, enormous roof of tiles, and ruddy brick contrasted with stone pilasters. This was the style of Inigo's day. The paved "forecourts" before some will be noted; a really fine mansion, with a broad space in front, is denoted by the two noble pillars surmounted by gigantic acorns. This was once Lord Ancaster's. The mansion at the corner of Great Queen Street with the "flowing" flight of steps was once that of the notorious Duke of Newcastle, the Minister.

The row of houses is pierced by an archway through which we pass into Sardinia Street, where is the Sardinian Chapel, which was attacked during the Gordon Riots. A portion of this—that where the altar is—is said to be Inigo's own work. In one of two houses opposite—but we know not which—Franklin says he lodged with a pious Catholic woman when he was learning the printing trade. The square, which has its corners cut off, is said to be of the exact size of the base of the Great Pyramid. It would be worth while, and easy, too, to test this, for it is constantly repeated—and doubted.

It is easy to understand the charm of these old squares when we compare them with the barren, trim, meagre "laying out" of the new squares: we could wander round and round The Fields for a whole morning, but it may be an acquired taste. On one side is the museum of the College of Surgeons, where there are wonderful "preparations," in bottles mainly, to be seen. On the other side is that really curious collection of odds and ends, the Soane Museum, well worthy of a visit and of a long visit; but you need a skilled guide to show what is important, otherwise you are bewildered with the quantity of things, possibly of rubbish. Its glory is a wonderful MS. with its painted miniatures. Particularly look at the Hogarths and Canalettis, &c. The strange owner "cut and contrived" so as to turn every scrap of space to profit, and most ingenious are his shifts and devices.

Turning out of the square into Portsmouth Street we shall see a wonderful old tavern, the "George IV.," supported on a row of posts instead of stone columns. Beside it is a grimed old structure, "The old Black Jack," believed to be the scene of Mr. Lowten's orgies in "Pickwick." Nearly opposite it is another Dickensian souvenir, "The Old Curiosity Shop," immortalised by Charles Dickens, now a sort of rag and waste paper store kept by a Mr. Poole. This theory was ingeniously started one bright day—I remember the occasion perfectly—but it is impossible to deny or support it, as there are no facts.

We should also turn into the quarter of Lincoln's Inn itself, where the old and new, ancient and modern, are blended in a very successful manner. The green sward with its fine old houses and good doorways is very pleasing. The best bit, of course, is the old court next to Chancery Lane, with its delicately shaped brick towers in corners; the irregular broken outlines, queer chimneys, narrow windows, &c., there have been sketched again and again by artists. They remain happily untouched. The church is curious, but the interior not worth seeing. The new hall and library is considered admirable, and is certainly very successful: it is quite in the spirit of the old work. One of the queerest, most striking "bits" of Lincoln's Inn is the little passage that leads out by the drill hall; there are here some strange old houses and courts.

Queen Square is perhaps the most really picturesque of these old inclosures. It might be in some antique country town. Long and oblong as it is, it will be noted that it is closed at the lower end in Guilford Street, where there is a little fenced-in piece of ground which is private property. All the houses are old, probably of

Queen Anne's time, and are duly panelled, &c.; they are, however, being gradually nibbled at and nibbled away, the process being that a hospital takes a couple—on cheap terms—prospers, and then, levelling the old houses, rebuilds. Red Lion Square, hard by, is quaint enough, too; foot passages or flagged lanes lead into it.

All the quarter close to Red Lion Square, Guilford Street, the Foundling, &c., has a mouldy lodging-house tone not seen in other districts. In the little Doughty Street every house seems run in one small mould, so exactly does it resemble its neighbour. No. 48 Doughty Street was the mansion of the brilliant Charles. If the landlady show it to you—she did to me—you note how neat and tiny are the prim rooms. But it is a melancholy thing for those who knew him to survey them and recall the bright young fellow, so full of hope and energy and daring schemes. Doughty Street has quite a character of its own. In another of the houses, No. 5, Sydney Smith lived when he first came to town. I do think that we are sure to find ourselves surveying with interest such houses as these, and lingering long in the street that contains them.

To Dickens we owe some of the best and most faithful sketches of the old London of fifty years since, before the rage for pulling down had set in. He was wonderfully successful, not only in "hitting off" the details, but in conveying the tone and spirit of the places. His writings will by-and-by be invaluable as topographical records. An old corner house, square, &c., having good picturesque claims of its own, gains additional colour and form from the associations, the living characters, and ideas that Boz has woven round it. There is, for instance, that scene of the old City square of which he has made so much in "Nicholas Nickleby." We should like to be taken to a City square, a retired placid spot, surrounded by quaint old houses.

Hans Place, off Sloane Street, is a picturesque little inclosure, and formerly its snug and tiny houses were in high favour. It has, however, been nearly entirely rebuilt. It must be haunted by the ghosts of "literary ladies," who seem to have a *penchant* for the place. For here we find "L. E. L." (Miss Landon), Jane Austen (we take off our hats!), Miss Mitford, Lady Caroline Lamb, Lady Lytton Bulwer, Fanny Kemble, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mrs. Shelley, and Mrs. Wigan, the actress; a perfect galaxy.

Perhaps the inclosure that is most associated with mystery—a mystery that is never penetrated by the ordinary denizen—is the garden of Buckingham Palace. The long stretch of blank wall running down Grosvenor Place is a frowning barrier. No one can

speculate what lies within, but there is an abundance of trees, and from the garden-seats of the passing omnibus one can make out a patch of water. One can also note a few small houses towards the outer portions, but this is all. It is strange to think of this large tract—forty acres in extent—being thus shut off and left neglected. unused, and uncared for, almost since it was first laid out. A portion of this originally belonged to the Green Park, which George III. "took in" about the year 1770. At the same time the ground on which Grosvenor Place is now built was in the market, and could have been secured for a song-£20,000. The King was eager to have it, as it would prevent his garden being overlooked; but the Minister was obdurate. Great efforts have since been made to block out all view from the windows of the house, and the growth of the trees is most luxuriant. The sheet of ornamental water covers five acres. In the garden there is a curious sort of "Folly," a summer-house, painted in the early enthusiastic days of our young Queen, by no fewer than eight artists, including Eastlake, Maclise, Stanfield, and others. These works are now in sore plight. "One of these days" —that always indefinite epoch—we may look forward, as to a sort of dream, to a time when the walls of this inclosure shall be levelled, and these vast gardens shall be thrown open to the public, like the Tuileries Gardens. We can fancy these laid out elegantly by some Le Nôtre of the day. It is astonishing that this idea has not ere now been mooted.

Wednesday.—On this morning let us walk back to Westminster, passing by the too familiar old Abbey, and enter under the archway beside it. Here we find ourselves in Dean's Yard, a really romantic sort of inclosure, as it appears in "the gloaming" at the close of some November day. The old residences of the Dean and canons, the entrance to the cloisters, the great towers of the Abbey, and the Houses of Parliament rise with overpowering dignity over the roofs. All is still, and no sounds of the racket outside penetrate. A little Gothic doorway pierced in one of the old houses on the Dean's side of the yard leads into one of the courts of the Westminster School, whose irregular ancient buildings are now before us. On the left is a low-lying old red brick mansion, with a gate of twisted iron work before it. This is Ashburnham House, one of the most interesting and elegant buildings in London—the work of Inigo Jones. It has had many escapes—one from fire, when the Cotton MSS. stored there were well nigh consumed, and the custodian sallied forth, the precious Alexandrian Codex under his arm. At another time certain Goths and Huns levelled a portion to erect neat canons' houses on the ground. It has now been happily joined to the school, and is safe.

The beauty of the interior is indescribable: elegance is the fitting word. The charming old oak stair, a marvel of original arrangement; the exquisite oval dome overhead, so light and airy; the grace of the stucco work; the pleasant drawing-room; the delicacy of the ornamentation; the sense of just proportion displayed everywhere, making what is small appear spacious—these things will repay and almost enrapture the visitor of taste.

The school itself is interesting, too, with its dignified and sombre buildings, fine inclosed gardens, and old trees. The dormitory, where the Latin play is given at Christmas, is interesting on account of the inscriptions; on the walls here have been cut deeply the names of former pupils, some of great celebrity, such as Byron. At the back there is an unsuspected quarter of a very old-fashioned pattern—decayed streets and houses. Most picturesque is College Street, where are the residences of canons, a row of quaint Queen Anne houses with carved doorways, suggesting "Minor Canon Row" at Rochester. At the end is a glimpse of the river and passing barges; in front, the wall of the school gardens. The great Victoria tower looms large over the wall. There is a general peaceful serenity over all. You would think yourself in some cathedral town hundreds of miles from London. The whole scene is interesting and pleasing.

A morning might be spent with entertainment in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, which stands so curiously beneath the shadow of the great Abbey. It looks homely enough, but within a score of vears it has been enriched, furnished, and beautified to an extraordinary degree. Within, at every turning, there is something to pique and entertain. One could gaze on the superb east window for ever, with its deep, unsurpassed blues which no modern attempt can even approach. The history of this noble window is a strange one, and I shall tell it as we gaze on it. It was made at Dort, in Holland, for Henry VII., and intended for his famous chapel; but Henry VIII.'s Protestantism interfered, and it was given away to some one in the country. It passed through many hands-Oliver Cromwell's and General Monk's-and finally found its way hither, but, as will be seen, is rather too small for its window frame. To walk round and study the other windows, to the memory of poets &c., together with the recording verses furnished in celebration, noting the abundance of tablets and inscriptions, with the handsome and original tombs, is, indeed, a varied entertainment. The august company that was either married or buried here is astonishing. There is Caxton, who has his window, and whose burial, as can be seen from the accounts, cost 6s. 8d. There is also the poet Harrington, Sir

Walter Raleigh, the second wife of Milton, Admiral Blake, Hollar the engraver, the mother of Oliver Cromwell, and Lord Clarendon the Chancellor; while Waller the poet, Milton himself, Pepys, Bishop Heber, Jeremy Bentham, and Thomas Campbell were all married within these walls. It is, indeed, a most interesting place; and there is, moreover, a sort of dramatic show and glitter about it that is pleasing. Of great interest, as I have said, are the versicles and couplets furnished by various poets, and emblazoned in the painted windows in honour of famous persons. It is an original entertainment going round and scanning these. There is here also Pope's famous epitaph on a lady.

An attractive church not far off is the old Chelsea church, with its grim, weather-buffeted brick tower and shaky tiled roofs—a picturesque landmark. From a steamer on the river it seems quite Dutch. Indeed, both the river banks here, from Battersea on to Chelsea. are strangely Flemish, low-lying and sad-looking; the modern brick terraces, supplied with trees, have the same tone. The church is a delightful old-world place in sound condition, its walls covered with tablets in the oddest fashion, the whole broken up with recesses and projections in the most pleasing way. The gaunt tower, as was said before, most impresses. But its real interest is the association with Sir Thomas More, whose own private chapel is here, as well as the mortuary tablet he set up, and the epitaph that he wrote in advance for himself. Names of duchesses, lords, and ladies meet us everywhere. The name Cheyne suggests that Cheyne Walk and Row were named after the lord of the soil, Mr. Charles Cheyne. Altogether, apart from the always touching and popular associations with the good Sir Thomas, the place has an extraordinary charm, and offers a pleasant pilgrimage. Cheyne Walk, hard by, with its row of old houses, notable for their associations, adds to the attraction of Chelsea. I am always pleased to think that I saw it in its old, unspoiled picturesque days, when the river ran beside it, over which a row of venerable trees bent majestically.

It was almost an exact reproduction of a Flemish river scene: here were all the Flemish colours commingled—the green and the red tiling and brick, the barges and boats, and the watermen lounging about. Now, owing to the Embankment, the "Walk" is far removed from the river. But the houses are still full of charm and interest, with their oblong, old-fashioned windows and forecourts, and fine ironwork, and "monumental" doorways. Nearer the end was Maclise the R.A.'s house, and Turner's, and Dante Rossetti's, called "Gothic House," and now Mr. Haweis'.

In the close, or graveyard, round the Abbey will be observed a raised tomb, which is really the only one of the kind. Thereby hangs a little history. In Davies Street, just after we turn out of Berkeley Square, there is to be noted a gloomy, heavy-eaved but effective old brick mansion that bears its age well, which must be about two hundred years old. It has a little inclosure or garden attached, and it stands half apart. It bears the name Bourdon House. It is a very suggestive old building. "Once on a time"—that is, some two hundred and twenty years ago—there was a great heiress, Mary Davies, who lived in this very house, which was then the old Manor House. It was quite in the country, as we can see by merely noting the rather rural names of the streets about us; for close by are Farm Street, Hill Street, Hay Hill, and other country names. It is really curious to find a genuine stable lane, such as Farm Street is, dignified with the name of "street"—a distinction it owes simply to this old usage. Close to the Manor House was to be found Miss Davies' "farm." In due time the heiress was carried off by Sir Thomas Grosvenor, and thus, it was said, were laid the foundations of that enormous prosperity which has attended this fortunate family, whose possessions can be traced by the family names in the great quarters of London, notably in Pimlico, where we have Ebury Street, Eccleston and Belgrave Squares, Lupus Street, &c. It is notable that the one altar-tomb privileged to remain in the close round Westminster Abbey is that of one of this wealthy Davies family.

Thursday.—In visiting these London curios little hints in architecture may be readily picked up. I always think that even the dullest, when they are taken to look at anything, would give anything to know what and how they are to admire. Of course, everyone can see that the thing is vast, or splendid, or must have cost a great deal; but otherwise it is a blank. And yet everyone, when the points of merit are shown, eagerly appreciates and is delighted. Then it seems to live and have merit. It is a pity there is not some way of doing this, for under present conditions sight-seeing is but a stupid, wearisome business after the first surprise is over.

Now here, just behind the Mansion House, is this ancient, homely-looking, and rather forlorn Church of St. Stephen's Walbrook. You would never suppose that its interior is considered one of the most striking and perfect kind; it is admired by all architects and persons of taste, and in Sir C. Wren's day—he was the designer—by the *dilettanti* of Europe. This naturally rouses curiosity and interest, so we will enter and look at it. We see a forest of airy pillars, supporting arches as airy, that seem disposed about in the most

capricious way, crossing and intersecting. Note the elegance, contour, and lightness of the flattened dome which they support. These arches and columns are so adroitly and cunningly arranged that it is stated that, if the walls were removed, the roof would still stand firmly on its supports. This elegance of touch and general grace is seen in every portion. It will be noticed that the pedestals of the columns seem unduly developed, but this is not Wren's fault. He designed the church for pews, which he intended should rise high enough to cover these bases. The pews have been removed; there is consequently a nakedness and exposure.

Crossing the street towards the Exchange we see another much-admired church, that of St. Mary Woolnoth. Note the unusual Italian character of the towers and the suitability to the position. Within we find a handsome, dignified chamber rather than a church, but very richly embellished and furnished.

This suggests that there is one steeple in London which Horace Walpole has called "a master stroke of absurdity." We may be naturally curious to see such a thing, and accordingly hie us to Hart Street, close to the British Museum, where we find St. George's Church—a rather stately pile with a fine portico. We raise our eyes to the steeple, and find it capped—with a large statue standing on a long series of steps. The effect is not so bad, on the whole. The statue, it seems, represents George I., it being thought there was something suitable in placing a King George on top of a church dedicated to St. George. We are not surprised to learn that it was a rich brewer—one Mr. Hucks—who paid, and paid for, the compliment.

One of the few characteristic rus in urbe residences left to us is the old Deanery of St. Paul's. We pass under the archway in the "Churchyard" and see it on the right, its high antique roof and dormers peeping over a yellow wall. There is an air of dignified repose about, and the contrast between it and the modern world behind us, the passing 'buses, &c., is odd indeed. It is just such a house as we see in some old French town. Unhappily its vis-à-vis, the old Doctors' Commons, to which you pass under the familiar archway, is at this moment being levelled to the ground—absorbed in a "Pawson & Co." An institution that still retains a good deal of the old flavour, though much "pulled about," is the Heralds' College, just beside Ludgate Hill. In its old state it must have been pleasing enough, from the quadrangle and court. There are good halls and panellings, and it is in harmony with its function. We think, as we look at it, of Bethell's-was it?-insolent speech to a Herald, "Why, you foolish man, you don't even know your own foolish business!"

We have visited that genuine "old Roman bath" in the Strand, but the Roman remains of the City are more curious still. I don't know any sensation more surprising than to find oneself standing before the old Roman wall in a City street, with the modern hansom cabs and other vehicles plying by and the citizens passing it without taking the slightest account of it. There it rises before us, part of a common street, with its rubicund tiles and masonry displayed, the actual work of our Roman conquerors-and doing practical duty in supporting houses built upon it. A small planted inclosure runs in front. It is wonderful that it should have been preserved. Not far away, in the Cripplegate quarter, we "catch it up" again, and come upon a fragment of a regular tower or bastion standing by itself. When excavations are made for new buildings Roman foundations are often opened—not long since, on Ludgate Hill, the antiquaries were hurrying to inspect some Roman work of this kind thus laid bare. More astonishing, however, are the beautiful pieces of Roman art-work preserved in the Guildhall—fine mosaic pavements of beautiful designs and colours, with flowers and goddesses, together with abundant pottery, pipkins, fine bronze ornaments, and the rest. We are so modern and British that we are apt to look for these relics in foreign museums only. But we have a fine store of them, and I really think the spectacle is more curious, interesting, and entertaining than the things of the same class that we visit in the British Museum. So my pretty cousin declares.

We now stretch away to Islington, "Merry Islington" as it used to be called; and a curious, unfamiliar quarter of London it is. the Angel is certainly one of the busiest, most animated scenes conceivable, from the tramcars, converging from all quarters, intersecting each other, and the vast crowds that are passing and repassing. most old-world place it seems as we hurry along past the Grand Theatre, the Agricultural Hall, &c. Here is Sir Hugh Myddelton's statue, which reminds us that close by the New River has arrived at its quiet reservoir, after its long journey from Amwell, in Hertfordshire, nearly forty miles away. This alone supplies a romance, for the New River is, as Charles Lamb said, "a pretty old one," having been brought to town some two hundred years ago. It is a singularly pleasing stream, about twenty feet wide, that winds in the most effective way through all the meadows of the intervening counties. I myself have followed its track almost to its source, visiting the various interesting old towns it washes. This promenade or expedition may be commended to the notice of the enterprising Londoner in

search of entertainment. The story of the projector, Sir Hugh, is a most interesting record of hope and persevering energy.

After a tolerably long wandering we turn to the left, and come presently to the attraction we are in search of-Canonbury Tower. Few know of this grim, striking old monument—a great, tall, frowning square block of grimed copper-coloured brick, with a sort of gabled old mansion attached. It belonged to an abbey, that of St. John's, in the old days, and has, somehow, survived to our times, owing its preservation to being used and made habitable as a political club. It has an extraordinary attraction architecturally. A century or so ago it was let out in lodgings, and Goldsmith took refuge there from creditors—writing his books—probably behind with his rent. Even in this century George Daniel and Washington Irving were occupants. We visited it before it fell into other hands, and were taken up its crazy stairs to its fine old, well-proportioned chambers, panelled all round. We gradually gained the top and stood upon the level platform, leaning over the parapet and enjoying a wonderful view of London, which lay at our feet.

An old almshouse is always a picturesque thing, so also are the old charity schools, "Blue Coat" and others, of which there are quite a number in London. They are being swept away with alarming rapidity. One of the most beautiful, Lady Dacre's Almshouses in Westminster, was lately levelled. It was, I should say, one of the finest in England: quite a religious, solitary calm pervaded it. Not far from it still stands a pleasing little Blue Coat School, "four square" and beautifully designed, though somewhat neglected and decayed. Figures of a "Blew" coat boy and girl stand in niches over the doors. Going on into Rochester Row we come to the fine old school for girls, with its high, solid tiled roof and lantern, and spacious hall, and a great garden behind; a truly picturesque thing. All over London, particularly in the East End, we come upon these old-world institutions, but, as I said, they are fast disappearing, for the ground is coveted.

London can supply a good store of queer, novel sensations. Close by the Tower is a sort of "hutch," or pavilion, which no one seems to notice or care about. This is known as "the Tower Subway." You descend it by a spiral stair that seems endless; you wend down, corkscrew-like, into the very bowels of the earth, and at last touch the tube which stretches out before you. The air is close—stifling almost. The tube is of iron, and the bolts and rivets are palpable; a row of gas jets furnishes light; the circular shape makes walking not very comfortable, and there is a sort of drip of water

collected at the bottom. It is a strange feeling to thus promenade through an iron pipe below the Thames. And so you hobble across to the other side. The curious thing is the sense of solitude. You have the pipe to yourself—at least, we had.

As was noted before, the London street names offer a subject of extraordinary interest, dramatic often, and many surprises, too. We will give a few of these derivations: The Minories were so called after a convent of Minorites of St. Clare. St. Mary Axe was St. Mary's Axe, a relic of a holy axe used in the martydom of some virgins. Marylebone is not from St. Mary-la-bonne, as is commonly supposed, but St. Mary on the Bourne. Mayfair was from a fair held in May. Houndsditch, the place where the City hounds were kept. No one would guess that Rotten Row was so called from the "Route du Roi," which was in this direction. Conduit Street is from a well-known spring. Bayswater, from Baynard's water, or a spring. Baynard was a companion of the Conqueror's—a suggestive name, indeed. Birdcage Walk, from the Royal Aviaries—temp. lames I.—situated there. The familiar Bond Street was from a Sir Thomas Bond. There are several Half Moon Streets, so called from taverns with that sign.

I have said there is much entertainment to be found in studying the names of streets; such suggest histories of families. For instance, we have Oxford Street, Harley Street, Holles Street, Cavendish Square, Henrietta Street, Mortimer Street, all close together. Now, Holles was Duke of Newcastle, and his daughter, Henrietta, married Harley, Earl of Oxford and Mortimer. We have Portland Place, Bentinck Street, Duchess Street, Weymouth Street, all names of the one great family to whom the ground belonged. The various small streets off the Strand—Exeter, Southampton, Chandos, Bedford—all tell the same story.

Friday.—Bishopsgate Street is an extraordinary street, from the enormous traffic produced by the Great Eastern Railway station; and it is further interesting from the quaint old-fashioned marks and tokens which make it look somewhat like the High Street of a thriving country town. We can see how it was once the established northern route out of London. There are still snug-looking inns; churches old, new, and newer; and side by side with all this a display of modern overpowering energy, in the vast traffic, the enormous station and hotel, in which the population seems to seethe and boil as in a caldron. There is always a grand dignity in such display of living energy. But there are two or three objects in Bishopsgate which are well worth the long travel across town to see. First, the

Church of Great St. Helen's and the square in which it stands; Crosby Hall; and the singular old church of St. Ethelburga. Few know of the existence of these places. It seems like going to see a foreign city.

The old palace of Crosby Hall has been happily preserved to us by a series of chances. At one time it was a "packer's" warehouse, and the fine Gothic hall was cut up into lofts and floors. was then restored and fashioned into a great restaurant. The gable front in the street is new, or much restored, but is most effective. The hall is very stately and effective; the little bits of the building that you see now in the square, now at the side, are all picturesque and scenic. The beautiful oriel is much admired, and considered one of the finest things of its kind. A lunch at Crosby Hall, in spite of the long journey across, offers a novel entertainment, and is rather a surprising thing for anyone of taste. A low but deep archway leads us into the quaint old square of St. Helen's, where we see the back of the hall, with some fine old houses running round. curious and venerable old church is in the centre; it dates from the fourteenth century. The door and porch are very striking from the inscription and carvings; so are the two naves side by side, and the old tottering lantern above. One of the naves was for the nuns of the convent, who heard Mass through a grille. All the conventual arrangements can be traced clearly. Astonishing are the ambitious monumental tombs, canopied and others, disposed through this area with wonderful effect. The whole tone of the interior is abbey-like, and suggests a notion of rich adornment.

Close by, in the main street, is a small, odd-looking little church, recessed from the street with some low building in front. This is a yet older church, St. Ethelburga's, as its decrepit roof and lantern show. It is a strange, rude affair, like an old village church, and has not been much tampered with. Like other crazy old structures, it has often been menaced, but up to this has escaped. Altogether there is, I think, a good deal to see in this Bishopsgate direction.

In Leadenhall Street there is that curious old church, St. Catherine Cree, with its bare tower. Here, on October 16, you can hear preached what is called "The Lion Sermon," to "commemorate the deliverance from the paws of a lion in Arabia" of a grateful Lord Mayor named Gayer. In 1648 he left a sum of £200 for this purpose. On Whit Tuesday there is what is known as "The Flower Sermon," when all the parish children troop in and offer nosegays. These are quaint customs.

The old City halls have nearly all been rebuilt, but few remain in

their pristine state. There are two interesting specimens, still happily untouched, which are worth a journey into the City wilds. Let us make for Addle Street, and call at Brewers' Hall. How fine and florid the entrance gate—so massive, with its solid wooden door. Within there is a charming courtyard, with a spacious flight of steps and a row of stately windows, each surmounted by an oval light in a richly carved border.

This old hall is really a surprising place. It is pleasant to ascend its solid and spacious stair of oak and carvings, and find ourselves in the banqueting-hall and other chambers. The coal-black oak is richly displayed everywhere, in the bold gallery, fine door and doorways, &c. It is indeed in profusion, and contrasts with the general white walls. The effect of veritable age is extraordinary, and we begin now to congratulate ourselves that anything old is allowed to remain at all.

Another attractive old hall is that of the Barber Surgeons in Monkwell Street. Like so many of its fellows, the old building has been for the most part supplanted by new and less effective structures. It was the work of Inigo Jones, who had supplied a sort of lecturehall or theatre, court-room, &c. One room, however, is left, whose elegant dome—a thing in which he excelled—plainly reveals his handiwork. The old flamboyant door, with its elaborate shell-shaped scutcheon over the door, happily still remains, and impresses us in imposing fashion. The glory of the place is, of course, the grand picture of the King granting the charter, always reputed to be Holbein's work, and indeed apparently in his best manner, though the better modern opinion seems to be that he had only a share in it. There are several of these old halls clustered together in Dowgate Hill, close to the railway station in Cannon Street. Peeping through the iron gates—the Dyers or the "Candlemakers"—we see the court within and the pretty Italian-looking arcades.

Hackney, which is not very far away, may be considered a portion of London city, yet it seems some rural suburban place of the pattern of Twickenham or Kingston. Anyone who has not "done" his Hackney I would strongly advise to go and do so. It is a picturesque place, with old houses and a fine old solitary tower rearing itself in the very street. It is a curious sensation driving across the Downs, an odd-looking barren tract which you cannot traverse save by one road, in the centre whereof is a surviving "pike." On the Downs you would think you were a hundred miles away from town. Clapton, too, adjoining, is interesting from its old houses, one or two specimens of which are really fine.

Burial grounds are not cheerful walking, though latterly every exertion has been made to make them attractive and show that there is "snug lying" there. Some of the old graveyards have the highest care bestowed upon them. One of the most interesting is assuredly that of Bunhill Fields, which we reach from Finsbury Square. was formed at the time of the Great Plague, and was used so freely that during 200 years about 125,000 bodies were interred in the place! It is of great size, and is a curious place; it has been called the Dissenters' campo santo. But nothing can be more strange than to wander about carelessly until the eye is certain to be attracted by some famous name. John Bunyan's tomb would alone be an attraction. Here, too, lie Fleetwood, one of Cromwell's generals, and Godwin, the preacher, who attended Cromwell at his death. More interesting is the grave of the author of "Robinson Crusoe" as well as that of his wife. Wesley's mother lies here, and the good Dr. Watts; also George Fox (in the Quakers' portion), Stothard, and Blake—a goodly company indeed. Apart from their associations, a walk through the grounds leaves a curious feelingyou can hardly imagine that you are in London. But I think the curious explorer will be glad to find his way hither.

There is no church in London more grimly affecting, or more gruesomely picturesque, than St. Giles', Cripplegate. Its lantern is strangely gaunt and blackened, its tower stark and solemn. The approaches are all straggling and curious; we fancy ourselves in a bit of some old foreign city. The curious skulls and hour-glass over the entrance to the churchyard are vigorously done. It escaped the Great Fire, and is an interesting church altogether—and picturesque. Here we find Milton's tomb, Foxe's (of the "Book of Martyrs"), and that of a daughter of Shakespeare's Lucy. And, as if this were not sufficient to reward one's curiosity, they will show us the registry of the marriage of Oliver Cromwell to Elizabeth Boucher. In the churchyard a large fragment of the old City wall is to be seen.

Saturday.—This was our last day, and I was determined to give Laura a bonne bouche. We were bound for the City, and embarked aboard a "Favorite" 'bus, with garden seats, &c., and tacked up Chancery Lane into Holborn—not the "old bourne," i.e. brook, as is popularly supposed, but, as Mr. Wheatley has shown, Holbourne was really the name of the place. There is much that is old and odd to be seen in a walk in this district if we but keep our eyes open. Here, near the Circus, for instance, we come upon a refreshing old inn, of the genuine old pattern, such as abounded in London even so late as five-and-twenty years ago. Of these scarce any

remain. This is the "Old Bell," as we can see from the bold and vigorously wrought gilt "bell" on its front, which is of a chocolate tone, and is in fairly sound condition. Entering through the capacious archway, we find ourselves in the coaching yard with galleries running round; the pleasant bar of old-fashioned cut beside us, exactly like the Pickwickian "White Hart" of pleasant memory. Business seems to be doing; people from the country come up and stay here. There is a pleasant feeling in surveying the old place. We are taken back a good century and more. Lower down there is the "Black Bull," of which a well-modelled spirited counterpart is displayed outside, but the yard within has been remodelled out of the old shape.

At this spot we are encompassed by a perfect group of old-world things, all suggestive enough. Close by, in front of Furnival's Inn, we have "Ridler's," worth looking at as a specimen of the tavern of fifty years ago, then the only kind of place where you could "obtain a chop." Furnival's Inn was rebuilt by Peto, the well-known contractor, to whom, oddly enough, a statue has been set up here. But there is no law and no inn here now. A pleasantly attractive hotel fills one side. But with most interest we climb the stairs of the house, halting on the third floor to visit the modest rooms of the young and buoyant Dickens, then busy with his "Pickwick."

Opposite Furnival's Inn is that striking row of ancient framed and gabled houses, upon the pattern of a Chester house, which always surprise and interest the stranger. Some years ago the houses were in a most precarious way. The old inn that faced it was bought by an insurance company, and it was confidently expected that they would be levelled, and huge rent-paying flats erected in their stead. But they were put in thorough repair at considerable cost, their shaky bones and precarious muscles set straight. It is pleasant to turn in under the arch and find ourselves in the courtyard. The old hall, a most piquant little structure, is before us, but shut up. The old houses, however, still flourish. wander through straggling ways, up steps, to the Chancery Lane side. where there is another entrance, with more halls, dials, &c. The combination of old and modern work is not ineffective. Returning to Holborn, we find beside us, within a few doors, Barnard's Inn, the most picturesque of them all. There is nothing better than the tiny hall, squeezed in just at the gate, with its shiny, painted windows well grimed, its lively little lantern and weathercock, and the little "hutch" in which a porter sits, with the glimpses of crazy, twisted

staircase like the companion-way in a collier. But this pretty place is "going," if it has not already gone.

On the opposite side of the street, and a little way towards the West, we come to the entrance to Gray's Inn. This old inn is thoroughly scenic, and full of antique charm and colour. The shop at the entrance, where newspapers are sold, is the oldest in London. I should not be afraid to say that it is a couple of centuries old. Passages lead us between old houses and recesses or small courts, which offer a piquant variety. We come to the ornamental gate of twisted iron, which is the entrance to the gardens. The chapel and dining hall stretch across the great square; the former has been restored in good taste.

But now let us look for something yet more striking and interesting. After we turn out of Holborn Circus I can undertake to furnish as pleasing and moving entertainment as could be looked for in any antique city. For there are here, grouped, as it were, all round us. within a small circuit, churches, chapels, gateways, old City halls, and Roman remains galore. First of all, passing Hatton Garden, called after Sir Christopher, let us turn into Ely Place to look at that gem of a chapel, St. Etheldreda's. This was once the old chapel of the Bishops of Ely from Elizabeth's day; and so lately as a hundred years ago there was here standing the Palace, with its fair gardens, cloisters, and other buildings. These were all levelled, but by some chance the chapel was spared. It passed through all kinds of vicissitudes, was cruelly knocked about, stripped of its ornaments, and turned into a Dissenting chapel; all its Gothic carvings plastered over, the fine windows cut in two, &c. It has now been restored to its old glories as a Catholic place of worship. There are virtually two chapels, one over the other; the one below is a picturesque, gloomy crypt. Note how thick are the walls, revealed in the depth of the windows. The old roof timbers are there still. Ascending a side stair, like one in a turret, we gain the cloister, and then ascend to the exquisite chapel. Note the vast windows of lovely tracery which entirely fill the ends, the fine modern painted glass, all jewelled and resplendent. But the charm of the place is in its exquisite proportions, delicate outlines, and generally elegant treatment. For anyone of true taste it is a rare treat to visit this chapel; architects more than others enjoy it.

We have not far to go to reach Clerkenwell, where every shop seems to be a jeweller's. And here, in St. John Street Road, we pass through the fortress-like St. John's Gateway. It is curious to find a gateway of this kind in the public street; but it was, as its name

conveys, the entrance-gate to the old monastery. It has been carefully preserved, and is now appropriately enough in the hands of the soi-disant English Order of the Knights of St. John. Not far off is St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and beside it a sort of ruined gate-house with an arch and passage beyond, through which we have a glimpse of a venerable church tower. (Houses have been built up alongside of the gate-house.) This is old St. Bartholomew's, an extraordinary Norman church, rescued from destruction by the persistent efforts of its vicars. About five-and-twenty years ago I wandered up here, and found myself, "Joe-like," looking through the broken bars of a gate into an awful scene of ruin, blackened pillars, Norman arches fallen in, piles of rubbish—all deserted and forlorn. It has now been effectively and splendidly restored, and is really one of the most curious and interesting churches, from its variety and originality, its grand solid Norman arches, and more solid pillars standing in a semicircle. There is nothing to match it in London, and it is hard to give an idea of the impression it leaves. Witness the pretty and piquant little private alcove of Prior Bolton, who seems to be looking down on us now. Altogether, a fine, impressive thing.

Such was our six-days' tour, during which I "personally conducted" Laura, to her great entertainment. She had seen much that was attractive—far more so than the Tower of London or St. Paul's. At the end of her week's labour, my pretty cousin returned to the country a "wiser and a better" girl.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

## GOETHE'S "IPHIGENIA."

## A NOTE.

OETHE commenced the drama of "Iphigenia" in the early part of the year 1779, amidst many distractions. There were the gaieties of Court society, and there were public duties, which it was the more necessary to attend to, as envious minds were not wanting to hint that the appointment of a poet as Minister was not likely to turn out a success. However, he found time during a tour of duty, undertaken for the improvement of the roads and the enrolment of recruits, to push on with his play, and to such good purpose that it was soon finished, and on the 6th of April actually performed in Weimar. Goethe himself took the part of Orestes, and was declared to have looked splendid in his Greek dress. The piece, it must be remembered, was the prose "Iphigenia," which on the stage seems to have been more successful than the poetical version afterwards proved. It was not till his journey to Italy, in 1786, that Goethe seriously took up the task of reproducing his drama in iambics. The work was completed in Rome, and sent off to Weimar early in January 1787. Before its despatch, however, it was read to a party of German artists, and, as its author confesses, without creating a deep impression. Poetical passages were admired; but the audience seem to have expected something in the style of Goetz of the Iron Hand, and to have been disappointed with the pervading tranquillity. Not till May 1802, after a long period of consideration and discussion, was the play, in its new form, placed on the Weimar boards; and even then without evoking enthusiasm. Goethe thought that his prose version had become so familiar that his admirers were unwilling to exchange it for a metrical one. And long after, in 1827, the poet remarked to Eckermann that he had never seen a satisfactory representation of the piece; that as it was rich in inner life but poor in outer, it depended for effect on a more pregnant interpretation than it had ever received. But the real truth, perhaps, was that the calm, limpid versification only served to emphasise the absence of deep passion. There was plenty of sentiment, but of thrilling emotions, collision, and exciting moments, alas! too little.

dramatic poem, however, for closet study, the "Iphigenia" will always command delighted homage; many passages are eminently beautiful, and other lines, tersely expressed, lend themselves to frequent quotation. Probably for stage exhibition, whether in prose or in verse, the play could only have been assured of a favourable reception where the audience was previously acquainted with the value of the author, and predetermined to be satisfied with his work.

The example of Schlegel led commentators to dwell on the Greek character of Goethe's piece; but it is clearly shown by Mr. G. H. Lewes that the drama was, both in ideas and treatment. essentially German. The review of "Iphigenia" in his Life of Goethe is a particularly effective chapter, and the critical principles laid down seem based on unassailable positions, with possibly one exception. The view may be difficult to sustain that there was no acting, in our modern sense of the word, on the Greek stage. If the mask prevented facial expression, and the clogs gave a slow, artificial movement to the feet, still the express statements of the ancients do not allow us to doubt that there was a great difference between good acting and bad. Aristotle remarks that "simple fables which terminate unhappily appear to be most tragical if they are properly acted." And again, in condemning what he calls episodic plots, he states that they are made use of by bad poets through incapacity, but by good poets on account of the players; indicating thereby, we must conclude, that players had individual gifts it was worth while writing up to. The well-known anecdote of the actor who made use of a domestic affliction to intensify his pathos on the boards points in the same direction. It will be safer, then, to suppose that much more than declamation was achieved by the Athenian player. eyes could be used; gesture ( $\kappa i \nu \eta \sigma \iota g$ ) freely exercised (sometimes. even, to laughable exaggeration), and the voice regulated in intonation. There were drawbacks; but the whitened face and conventional costume of the Italian pulcinella are drawbacks, and yet he achieves great expressiveness.

Driven from the assertion that "Iphigenia" was "an echo of Greek song," or the finest modern specimen of Greek tragedy, German criticism took up a different line of exposition. Herr Gustav Wendt, in his introduction to the "Iphigenia," in the first illustrated edition of Goethe's works (1871), argues in the following way: That the Greek tragedians or dramatists themselves found that the ancient myths required some modification to suit them to the improved moral tone of the day when the plays appeared. This he thinks shown by the gradual relinquishment of the influence of blind chance, or of

the envy of the gods: for even in the case of an hereditary curse descending from generation to generation, it became necessary to depict some failing of the individual which brought him or her within the working of the prediction. A proud and boasting disposition, setting itself in opposition to the decrees of the divine authorities, formed an easy justification for misfortunes which might otherwise have seemed very disproportionate to the supposed misconduct, often, presumably, unavoidable. If then, at Athens, the moral sensibilities of the period had to be distinctly taken into account, Herr Wendt draws the conclusion that it is natural that the poet of the eighteenth century should be expected to supply the time-honoured myth with an ethical aspect in accordance with the public feelings of his own day.

This line of defence gives up the averment that there is anything Hellenic about Goethe's poem either in sentiment or in morals, and confines all verisimilitude to the names of the characters, the mythological allusions, and the topography. For the story is entirely altered so as to become a German story, in the Christian attributes given to Iphigenia; in the didactic and complaisant benevolence of Thoas, and his love affair with the heroine. And this last point in the face of the direct statement of Euripides in his play that even to touch a priestess of Artemis was sacrilege.

Two courses were open: one was to produce the passion, and to leave Greek notions to take care of themselves. Racine did this. He not only altered the stories, but he altered them in a way entirely opposed to their meaning and spirit. He takes, for instance, the legend of Hippolytus, who was a continent huntsman, and whilst devoting himself to the pursuits beloved by Artemis, neglects and despises the gifts of Aphrodite, thereby incurring her displeasure, and bringing on himself, at last, a violent end. On these lines were woven the infatuated, forbidden, and unhappy attachment of Phædra, which gives its sombre attractiveness to the plot. But, as far as Hippolytus is concerned, the fact that he was absolutely indifferent to the sex is the one sovereign and distinguishing circumstance which has to be constantly kept in mind. It is the very kernel of the tragedy. But so little did Racine consider himself trammelled by the Greek colour of the myth, that he produced his complication by representing Hippolytus as cold to Phædra through attachment to another woman. And yet the French dramatist succeeded. He flung, indeed, Greek notions and treatment to the winds; but he wrote a play that does not require a Rachel or a Sarah Bernhardt to make it effective: it cannot be read out aloud, or perused in the

calmness of the library without producing a breathlessness such as only comes on when the springs of emotion are greatly agitated. We possess an "Iphigénie en Aulide" by Racine, and he commenced a Tauric Iphigénie, but it was never completed. It is curious that he hit upon the same idea that occurred to Goethe, and made Thoas the devoted lover of the priestess.

The other course would have been to take the facts and mould them to the requirements and sentiments of the eighteenth century; in short, make a Western modern story of them. But this attempt, beside its extreme difficulty, would have brought about the abandonment altogether of the original idea of an imitation antique.

The ingenuity of the plot of the "Iphigenia in Tauris" of Euripides was much admired by the Greek critics. In the "Poetics" Aristotle mentions it more than once, and if not with ungrudging approval, still with a recognition of its great merits.

Goethe's strong point was not, perhaps, invention; but it must be conceded that in his "Iphigenia" the device for giving a new reading to the oracle was well conceived. The knot was unloosed without recourse being necessary to the deus ex machina or the apparent accident of the storm. Still, it must be remembered that Euripides had to get his sacred Image to Halæ, and he was bound to save the Chorus. Goethe's plot excused him from both these duties.

Herr Wendt's contention that the Greek writers themselves found it necessary to mould the myths to some harmony with current social feeling cannot be altogether disputed. Undoubtedly the cruelty and impurity of the old stories did shock some of the best authors, not only as opposed to improved opinions, but as revolting to the individual conscience. Pindar could say with regard to one version of the legend of Pelops, "It is impossible for me to believe that the gods are gluttons: I stand aloof from the thought." Euripides exhibits wounded sensibilities again and again in respect to some of the more unworthy acts attributed to the heavenly powers. But though this is true, there was, and continued to be, a great disinclination to abolish ritual practices simply on the score of their brutal or savage nature. There are many painful proofs that the humaner feelings were stifled in the presence of what was held a divine wish or a divine command. This fact is curious, because it accounts, in some measure, for acts performed in the name of religion which seem to belong to ruder times, and explains, as far as explanation is possible, sad deviations from the law of love and forbearance under the Christian system. Obtuseness of perception

as to the real character of deeds done can alone be pleaded for fell and dark forgetfulness of the precepts of Christ in devastating persecutions—in the auto-da-fe, the ill-treatment of imagined witches, and, after the Reformation in England, the shocking executions in punishment of opinions, outrages which disfigured the reigns of Mary and of Elizabeth. But the object of the present note is more especially to ask attention to the great skill with which the character of Thoas is drawn by Euripides, and to the artistic value secured for this figure in the drama by the clear outlining of his particular frame of mind. It was, doubtless, pleasant to the poet that the part to be played by the king would be in some degree understood to belong to him in his position of barbarian. But it must be also received that Euripides wished to explain that his own countrymen, in retaining beliefs and rites unworthy of their reason and humanity, were probably under the influence of what may be termed spiritual blindness. If this idea is correct, it was not accepted by Goethe, and we must suppose that, fired, on Herr Wendt's theory, with the mission of a higher moral, he laid out all his strength to invest the Tauric king with qualities the very reverse of those bestowed upon him by the Greek dramatist.

It is really remarkable, considering the little Thoas says in the Attic piece, how completely his nature is suggested. There is something very appalling in a man of easy, pliable temper, dominated by a sense of the obligations of religion, and determined strictly to obey divine behests, and yet never pausing to listen to the voice of humanity, or to inquire whether what was represented as the will of heaven could be reconciled to what his conscience told him was right and noble. The fact of his apparently having no savage passions greatly increases the terror of his unrelenting brutality. In that unexcited demeanour there is no trace whatever of pity.

It will be noticed that though Thoas is freely spoken of, he is kept in reserve till the closing scenes of the drama. When he enters, nothing can be more self-possessed and unruffled than his behaviour. He is surprised that the strangers are not already being sacrificed, but quite satisfied with the excuses of the priestess. He accepts the miraculous gesture of the Image, is interested in the ascertained pollution, and considers the misconduct of the strangers which caused it as truly shocking. When he hears that they have brought news of the priestess's brother, he goes so far as to hint that she might, on that account, desire to save them, but is relieved when Iphigenia asserts that they must after all be destroyed. Then he enters into all

her arrangements, gives the necessary orders, and leaves the stage in the most amiable and matter-of-fact way. Here was scope for good interpretative acting, and doubtless it was forthcoming.

When the king re-enters he has to hear a tale of treachery; but he listens to all that has occurred with no exhibition of anger, and, without interrupting the messenger, learns the fate of the ship which had been driven back on the shore. When the narrative ends by the statement that Poseidon had given Orestes and his sister into the king's hands, and that the time for action had come, Thoas rises to the occasion, but without bluster. He energetically directs horse and foot to hurry to the spot. There is no reason to think he meant to spare Iphigenia. The fugitives can be secured now the ship is within reach, and may, he thinks, be either dashed on the rocks, or, still better, impaled.

He informs the Chorus that he is too busy to attend to them at the moment, but they may rest assured he will not forget their condign punishment. Not less noteworthy is the conduct of Thoas when Athene appears to unravel the difficulties. He shows no sign whatever of the baffled vengeance of a cruel tyrant. He acquiesces at once in the will of the goddess, and gives up enemies, priestess, Image, and Chorus without a murmur. One divinity, he seems to admit, had quite as much right to be lenient as the other to demand human blood; and Thoas is left on the mind as a striking example of that paralysis of the emotions which results from regarding power as supreme and not amenable to other attributes. And the artificial attitude of his disposition might be expressed by some such phrases as these: "Slaughter or mercy, I am prepared for both; I only wish to be certified of authority." It is needless to point out that the introduction of such a figure greatly intensifies the dramatic effect of the fable; and as a mere instrument of contrast is immeasurably superior to the talkative moralist conceived by Goethe, whom he represents as nettled into severity by the failure of a love suit.

Although it is difficult to find in the Greek play any decided disapproval of the human sacrifices there introduced, yet there is an attempt to screen the principal female character from the suspicion of participation of a direct nature in the horrible rites. The lifelong study of Euripides was that of the character of the Hellenic woman, and it was necessary for his indication of the true ideal that he should dwell with some acrimony on the faults which the Greek treatment of wives tended to create.

This frankness was mistaken for misogyny; and the senseless cry has been repeated till quite modern times. In the play in which

the comic dramatist Aristophanes has especially taxed Euripides with this failing, he has himself made out the ordinary Athenian woman fifty times worse than she appears in the writings of the tragedian. With the love of form, which his early studies in plastic art had so impressed upon Euripides, he grudged that the national model of beauty, Helen, should be always represented as false to her husband and her country, a fribble and an adulteress, and the cause of public misfortunes. And, as is well known, he designed a new Helen, from whose character he removed these spots, and invested her great natural gifts with the acquirements of purity and sweetness. In this attempt he does not appear to have secured lasting success. We need not however, be surprised that in this Iphigenia he tries to relieve the Grecian maiden from such obloquy as can be feasibly removed. She will not consent to the murder of Thoas, as she considers herself his guest; and she expressly states that she does not herself carry out the prescribed sacrifices—the cruel details are left to others.

This delegated performance of unworthy rituals, though certainly of the nature of a moral protest, seems not to have led, or very gradually, to the abolition of the usages themselves. know that at Halæ, in Attica, on the yearly festival in honour of Artemis, the bull-rider, a man was led to the altar as if going to be immolated, and a sword drawn across his throat, scratching it sufficiently to just show blood. This was a curious subterfuge, admitting, it will be observed, the principle, but discouraging the performance. Still more remarkable were certain usages at a temple near the lake of Aricia, in Italy. This shrine was dedicated to Diana, to whom all the attributes of Artemis appear to have been given, and from the service at this altar a regular priesthood had withdrawn. But the worship was kept up by fugitive slaves; and as if to preserve the memory of the loss of human life, the position was gained by murder. The celebrant went in danger of his life. and was armed with a sword to defend himself: but if another slave could compass his destruction, he succeeded to the emoluments. A dreadful state of things; and yet Ovid could see nothing particularly revolting in the arrangement, and could allude to the Kingship of the Wood, as the office was called, in a gentle conceit:

Regna tenent fortesque manu pedibusque fugaces ; Et perit exemplo postmodo quisque suo.

It may not be uninteresting to illustrate the fact that moral obliquity can be concealed under a familiar mist of religious deference

by an example taken from another branch of the Aryan stock, the Hindoos, amongst whom much natural gentleness co-exists with cruel and inhuman beliefs.

Perhaps the circumstances in evidence can be best given by a brief extract from an office diary :

This morning, the hearing of a striking case came on. An old Brahmin, the ministrant of a temple of Mahadeo, had recently married a pretty girl still in her teens. The village being large enough for a branch post-office, a Bengalee youth was appointed postmaster. He formed an acquaintance with the bride, which passed, unfortunately, into intrigue. The painful story became known to the husband, who determined on revenge, and obtained the services of two coolies to assist him in his undertaking. He remained, however, on terms of apparent friendship with the Bengalee, and, as his spiritual adviser, recommended him to pass the vigil of a festival within the temple. The postmaster, who was a warm devotee, took his place near the shrine, which was lighted by a single lamp. was to pass all the hours of darkness in a religious exercise called jup, or ecstatic reiteration. At midnight the Brahmin entered stealthily with his coolies. seized the youth, gagged and pinioned him, and stretching his neck back over the stone basin or sink used for offerings, severed the windpipe. The body was then folded up and tied into the shape of a bundle, and was thus carried by the coolies to the river bank and thrown into the stream. An old worshipper came very early next morning with fresh flowers, but finding on the old nosegay other drops than those of water reported the fact at the station. The police found out the whole matter very cleverly.

After the hearing of the case, the head clerk came in for signatures. In reference to the murder this observation was made, perhaps rather fatuously, "How will the temple be purified after such a crime?"

The clerk was a Brahmin, and the proprietor of a shrine of the same god in a neighbouring town, a well-educated and trustworthy young man.

He replied, "It does not require purification."

- " How so?"
- "Because my god likes blood."
- "But the destruction of a fellow-being?"
- "He likes human blood best of all," i said the clerk, laughingly.

The conclusion of the matter seems to be—that if Goethe failed to produce in his version of the Tauric fable anything but a beautiful German poem, the futility lay in the attempt. In no particular did he fall so short of success, from an Hellenic point of view, as in the delineation of the king. He was afraid of the brutality. He wished to make things pleasant. And it escaped him that the frame of mind conceived by Euripides for his Thoas was not only a clever explanation of a curious moral problem, but an idea pregnant with artistic force.

The Greek plays—to many a mere image of academic research—

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Recalling that fearful line in the "Eumenides," ὀσμή βροτείων αἰμάτων με  $\pi ροσ\gamma ελ \hat{a}$  (The smell of human slaughter tickles me).

were, we cannot doubt, once living appeals to a nation's heart. If the appeals do not touch the present public, something more appropriate should be provided. A drama actually recalling the Athenian stage must remain a mere literary curiosity; it may be admired as a dainty dilettantism, but it can scarcely be expected to arouse the emotions or create that sympathy which is necessary for striking effect on mixed audiences.

J. W. SHERER.

## THE WILD FLORA OF SCOTLAND.

NE or two simple considerations will help us to understand the living forms of any country; why they should be there, and why others should be absent. It is evident, for instance, that situation and climate are factors of the very first importance. The flora and fauna of Great Britain are not so numerous in species as those of the Continent, but more so than those of Ireland. The explanation is in its insular position. The shallow seas to the south and east, although more than once dry, have prevented a free and continuous passage; and St. George's Channel, deeper, and of older date, has acted as a second barrier.

We are also prepared to find that plants grow in the south of England which would starve to death under more exacting atmospheric conditions; and that, all things else being equal, the farther north we go delicate forms will have a tendency to disappear, and a larger proportion of the more hardy to take their place. Soil, too, involving food supply, is another determinant. The hedgerows in the chalky hollows of Hampshire, Surrey, and the Isle of Wight are overrun with Travellers' Joy (Clematis Vitalba) and other trailing plants; and the downs are rich in insect orchis and fragrant lady's tresses, which thin out beyond the limits of the chalk, and absolutely refuse to grow where the older rocks come to the surface.

Crossing to Scotland the earliest lesson in the flora of the country is to trace out the limits of those species which, from some cause or other, seem to find one part more suitable than another, and confine themselves within certain limits. If there is anything in a name, the native flower is the Scots Primrose (*Primula scotica*), the only one named after its country. True, its comparatively narrow range is somewhat against its claim to supersede the thistle (*Cnicus lanceolatus*). Its headquarters seem to be in Orkney, whence it crosses to the mainland, and is there found in the extreme north and down the west of Sutherlandshire. In Caithness it grows in great abundance, being the most notable plant of the county. It con-

sists of a minute rosette of leaves, mealy, like those of its mountain sister, the bird's-eye primrose, which it further resembles in colour. It produces its first lilac blossoms somewhat later than the southern species, and is said to flower three times in the season. It is very easy to overlook, as many an hour's search in places where it was known to abound has taught me, and extremely difficult to transplant and grow elsewhere.

Another Orkney plant is the Vernal Squill (Scilla verna). Its bright blue flower is much more conspicuous, and, as its name implies, comes much earlier. A lady there spoke to me with the utmost enthusiasm of its abundance, of the delightful surprise to go out some April or early May morning and find it everywhere; of the beauty it lent to the tame landscapes of an oft dreary spring. It, too, crosses to Caithness, where it is found in fellowship with the other, in the same situation and equally profuse. It creeps down the east coast as far as Banff. On the west it manages to straggle to Cornwall; that is as far as it can get.

These two forms agree in hugging the sea margin, from a common love it would seem of the salt breezes, which blow nowhere so freely as on either side of the Pentland Firth. And they find what specially suits them in the low-lying and treeless islands of Orkney, and the somewhat similar and almost treeless landscapes of Caithness.

A striking instance of the influence of the soil upon the flora is found in Aberdeenshire. That county pushes a tongue of hard rock, tipped with granite, between the soft sandstone lips of Kincardineshire, and that to the north-west on the shores of the Moray Firth. Several plants approach from the south to the borders of this ungenial land; but, disliking the look of it, disappear, to reappear on the far side. Of such the most familiar, perhaps, is the Maiden Pink (Dianthus delloides). Among those from the north-west is the Scilla verna, which comes the length of Lossiemouth in Elgin, refuses to cross the Spey or enter Aberdeen, and does not appear again.

All this is preliminary to a general discussion: a few more or less interesting particulars surrounding the main question.

When we talk about the flora of a country we mean the characteristic flora, that which it has by reason of its particular nature and constitution, and not that which it shares with other places. Time would fail us to enumerate the plants found almost everywhere. What, then, is characteristic of Scotland?

A glance at the scene will show. The country is more than two-

thirds mountainous; largely made up of metamorphic rocks, thinly scattered over with the débris of gneiss and mica schist. We naturally look therefore for the plants which prefer such elevated situations, and thrive on this kind of food; that is, we expect sub-Alpines and Alpines.

The sub-Alpines are they which grow freely on moors, and on mountains up to about 1,900 feet. It were difficult to mark them off from the rest, otherwise than to say that within those limits they are usually found in greatest numbers, though some of them struggle much beyond it, reaching, in some instances, even to the mountain top.

The more familiar forms are: on the moor, the eyebright (Euphrasia officinalis), the Alpine lady's mantle (Alchemilla alpina), the crowberry (Empetrum nigrum), and the cowberry, with the singularly graceful grass of Parnassus (Parnassia palustris); on the slopes, bearberry and cranberry, with the great globe flower, blue anemone, and mountain violet; by the rill-side, white starry saxifrage and yellow mountain saxifrage (Saxifraga stellaris and aizoides); in boggy places, insect-catching sundew, butterwort, crimson lousewort, and white cloudberry; in patches of wood, mingled with other whites, the Alpine enchanter's nightshade (Circae alpina); mingled with other yellows, the golden rod (Solidago Virga-aurea); mingled with other purples, the foxglove (Digitalis purpurea).

Above the 2,000 feet line we look for true Alpines. These are of two kinds. They may be simply dwarfs, stunted by reason of the exposure of the site and the thinness of the soil; just as I have seen the common yellow cornflower (*Chrysanthemum segetum*) overtopping the July grain in the fields, and assuming the lowly habit of the daisy on the bare moor. Indeed, every species of wild flower is occasionally picked up in this starved condition. Or, they may have been slowly changed into what they are by the processes included under natural selection; and, once changed, can no longer return to what they were.

In the former case, when removed to a more sheltered situation and richer soil, they speedily increase in size, until they are as big and bushy as their kindred of the plain.

In the latter case away from the mountains means away from home, and we can imagine them sighing, like so many exiles, to get back again. The richer food in no wise benefits them, and in many instances causes them to dwindle and die out.

To rear these natural Alpines with any measure of success, as everyone who has tried it knows, requires the most scrupulous care and a perfect knowledge of their habits. They have to be supplied with their accustomed fare, the waste of their native hills, and surrounded, as far as possible, with the conditions of an upland life.

The first of the Alpines to make its appearance in the spring is the opposite-leaved saxifrage. It is sometimes all aglow with purple blossoms in the month of April, when on the plains beneath the violets appear on the banks, the anemones carpet the woods, and the blue hyacinths shine through the undergrowth. And those who have clambered up to its haunts about that time will have learned the first lesson in Alpine flora, i.e. that the wise economy in branch and leaf is all given to the flower which hides everything else away. Next, perhaps, is the trailing azalea (Loise-leuria procumbens), one of the commonest but not the least beautiful of our hill plants. Early in May, or just a week or two after the other, it adds to the purple a flush of pink.

The rest come out one by one, each in its season, until, in late June or early July, the mountains are a positive fairy land with minute but profusely flowering gentians; saxifrages, mainly white; exquisitely blue veronicas and forget-me-nots; dull yellow meadow rue and pink moss campions, interspersed with tufts of green spleenwort, and holly fern; and grey patches of those minutest of willows, Salix herbacea and reticulata. Such a scene as nothing in the Lowlands can match for delicacy, or glow or mass of colour.

Though the mountains of Scotland are spread over a great space, the Alpine region is really very much condensed, and quite within manageable limits. It is mainly confined to the north-west corner of Forfarshire, the south-west corner of Aberdeenshire, and the Breadalbane region of Perthshire, where the scene is gathered into loftier heights, broken into sterner valleys. A few words may serve roughly to map out the region, and save a great deal of fruitless, or rather flowerless, wandering.

Kirrie-muir, the "Thrums" of Mr. J. M. Barrie, lies on the north side of the great hollow of Strathmore, which runs along the southern limit of the Grampians. It may interest such admirers of its chronicler as have not yet completed their pilgrimage, to know that it is a quaint old-world Forfarshire village, very little spoiled as yet, and, from the absolute seclusion of its site, not likely to be spoiled for some time to come. It is a favourite summer resort of those of simple tastes, who relish quiet, old-fashioned ways and people, and have an eye for a singularly striking conjunction of hill and plain. It is, however, rather as a starting-point for the Highlands than as a goal of the hero worshipper that we are concerned with it at present.

The visitor, on scenic or botanic thoughts intent, is within easy walking distance of the outlet of two great glens, one quite close at hand, leading into the heart of the Grampians. There is a third shorter glen between the two which we can afford to overlook. These glens converge more and more toward their summits, till they almost meet, and each terminates in a savage gorge, worth seeing for its own sake, used as a deer forest. On the slopes of the mountains which descend steeply into these gorges, or on the rough sides of the torrents which feed the burns gathering into the Isla and the South Esk, the Alpines grow.

If he choose the nearer of the two openings it will admit him into Glen Clova, a scene striking from the first, and increasing in sublimity the farther he goes. I know none to compare with it in a certain cumulative impressiveness. After a fifteen miles' walk, enough to brace and not to weary one who is accustomed to the use of his legs, he will reach the hamlet of Clova, with its church, its whitewashed inn, its half a dozen scattered cottages, and its charmingly picturesque site. If he can pass it without lingering awhile he will be deficient in taste. Two miles farther on he will enter the gorge and forest of Glen Dole.

This is one of those bewildering scenes for the lover of wild nature and wild plants, and he will be either blind or over-hard to please if he do not find enough of both to satisfy him. It is quite possible that he may be under strict surveillance all the time, unless the powers that be have somewhat relaxed their vigilance. For this was the scene of one of the more famous right-of-way cases, with all its heart-burnings and comic aspects. On one occasion I had the distinction of being accompanied by an unfriendly keeper and his two dogs, and as my stay was a somewhat prolonged one, I am afraid that that functionary must have neglected his other duties for the day.

I remember the late Sir John Ogilvy, of Inverquharity, relating that while shooting one day over the surrounding hills his attention was attracted by a patch of rose colour, and he was delighted to find that he had discovered, or at least re-discovered, the Alpine catchfly (Lychnis alpina). It is an excellent thing when one is alone shooting in these out-of-the-way and seldom visited places to have a pair of eyes in one's head. The blue sky, and the cloud shadows, and the hill birds, and the flowers weave tender threads into the coarser texture of a day's sport. Besides, as in the case of this blushing Alpine, one sometimes sees what others would like to see and are glad to hear about.

Gathering a little, with the economy of a lover of Nature, he

despatched it to the late Professor Balfour, who happened to be in the neighbourhood on a botanical excursion. The accompanying students had this find laid on a dish and placed before their chief at dinner, and the delight of the enthusiast on the removal of the cover was great.

Just over the hill Glen Isla terminates in a gorge and forest, if possible yet wilder than that at the head of Glen Clova. It were hard to choose between the two for the number and variety of the Alpines. Glen Dole has one of the rarest ferns peculiar to itself, the round-leaved woodsia (*Woodsia hyperborea*). Caenlochan shares with only another place in Scotland one of the rarest flowering Alpines, the snowy gentian (*Gentiana nivalis*). It is an annual of the blue colour characteristic of the family; and it flowers on the face of the almost precipitous rock, and seeds itself down the ledges. Its site is happily known to few, and therein consists its safety.

One will now probably have had enough of climbing, and be disposed to make for the nearest place of shelter; but that is at some considerable distance. Dropping down on the northern slopes of the Caenlochan hills, he will strike the road which crosses the mountains from the Spittal of Glen Shee. "It passes the opening of the rough track that leads up the narrow but splendid Glen of the Callater to the lonely loch which sleeps among the silent hills; and when he approaches the village of Braemar the view becomes very picturesque. There is lofty Morrone on the right; pine-covered Craig Choinnich, with Kindrochit and Corriefergie lying at its base embosomed in trees; a grand stretch of mountains in the foreground, and above them the conspicuous knobs of Ben A'an."

He will have the satisfaction of feeling that he is sleeping for the night, not only in the noblest and most characteristic scene of the Scottish Highlands, within a mile or two of Balmoral, but also in the very centre of the Aberdeenshire Alpine field.

Castleton of Braemar stands nearly 1,200 feet above the level of the sea, and therefore well within the limit of the sub-Alpines, while on the low hills round about the Alpines grow. The village may be defined as the zone of the Alpine lady's mantle, and the hill of Morrone, 1,600 feet higher, as that of the trailing azalea. It has been noted that only a few scattered bushes of broom and whin are found at Castleton, showing that neither of these seemingly hardy plants has any claim to be regarded as Alpine, and, at most, barely crosses into the sub-Alpine region.

On the following morning he can return down Glen Clunie, pass up Glen Callater, and ascend Lochnagar. There, if he is fortunate enough, he will find, not without trouble or in great quantity, among other rare things, the Alpine brook saxifrage and the clustered saxifrage (Saxifraga rivularis and nivalis).

Thence he must face south again, and find a way through the Grampians into Perthshire. In all that stern and tremendous rampart there is only one such low pass, that which leads into Glen Tilt. Attached to this interesting piece of physical geography there hangs a tale. Considerably on the other side of Braemar from Lochnagar is Ben Muich Dhui.

On a certain eventful day this giant was the goal of another of those eventful plant hunts, so pleasant in the memory of those who joined in them, in which the veteran professor, whom we have already met amid the Glen Dole hills, led a new session's raw recruits over paths so familiar to himself. On his return he reached Glen Tilt through this break in the hills, and successfully circumvented certain Dhuine wassails who attempted to bar the way. This spirited achievement, by no means the only one in the annals of these summer wanderings, was afterwards celebrated in a lay, which I am sorry to have forgotten, almost deserving to rank alongside of Aytoun's raid of "Ta Fhairshon."

Following down the glen, should no such obstruction block the way, one issues at length in the neighbourhood of Blair Athole, whence he finds his way to the eastern end of Loch Tay and village of Kenmore. There he will be within sight and easy reach of a dome-shaped hill, standing very much alone between the basins of the Lyon and the still youthful Tay. A steamboat will take him to its base if he does not care for the walk. This is the third and last stronghold, that of the Perthshire Alpines. The mountain is Ben Lawers, the most crowded resort of hill-plants in Scotland. that there are more Alpines in Perthshire than in Forfarshire. Strangely enough, there are just exactly the same number, although not the same species, in both counties. But there are more gathered into one place. Among the many rare things growing here are the drooping bulbous saxifrage (Saxifraga cernua), only found in this locality, and the rock forget-me-not (Myosotis alpestris). Here, too, we come on the second site of the little blue gentian of Caenlochan.

The route, therefore, from Thrums to cover the Scottish Alpine country, is up Glen Clova to Glen Dole, across the intervening hill to Caenlochan, down the Aberdeenshire side to Braemar, thence through Glen Callater to Lochnagar. South again, through the solitary Grampian pass into Perthshire, and down Glen Tilt to Loch

Tay and Ben Lawers. For those who find it more convenient to begin at the other end, the course can be reversed. It might all be done by a good walker in less than a week, including a night in Clova Inn, a night spent in any way most convenient, on the heather if necessary, among the Caenlochan mountains, a night in Invercauld Hotel, Braemar, a night each in Blair Athole and Kenmore, and a night, or more if time permitted, in Lawers Inn, or in the homely hostelry of Fearnan at the mouth of Glen Lyon.

On either hand, the Alpines thin out. Probably each of the peaks within sight boasts one or more rare species. For instance, the Sow of Atholl, within easy reach of Blair, bears a singular heath (Menziesia carulea), with a large purple bell; but nothing to compare in wealth and variety with those on the route indicated between Glen Dole, Lochnagar, and Ben Lawers.

The risks to our wild flora, although by no means to be underrated, are not exactly the same, or likely to be so speedily destructive as those which threaten our wild fauna. Any losses, up to the present time, and those perhaps are mainly local, must be sought for among lowland forms, through cultivation, drainage, easy access, and other obvious causes.

Probably no single upland species has been reduced to the dire straits of some of the birds of prey, which dare to find a meal on the moor or in the coverts. They have not a bad character like the others; lead a passive and innocent existence, and are in no one's way. Indeed their mission is rather beneficent than otherwise. Dwelling in a zone of their own, they flush the bare slopes and peaks with colour; gladden the otherwise desolate heights with the signs of life; and furnish a welcome bite to the ptarmigan. The green plant, which is as necessary to the existence of the white grouse as the heather is to the red, grows on ledge, in crack and crevice, under the shelter of loose stones, and wherever there is sufficient ground-down mica schist to cover their roots.

Proprietors are indifferent to their fate, in many cases unconscious of their existence; and if they keep back the would-be spoiler it is rather lest he disturb the game than lest he remove the flowers.

The gamekeeper is not so guiltless. His Highland fastness is invaded every summer by eager spirits from the south, and he is besieged with questions as to the whereabouts of the Alpines. He has taken the hint to look round him when he is out, so as to mark the places where anything unfamiliar grows, and he uses his advantage skilfully. He is now ready to supply whatever is wanted for a consideration, and even to guide the more liberal to the spot. Such

perquisites help to make a very sensible addition to his wages Once informed, each new comer is master of the situation and competent to guide troops of excited friends, eager to learn the secret and bear away specimens.

Greed is still more wasteful than curiosity or pseudo-love. When there are so many anxious to possess and willing to pay, there are sure to be sellers; and, so, quite a trade goes on in Alpines. In addition to the amateur who forages for himself and others, there is also the professional plant collector, whose business in life is either to hawk on his own account from door to door or to act on behalf of some man who keeps a nursery.

How long the supply will meet a traffic of that kind it were not easy to tell; but the end may well be within measurable distance, especially as the demand is not unlikely to increase. I have met men returning from the hills with crates full of plants, hundreds in each. While I was writing this a man called, and curiosity took me to the door to see him. He held a basket in his hand filled with parsley ferns, by no means our rarest forms, but sufficiently characteristic of the stony tracks of most of our uplands to be worth preserving; and the following conversation ensued:

"Fine plants, sir; male and female for sixpence."

"Where did you get them?"

"On Birnam Hill."

"They are all of one sort. Are there no others there?"

"There used to be lots of holly fern, but the visitors have taken it all away."

Here were two forces at work: this poor wretch, who managed to get a little meat and a good deal of drink out of the traffic, and the uninteresting crew of tourists and lodgers who infest such scenes, and have not yet learned the first lesson taught to all well-bred children—to look at everything and touch nothing.

It is not so easy to draw the line between a wise conservatism and an unwise interference with popular rights as many seem to think. There is another side to an Access to Mountains Bill, not visible to those who simply theorise from the plain. Sometimes, when abroad on the wilds with blue cloud-flaked sky overhead, and many-shaded plain three thousand feet beneath, I have been annoyed at the restriction placed on my freedom of movement by some officious gamekeeper. And, anon, before the day was out, I have been equally annoyed at the liberty allowed to another, who was digging and tearing at his own sweet will, and generally doing as much as he could to make the hills not worth climbing.

But surely something might be done, if proprietors were a little prouder of their possessions, and regarded themselves more as stewards of the land, bound to hand it on with its traditions and treasures unimpaired: if they warned their gillies on pain of dismissal against any manner of traffic with visitors, and sternly forbade at once the shooting of the eagle and the uprooting of the Alpine.

Better still were a close time appointed for rare and beautiful plants as well as for animals, and fixed just at the breeding season when they were flowering and seeding for another generation; or were the same restrictions which guard our game placed around the relics of a glacial age, which belong to Scotland, because she is what she is, which were there before the Celt, or even the earlier race which he dispossessed, and are still more a part of the scene than the grouse or the ptarmigan.

J. H. CRAWFORD.

### ABOUT DONKEYS-AND HORSES.

HE donkey, who, rather undeservedly, has come to be considered one of the "naturals" of the animal world, was dedicated by the ancients to Bacchus; while the ass of Silenus was raised to a place among the stars. Apparently he was a more intellectual personage in early days than he is supposed to be at present. Ammonianus, the grammarian, possessed one who invariably attended his master's lectures on poetry, and would even leave the choicest luncheon of thistles to do so. "Wicked as a red ass" ran an old proverb, which the Copts believed in so firmly that every year they sacrificed an unhappy animal of the detested colour by hurling it headlong from a wall: In an old black-letter translation of Albertus Magnus the donkey figures in the following extraordinary recipe: "Take an Adder's skyn, and Auri pigmentum, and greeke pitch of Reupiriticum, and the waxe of newe Bees, and the fat or grease of an Asse, and breake them all, and put them all in a dull seething pot full of water, and make it to seeth at a glowe fire, and after let it waxe cold, and make a taper, and every man that shall see light of it shall seeme headlesse." Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," mentions as a valuable armlet "a ring made of the hoofe of an asse's right foot carried about." A tract written by a certain "A. B." in 1505, entitled "The Noblenesse of the Asse," is exceedingly laudatory of that excellent animal: "He refuseth no burden, he goes whither he is sent without any contradiction. He lifts not his foote against anyone; he bytes not; he is no fugitive, nor malicious affected. He doth all things in good sort, and to his liking that hath cause to employ him." But what chiefly fills the worthy author with admiration is the donkey's voice—his "goodly, sweet, and continual brayings," which form "a melodious and proportionate kind of musicke." "Nor thinke I," he adds, "that any of our immoderne musicians can deny but that their song is full of exceeding pleasure to be heard: because therein is to be discerned both concord-discord, singing in the meane, the beginning to sing in large compasse, then following on to rise and fall, the halfe note, whole note, musicke of five voices.

prime singing by four voices, three together, or one voice and a halfe. Then their variable contrarieties amongst them, when one delivers forth a long tenor, or a short, the pausing for time, breathing in measure, breaking the minim on very least moment of time. Last of all, to heare the musicke of five or six voices changed to so many of Asses, is amongst them to heare a song of world without end."

A certain King of Spain had good reason to appreciate the donkey's bray, as he was awakened by it just as the murderer's knife was at his throat; and in token of gratitude he ordained that all mankind should be called asses. It does not appear whether his faithful subjects appreciated the decree; though it has always been a mystery when and how a stupid person was first dubbed an ass. Coles, one of our early botanists, in his "Art of Simpling," says: "If asses chaunce to feed much upon hemlock, they will fall so fast asleep that they will seeme to be deade, insomuch that some, thinking them to be dead indeed, have flayed off their skins, yet after the hemlock had done operating, they have stirred and wakened out of their sleep, to the grief and amazement of the owners, and to the laughter of others."

A "learned ass" must, according to old Topsell, be a sufficiently remarkable quadruped. "There was a cunning player in Africa, in a city called Alcair, who taught an asse divers strange tricks or feats, for, in a publick spectacle, turning to his asse (being on a scaffold to show sport) he said, 'The great Sultan proposeth to build him an house. and shall need all the asses of Alcair to fetch and carry wood, stones, lime, and other necessaries for that business.' Presently the asse falleth down, turneth up his heels into the air, growneth, and shutteth his eyes fast as if he had been dead; while he lay thus, the player desired the beholders to consider his estate, for his asse was dead; he was a poor man, and, therefore, moved them to give him money to buy another asse. In the meantime, having gotten as much money as he could, he told the people he was not dead, but knowing his master's poverty, counterfeited in that manner, whereby he might get money to buy him provender, and, therefore, he turned again to his asse, and bid him arise, but he stirred not at all; then did he strike and beat him sore (as it seemed) to make him arise, but all in vain-the asse laid still. Then said the player again, 'Our Sultan hath commanded that to-morrow there be a great triumph without the city, and that all the noble women shall ride thither upon the finest asses, and this night they must be fed with oates and have the best water of Nilus to drink.' At the hearing thereof up started the asse, snorting and leaping for joy. Then said the player, 'The governor of this town hath desired me to lend him this, my asse, for his old deformed wife to ride upon,' at which words the asse hangeth down his ears, and understanding like a venerable creature, began to halt as if his legs had been out of joint. 'Why, but,' said the player, 'had thou lifer carry a fair young woman?' The asse wagged his head in token of consent to that bargain. 'Go, then,' said the player, 'and among all these fair women, choose one that thou mayest carry;' then the asse looketh round about the assembly, and at last went to a sober woman, and touched her with his nose, whereat the residue wondered and laughed, shutting up the sport with crying out, 'An asse's woman! an asse's woman!' and so the player went into another town."

Bloomfield's comical ballad of "The Fakenham Ghost" ought to be better known than it is, describing as it does with quiet drollery the terrors of an ancient dame trudging home from market in the twilight, and starting at every sound:—

The dappled herd of grazing deer, that sought the shades by day, Now started from her path with fear, and gave the stranger way. Darker it grew, and darker fears came o'er her troubled mind; When now a short quick step she hears come patting close behind.

She turn'd, it stopp'd; nought could she see upon the glowing plain, But as she strove the sprite to flee, she heard the same again. Now terror seized her quaking frame; for where the path was bare The trotting ghost kept on the same! She muttered many a prayer.

Yet once again, amidst her fright, she tried what sight could do, When, through the cheating glooms of night, a monster stood in view; Regardless of whate'er she felt, it followed down the plain! She owned her sins, and down she knelt, and said her prayers again.

Then on she sped, and hope grew strong, the white park gate in view, Which pushing hard, so long it swung, the ghost and all passed through. Loud fell the gate against the post, her heart-strings like to crack; For much she feared the grisly ghost would leap upon her back.

Still on, pat, pat, the goblin went, as it had done before! Her strength and resolution spent, she fainted at the door. Out came her husband much surprised, out came her daughter dear; Good-natured souls! all unadvised of what they had to fear.

The candle's gleam pierced through the night, some short space o'er the green, And there the little trotting sprite distinctly might be seen. An ass's foal had lost its dam within the spacious park, And simple as the playful lamb had followed in the dark.

No goblin he, no imp of sin, no crimes had ever known; They took the shaggy stranger in, and reared him as their own. His little hoofs would rattle round upon the cottage floor, The matron learned to love the sound that frightened her before. A favourite the ghost became, and 'twas his fate to thrive, And long he lived and spread his fame, and kept the joke alive: For many a laugh went through the vale, and some conviction too, Each thought some other goblin tale perhaps was just as true.

In Devonshire the peasantry believed that every Christmas Eve the ox and ass fell on their knees as the clock struck twelve; while an old legend avers that the curious crossed stripe on a donkey's back came after Our Lord made His entry into Jerusalem riding on an ass's colt. The Mahometans believe that Balaam's ass is one of the only three animals admitted into Paradise; the other two being the camel on which Mahomet fled from Mecca, and Kitmer, the dog of the Seven Sleepers.

The horse is widely known and commented on in history and legend. He has his adherents everywhere, and none have been more ardent in his praise than the ancient Persians, who looked on him as something sacred, led him in the van of the army, had legends of the beautiful creature saluting the sun, and taught their children, as the ne plus ultra of education, to draw the bow, to speak the truth, and to ride. In Greek mythology the chariot of the sun was drawn by four white steeds, Eos (eastern), Aithon (burning), Bronte (thunder), and Astrape (lightning); and we all remember what success attended Phaeton's attempt to control them! When Neptune and Minerva disputed about the yet unnamed Athens, they agreed that whoever should produce the gift most useful to man should be counted victor in the strife. He struck the ground, and the first horse appeared; she caused an olive-tree to grow, which. being considered the most useful article, won her cause for her. Greek, too, were the Centaurs, half-man, half-horse; the mares of Diomedes, who fed on human flesh, and whom Hercules captured: and Pegasus, the winged horse of the Muses, who sprang from the blood of Medusa. Nor should one overlook the notable horse of Troy! Al Borak—"the lightning"—was the horse that conveyed Mahomet from earth to the seventh heaven. It was milk white, with the wings of an eagle, and a human face. The old Norsemen held that day and night had each a horse, that of day being Skinfaxi (of the shining mane); that of night, Hrimfaxi (rime or frost mane). Odin possessed an eight-footed steed, called Sleipner (the slippery); and the giant Heimgrim was the happy owner of Gullfaxi (gold mane). Omens were derived from the neighings of horses; and the eating of their flesh was a religious rite; while a horse's head set on a pole was called a nithing-post, and brought evil to the person

towards whom its face was turned. The white horse still reigns as the badge of Kent and Hanover; and the "White Horse" in Berkshire must be fresh in the memory of all who have read of its "scouring." In saintly legend, Hippolytus is the patron saint of horses; and on his feast-day, August 15, they were led up for benediction in the Church of Royston, in Hertfordshire. Perhaps no other animal is so widely celebrated in fact and fiction, history, and legend. Passing by the famous enchanted horse in the "Arabian Nights," and the intelligent Comrade of Fortunio in the fairy tale, we come to the noble Bucephalus, whom none could ride but Alexander the Great, and who, wounded unto death at the battle of the Hydaspes, bore his master to a place of safety, and died. In that wonderful "Battle of Lake Regillus," told as none but Macaulay could have told it, we see the dark grey charger of the Tusculan Mamilius, and Black Auster, the steed of Herminius:

Black Auster was the fleetest steed From Aufidus to Po.

When the two champions lie dead together, slain each by the hand of the other, what a picture we get of their horses!

Fast, fast, with heels wild spurring, The dark grey charger fled: He burst through ranks of fighting men, He sprung o'er heaps of dead. His bridle far out-streaming, His flanks all blood and foam, He sought the southern mountains, The mountains of his home. The pass was steep and rugged, The wolves they howled and whined; But he ran like a whirlwind up the pass, And he left the wolves behind. Through many a startled hamlet Thundered his flying feet; He rushed through the gate of Tusculum, He rushed up the long white street! He rushed by tower and temple, And paused not from his race Till he stood before his master's door In the stately market-place.

Black Auster's loyal heart did not fail him even at that pass.

But, like a graven image,
Black Auster kept his place,
And ever wistfully he looked
Into his master's face.
The raven mane that daily,
With pats and fond caresses.

The young Herminia washed and combed,
And turned in even tresses,
And decked with coloured ribands
From her own gay attire,
Hung sadly o'er her father's corpse
In carnage and in mire.

Another Roman horse—Caligula's Incitatus—is noticeable for having been made a High Priest and Consul by his brainless master. and for having been fed on gilded oats, sweetmeats, and costly wines. which, unless he had a very remarkable equine constitution, must have disagreed with him, as must the almonds and raisins which formed his diet with Celer, the property of another Roman Emperor, Hereward's wonderful mare, Swallow, with her exceeding ungainliness, and equally astonishing speed, is a very important personage in his life-story; and one feels a curious lump in the throat while reading how her master himself dealt her death-blow rather than see her in the hands of his foes. Barbieca, the wonderful steed of the Cid, needed no guidance, and never made a mistake. As his master rode him past a mosque in the newly conquered city of Toledo, Barbieca fell on his knees. As this was a sure sign some holy relic was there concealed, the wall was pulled down, a stream of light flowed forth, and a crucifix which had been placed there for safety before the invasion of the Moors, disclosed the lamp still miraculously burning. Other notable steeds were Arundel—Hirondelle-belonging to Bevis, of Southampton; Black Agnes, the palfrey of Mary Stuart; Black Bess, the famous mare of Dick Turpin, which carried him from London to York; and Winnie, Tom Faggus's mare, well known to all readers of "Lorna Doone." A house in Cologne has two horses' heads carved in wood affixed to it; the legend thereunto belonging being that a noble lady died of the plague, and was hastily interred. The sexton noticed a costly ring on her finger, and went to the vault at night to rob the dead. But the lady was only in a trance, and the touch of the would-be thief aroused her. She rose from her coffin, and found her way home, where her knocks aroused a servant, who rushed to tell his master who it was. "Impossible!" said the husband, who does not seem to have been too charmed at the idea, "I would as soon believe my two grey horses should leave their stalls, and mount the stairs." Behold! a clatter and a trampling! and the horses were climbing steadily upwards to the garret! Convinced at last, the husband descended, found it was indeed his wife, and brought her in; and one hopes they were both grateful to the good grey steeds.

Another German legend tells of the old Knight of Altenahr,

besieged in his own castle, his daughters dead of starvation, rescue hopeless, death at hand:

So the foemen have fired the gate, men of mine;
And the water is spent and gone?
Then bring me a cup of the red Ahr wine,
I shall never drink but this one.

And reach me my harness and saddle my horse, And lead him me round to the door; He must take such a leap to-night perforce, As horse never took before.

So now to show bishop, and burgher, and priest, How the Altenahr hawk can die;
If they smoke the old falcon out of his nest
He must take to his wings and fly.

He harnessed himself by the clear moonshine,
And he mounted his horse at the door;
And he drained such a cup of the red Ahr wine
As man never drained before.

He spurred the old horse, and he held him tight, And he leapt him out over the wall; Out over the cliff, out into the night, Three hundred feet of fall!

One shudders to think of it! And yet the "Duchess May," in Mr. Browning's wonderful "Rhyme," does the like, that she may die with the husband she loved, and escape the Lord of Leigh. She was a blither ending to the leap taken by the bold brigand knight Eppelein von Garlingen, at Nüremberg, when, just before his execution, he prayed he might for one moment mount again his trusty steed. The compassionate burghers consented; and the rider, putting spurs to his horse, leapt over the low parapet into the moat, a hundred feet below, and, marvellous to relate, escaped! A horse worth having! So was Roland, who brought the good news from Ghent to Aix, where his two companions had died on the way, and who had

To bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate;
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of fire for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff coat, each holster let fall, Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all, Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear, Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer; Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good, Till at last into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

Mazeppa's dreadful ride is oddly parodied by John Gilpin's equally involuntary one, which, while Cowper's verse and Caldecott's sketches endure, will always be food for laughter-not more, however, than the narrative of Mr. Winkle's was, when he mounted the unruly quadruped which, he fondly hoped, would convey him to Dingley Dell. Famous horses are a dangerous subject, for one might multiply their names ad infinitum; but we must make space for those wonderful bronze horses who guard St. Mark's Cathedral in Venice—the only horses many a little Venetian has ever seen—who have had so many journeys, from Rome to Constantinople, from Constantinople to Venice, from Venice to Paris, under Napoleon's sway, and back again to Venice when he was worsted. And there they are to be seen to this day, "blazing in their breadth of golden strength," says Ruskin, in front of that most beautiful and glorious sanctuary, which has well been called "a pictorial Bible, which they who run might read."

In modern days a melancholy interest centres in the horses of Gravelotte, who, riderless, came at the trumpet's call, and ranged themselves in place, while the riders, who that morning had guided them, lay cold and dead:

Rosse wie Reiter verstehn den Appell;
Ruft die Trompete, so sind sie zur "Stell."
Ueber drei hundert hat man gezählt,
Rosse zu denen der Reitersmann fehlt.
Ueber drei hundert, O blutige Schlacht,
Die so viel Sättel hat ledig gemacht!
Ueber drei hundert, O tapfere Schaar,
Wo bei vier Mann ein Gefallener war!
Ueber drei hundert, O ritterlich Thier,
Ohne den Reiter noch treu dem Panier!
Wenn ihr die Tapfern von Gravelotte nennt,
Denkt auf der Rosse vom Leibregiment!

A curious entry in the household book of the Earl of Northumberland, in 1512, informs us minutely concerning his stable establishment. "This is the ordre of the Chequir roule of the nombre of all the horsys of my lordis and my ladys, that are apoynted to be in the charge of the hous yerely, as to say gentil hors, halfreys, hobys, naggis, clothsek hors. First, gentill hors, to stand in my

lordis' stable, six. Item, palfreys of my ladys, to wit, oone for my lady, and two for her gentill-woman, and oone for her chamberer. Four hobys and naggis for my lordis' oone saddill, viz. oone for my lorde to ride, oone to be led for my lorde, and oone to stay at home for my lorde. Item, chariot hors to stand in my lordis' stable yerely; seven great trottynge hors to draw in the chariott, and nagg for the chariott-man to ride, eight. Again, hors for my lorde Percy, his lordis sonne. A great double trottynge hors to travel on in winter. Item, double trottynge hors, called a curtal, for his lordship to ryde on out of townes. Another trottynge gambaldyn hors for his lordship to ryde upon when he comes into townes. An amblynge hors for his lordship to journey on daily. A proper amblyng little nag for his lordship when he gaeth on hunting or hawkin. A gret amblyng hors to carry his male." It may be well to explain that a gentill horse was a thoroughbred; a palfrey, a horse of easy paces, suitable for ladies: hobbys and nags were rather small animals, originally from Ireland; a clothseck horse was one who carried the cloth-bags; a great double-trottynge hors, a large, unwieldy animal, whose best pace was a trot; a curtal, one whose tail had been cut; and a gambaldyn horse, one who pranced and curvetted, and showed off his own good points and his rider's skill.

What his horse is to the Arab everyone knows—the most highly prized possession, the most jealously guarded treasure. Of one family, the Kochlani, the pedigree has been preserved for over 2,000 years, and they are said to be descended from the stud of Solomon. Each animal has its pedigree hung round its neck; and the subjoined is a translation of one carried by a horse purchased by a French officer: "In the name of God, the Merciful and Compassionate, and of Saed Mahomed, agent of the High God, and of the companions of Mohamed, and of Jerusalem. Praised be the Lord, the Omnipotent Creator. This is a high-bred horse, and its colt's tooth is here in a bag about its neck, with his pedigree, and of undoubted authority, such as no infidel can refuse to believe. He is the son of Rabbaney, out of the dam Labadah, and equal in power to his sire of the tribe of Zayhalah; he is finely moulded, and made for running like an ostrich. In the honours of relationship, he reckons Zulnah, sire of Mahat, sire of Kallac, and the unique Alket, sire of Manasseh, sire of Alsheh, father of the race down to the famous horse, the sire of Lahalala; and to him be ever abundance of green meat, and corn, and water of life as a reward from the tribe of Zayhalah; and may a thousand branches shade his carcase from the liyana of the tomb, from the howling wolf of the desert; and let

the tribe of Zayhalah present him with a festival within an inclosure of walls; and let thousands assemble at the rising of the sun in troops hastily, where the tribe holds up, under a canopy of celestial signs within the walls, the saddle with the names and family of the possessor. Then let them strike the bands with a loud noise incessantly, and pray to God for immunity for the tribe of Zoab, the inspired tribe." Abd-el-Kader, the famous Arab chief, writes thus concerning the animal: "Know, then, that it is admitted amongst us that Allah created the horse out of the wind, as he created man out of the mud. He said to the south wind, 'I will that a creature should proceed from thee, condense thyself,' and the wind condensed itself. Then came the Angel Gabriel and took a handful of this matter and presented to Allah, who formed of it a dark bay horse. Then he signed him with the sign of glory and good fortune—a star in the middle of the forehead." The Arabs tell us that Mahomet said: "If I were to gather together in one spot all the horses of the Arabs, and make them race against one another, it is the chestnut which would outstrip the rest." Notwithstanding their prophet's assertion, the favourite Arabian colour for a horse is white; and their rules concerning its hues are these:

- 1. "Take the horse white as a silken flag, without spot, with the circle of his eyes black."
- 2. The black. "He must be as black as night, without moon and stars."
- 3. The bay. "He must be nearly black, or streaked with gold."
  The chestnuts, the greys, and the yellow dams come next. The coats despised are the roan and the piebald, of which latter it is ungraciously remarked: "Flee him like the pestilence, for he is own brother to the cow."

Of the affection shown by rider and horse to each other there are many touching stories, none more so than the following, told by Wood, which, one likes to think, may be true: "There is still extant a record of an Arab horse who, with its master, was taken captive by an adverse tribe. During the night the man contrived to drag himself to the place where his favourite animal was picketed, and, bound as he was, to loosen its bonds. He knew full well that the horse would at once return to his own tribe. However, the horse, when free, refused to stir, and not all the whispered commands of his master could induce him to move. He seemed to be quite at a loss to discover why his master did not at once mount on his back, instead of lying helpless on the ground. At last the truth flashed on him. He stooped over his prostrate master, grasped his robe

between his teeth, lifted him from the ground, and dashed out of the hostile encampment at full speed; nor did he slacken his speed until he arrived at the encampment of his own tribe. He laid his bound and wounded master at the door of his tent, and then sank lifeless to the ground."

In the conquests of Peru and Mexico horses were important factors. The Indians had never seen such creatures, and believed that horse and man were one gigantic animal; and Pizarro is said to have owed his life to the fact that, being on one occasion hotly pursued, he had a fall from his horse, on which his pursuers retreated in consternation, believing that by some exercise of white magic the one animal had divided itself into two. In our own land many a quaint superstition entwined itself around horseshoes. They brought good luck, and were accordingly nailed on walls and doors; and a friendly wish was: "May the horseshoe never be pulled from thy threshold." At Oakham, in Rutlandshire, every passenger through the town had to leave a horseshoe, or a sum of money in default, at the Hall—a custom complied with by the Iron Duke and our own Queen. As John of Gaunt rode through Lancaster his horse cast a shoe. It was picked up and fixed in the middle of the street. When it wore out a new one was put, which has been renewed again and again—whence the place is called Horseshoe Corner.

BARBARA CLAY FINCH.

# AN EVENING IN A MOORISH CAFÉ.

ASHMI, the café-keeper, was in the best of humours. His house was full, and doing a brisk trade. Fattah, the negro, was keeping the company merry, so he brewed a fresh pot of real "Meccan" in view of coming demands. The surroundings were grimy, and outside the rain came down in torrents; but that was a decided advantage, since it drove men to take refuge indoors and helped to keep them there. Mesaôd, the one-eyed, had finished an elaborate tuning of his two-stringed banjo, his ginbri—a home-made instrument—and was proceeding to arrive at a convenient pitch of voice for his song. With a strong nasal accent he commenced to recount the loves of Si Marzak and his fair Azeezah, how he addressed her in the fondest of language, and how she replied by caresses. When he came to the chorus they all chimed in, to their own tune and time for the most part, as they rocked to and fro, some clapping, some beating their thighs, and all applauding at the end. The whole of the ditty would not bear translation—for English ears, and the scanty portion which may be given has lost its rhythm and cadence by the change, for Arabic is very soft and beautiful to those who understand it. The time has come when Azeezah, having quarrelled with Si Marzak in a fit of perhaps too well founded jealousy, desires to "make it up again," and thus addresses her beloved:

"Oh, how I have followed thy attractiveness,
And halted between give and take!
Oh, how I'd from evil have protected thee
By my advice, hadst thou but heeded it!
Yet to-day taste, O my master,
Of the love that thou hast taught to me.

"Oh, how I have longed for the pleasure of thy visits,
And poured out bitter tears for thee;
Until at last the sad truth dawned on me
That of thy choice thou didst put me aside!
Yet to-day taste, O my master,
Of the love that thou hast taught to me.

- "Thou wast sweeter than honey to me,
  But thou hast become more bitter than gall.
  Is it thus thou beginnest the world?
  Beware lest thou make me thy foe!
  Yet to-day taste, O my master,
  Of the love that thou hast taught to me.
- "I have hitherto been but a name to thee,
  And thou took'st to thy bosom a snake,
  But to-day I perceive thou'st a fancy for me:
  O God, I will not be deceived!
  Yet to-day taste, O my master,
  Of the love that thou hast taught to me.
- "Thou know'st my complaint and my only cure;
  Why, then, wilt thou heal me not?
  Thou canst do so to-day, O my master,
  And save me from all further woe.
  Yes, to-day taste, O my master,
  Of the love that thou hast taught to me."

#### To which the hard-pressed swain replies:

- "Of a truth, thine eyes have bewitched me,
  For death itself is in fear of them:
  And thine eyebrows, like two logs of wood,
  Have battered me each in his turn.
  So if thou say'st die, I'll die,
  And for God shall my sacrifice be.
- "I have neither yet died, nor abandoned hope,
  Though slumber at night I ne'er know.
  With the staff of deliverance still afar off,
  So that all the world knows of my woe.
  And if thou say'st die, I'll die,
  But for God shall my sacrifice be."

While the singing had proceeded, Saïd and Drees had been indulging in a game of draughts, and as it ceased their voices could be heard in eager play. "Call thyself a Mâllem (master)! There—thy father was bewitched by a hyena—there, and there again," shouted Sáïd, as he swept a first, a second, and a third of his opponent's pieces from the board. But Drees was equal with him in another move. "So, verily, thou art my master. So let us praise God for thy wisdom: thou art like unto him who indeed shot the fox, but who killed his cow with the second shot! See, thus I teach thee to boast before thy betters; ha! I laugh at thee, I ride the donkey on thy head! I shave that beard of thine," he ejaculated, while he took one piece after another from his adversary as the result of an incautious move. The board had the appearance of a

well-kicked footstool, and the "men," called "dogs" in Barbary, were more like baseless chess pawns. The play was as unlike that of Europeans as possible, the moves from "room" to "room" were of lightning swiftness, and accompanied by a running fire of slang ejaculations, chiefly sarcastic, but, on the whole, enlivened with a vein of playful humour not to be Englished politely. Just as the bystanders would become interested in the progress of one or the other, a too rapid advance by either would result in an incomprehensible clearing of the board wholesale by his opponent's sleeve. Yet, without a stop, the pieces would be replaced in order, and a new game commenced, the vanquished too proud to acknowledge that he did not quite see how the victor had won.

Then Fattah, whose forte was mimicry, attracted the attention of the company by a representation of a fat Wazeer at prayers. roars of laughter he succeeded in rising to his feet with the help of those beside him, who had still to lend occasional support, as his knees threatened to give way under his apparently ponderous carcase. Before and behind his shirt was well stuffed with cushions, and the sides were not forgotten. His cheeks were puffed out to the utmost, and his eyes rolled superbly. At last the moment came for him to go on his knees, when he had to be let gently down by his attendants: but his efforts to bow his head, now top-heavy with a couple of shirts for a turban, were the most ludicrous, as he fell on one side in his vain endeavours. The spectators roared with laughter till the tears were coursing down their cheeks; but that black and solemn face remained unmoved, and at the end of the prescribed motions the pseudo great man apparently fell into slumber as heavy as himself, and snored in a style that a prize pig might have envied.

"Aafuk! Aafuk!" the deafening bravos resounded, for Fattah had excelled himself, and was amply rewarded by the collection

which followed.

A tale was next called for from a jovial man of Fez, who, nothing

loth, began at once:

"Evening was falling, as across the plain of Haba trudged a weary traveller. The cold wind whistled through his tattered garments. The path grew dim before his eyes. The stars came out one by one, but no star of hope shone for him. He was faint and hungry. His feet were sore. His head ached. He shivered.

"' May God have pity on me!' he muttered.

"God heard him. A few minutes later he descried an earthly star—a solitary light was twinkling on the distant hillside. Thitherward he turned his steps.

"Hope rose within him. His step grew brisk. The way seemed clear. Onward he pushed.

"Presently he could make out the huts of a village.

"'Thank God!' he cried; but still he had had no supper.

"His empty stomach clamoured. His purse was empty also. The fiendish dogs of the village yelped at him. He paused discomfited. He called.

"Widow Zaïdah stood before her light. 'Who's there?'

"' A God-guest."

"'In God's name, then, welcome. Silence there, curs!'

"Abd el Hakk approached. 'God bless thee, my mother, and repay thee a thousandfold.'

"But Zaïdah herself was poor. Her property consisted only of a hut and fowls. She set before him eggs—two, hard-boiled; bread also. He thanked God. He ate.

"'Yes, God will repay,' she said.

"Next day Abd el Hakk passed on to Marrákesh. There, God blessed him. Years passed on: one, two, three, four, five, six, seven. Abd el Hakk was rich. Meloodi, the gossip, disliked him. Said he to Widow Zaïdah, 'Abd el Hakk, whom once thou succouredst, is rich. Thy two eggs were never yet paid for. Hadst thou not given them to him they would have become two chickens. These would each have laid hundreds. Those hundreds, when hatched, would have laid their thousands. In seven years ——! Think to what amount Abd el Hakk is indebted to thee! Sue him!'

"Widow Zaïdah listened. What is more, she acted. Abd el Hakk failed to appear to rebut the claim. He was worth no more.

"'Why is the defendant not here?' asked the judge.

"'My lord,' said the attorney, 'he is gone to sow boiled beans.'

"'Boiled beans!'

"'Boiled beans, my lord."

"'Is he mad?'

"' He is very wise, my lord."

"'Thou mockest!'

"' My lord, if boiled eggs can be hatched, sure boiled beans can grow.'

"" Dismissed with costs."

"The tree that bends with every wind that blows will seldom stand upright."

A round of applause acknowledged the well-told tale, whereas the gestures of the speaker had told even more than his words. But

the merriment of the company only began there, for forthwith a Babel of tongues was occupied in the discussion of all the points of the case, in imagining every impossible or humorous alternative, and laughter resounded on every side, as the glasses were quickly refilled with an innocent drink.

J. E. BUDGETT MEAKIN.

## THE DIRGE OF LOVE.

IRED at heart, ere I could grieve, Late upon an autumn eve, I fell slumbering, it would seem, Deep into an autumn dream. Forests rose in failing light, Touched with sunset, dim with night; Leaves that fell from branches bare Through the mellow autumn air: Wandering streams that one by one Caught the last rays of the sun; Darkness that could yet unfold Flowers and fruit of autumn gold. Flashed a passing gleam of light, Swept at once to depths of night, As, through darkness weirdly sailing, Came the sound of distant wailing. Strange the voice, its murmur dread Stirred the branches overhead: From the silence far on high, Answering, came a moaning cry, Echoing, plaintive, from above: My heart said, The Dirge of Love.

Rose a wood. In spectral height Trees were flung upon the night; Tall they stood, their branches bare, Giant-like, thrown against the air. Dark were evening depths between, Save one distant, lingering sheen, Where through branches pallidly Shone the golden autumn sky. Then, as shadows' flickering grace, Mute, can fill an empty space, Silent as a voiceless pain, Shadowy, came a funeral train.

Slow they came; their footsteps' tread, Where the fallen leaves were spread, Low beneath the spectres bare, Noiseless, stirred the trembling air. Voiceless, wandering, mute, and slow, Dark their forms as phantom woe, Though where shadowy pall was thrown Golden autumn flowers were strown. Silent all: yet, as they trod Printless footsteps on the sod, Through the branches' depth of night, Shuddering breeze, or distant light, Thrilled around them and above One sad note, the Dirge of Love.

Love lay cold! Around his head Many an autumn flower was spread; Many a phantom near his pall Pressed to grace Love's funeral. Hope had lyre with broken strings; Faith went by with folded wings; Sorrow turned her face and said, "All unwatched this dying bed: Not a mourner's hand," she cried, "Smoothed Love's pillow as he died. Ah, Love! prompt in service true, Is none left of all he knew? Ah! from earth, where late he shone. Has the last remembrance gone? Silent world and realms above! Can none raise the Dirge of Love?"

Silent all. In stillness deep
Sank the woods, as if to sleep;
Holding breath in bitterest pain,
Shadowy, stood the funeral train,
Mute—till sudden, sharp and clear,
Stabbed with anguish, torn with fear,
Through the stillness piercingly
Came the human mourner's cry,
Sharp as if in silence dread
Passionate strength had gathered
(Wind that breaks upon a frost).
"Love! my Love!"—its voice was lost.

Then once more, with accent shrill (Wind that beats against a hill), Keen with sharpest edge of care, Rose the voice of its despair; Rose—and at that anguish all, Shadowy train and phantom pall, Winds that moaned in trees above, Paused to hear the Dirge of Love.

Rose the Dirge. Like shuddering fears Comes its voice across the years, Wild as if it cried to me With a whole world's agony.

"Love! my Love!" it cried; and shrill, "Ah! Love! Love!" went echoing still. "Cold and dead!" With sobs opprest, Sank the wail once more to rest. Rising then, as storms arise, Torn with tempest, wild with cries, Passionate autumn winds above, Wailing came the Dirge of Love.

"Love! Love! come!" It sank in pain.
"Love! come! seek my life again.
Canst thou hear me call, and lie
Unresponsive to the cry,
Thou, who in the days of old,
Hastenedst ere the plaint was told?

Ah! Love! Love!
Tried, forsaken, bought and sold,
Played for counters, lost for gold,
All the world henceforth shall be
Cold and grey for loss of thee.
Never more shall darkness' sway
Yield before the light of day;
Never, when the storms have passed,
Shall the white rays break at last.
Yet if ever star hath shone
On the shades where thou art gone,
Hear me from the distant shore.
I—I need thee. Come once more!

Love! my Love! Come! I call thee—from the bed Even of death to wake the dead. From the depth of night and pain Visit once my heart again.
Let me, wild with glad surprise,
Seek for heaven in thine eyes;
Tossed with all the world's alarms,
Rush for shelter to thine arms;
Or, in sharpest wail for rest,
Find my comfort on thy breast.

Love! come!

Through the darkness see— See! I stretch my arms to thee. Proud no longer, I entreat But for triumph at thy feet. Come! the grave shall hear my call! Prone upon the ground I fall. Dark my heart with speechless fears, Blind my eyes with night and tears, Fallen, on the earth I lie, Cry to thee through misery. Canst thou, though the grave be deep, Fail to hear me when I weep? Didst thou ever let me feel Left to pain that thou couldst heal? Now in my supremest pain, Love, come, seek my life again. Rise as though the morning shone . . . Silent! . . . Is the last hope gone? Ah! Love! Love!"

The wailing cry
Surged in echoes from on high,
Through the tumult rising thus
Voices multitudinous—
Lives as if by lightning cleft,
Mother of her child bereft,
Friendship like wind-scattered foam,
Passionate grief, dishonoured home;
Each distinct in its refrain,
Pierced with individual pain,
Till united anguish broke
In one tempest. I awoke.

### TABLE TALK.

#### CURIOSITY CONCERNING HUMAN INFIRMITY.

I N order to form an estimate of the potentialities of human nature, it is necessary that we take stock of its infirmities and its vices. Not difficult is the task to those capable of undertaking it, for revelation of what is least satisfactory in our common nature is what we all daily furnish. It is only when our curiosity concerning others becomes vulgar and abject, as much of it is, or is calculated to give pain to the living, that it becomes wholly contemptible. Who that has called on a Sunday afternoon on a friend living in a quiet street or square, and has given a rat-tat-tat, which in the calm of the conditions has widely resounded, has not seen half a dozen noses flattened against window-panes in order to see who was calling at Number 16? Such curiosity, excusable only because of the selfimposed limitations upon Sunday occupation of the English middle classes, is very human and very ignoble. On the same low level I am disposed to rank curiosity concerning all affairs of people living or dead into which we have no right to inquire. "The evil that men do lives after them," and it is just and inevitable that the irregularities of genius should teach their lesson. rightly go to posterity as a cut-throat, Marlowe as a roué, Rochester as a debauchee. The lesson, sad and humiliating as it may be, that brilliant capacity is no guarantee for moral excellence, is taught us again and again. All against which I protest is an unsavoury delight in detail. To the anatomist of our human system things have rightly a sort of scientific beauty as indications or revelations which to the private individual breed disgust or nausea. is fitting that the general public should be excluded, as practically it is, from the dissecting-room or the abattoir. I personally should feel no great admiration for the man who in the case of either institution wished to break through the consign.

#### PIQUANT MEMOIRS.

THE class of memoirs which have suggested the previous reflections is, of course, typified by the Greville Memoirs. can only be published long after the writer is dead, and when most of those with whom he deals have also passed away. If given to the world during the lifetime of the writer, the scandals would bring upon him a host of "hornets armed." It is scarcely conceivable, indeed, that the system of duelling, which it is our special boast to have banished from our midst, would not stand a chance of revival. Such things, though dealing perhaps with more important interests, constitute the society journalism of yesterday. Incidentally they furnish scraps of historical information it is perhaps desirable to possess. The general appeal is, however, to what is poorest and least respectable in our nature. They may not claim to be human documents even, in the sense in which that term is applied to the degrading confidences of Rousseau, the turpitudes of Jacques Casanova de Seingalt, or the almost more objectionable avowals of Monsieur Nicholas. If some of the books I mention are unknown to my readers, let them give thanks to God, and rest therewith content. They (my readers) are not presumably among those to whom the display of human perversity and criminality comes as scientific revelation.

#### THE LATEST INDISCRETION.

I N what I proceed to say I am compelled to be even more obscure— 1 to the majority somewhat transparently so, to use a bull—than I was in my previous sentences. To be otherwise, and to supply real names, would be to be guilty of the very actions I reprobate. In one of the most estimable of our magazines, against the conduct of which I have nothing to urge, there have recently appeared portions of an animated and strictly private correspondence between two persons of opposite sexes, both equally distinguished. letters were written with no view to ultimate publication, and deal freely with the characters in the world around the writers. The correspondents are dead. Not so the persons with whom they deal. I read, accordingly, things calculated to bring poignant pain to persons still among us. For instance, I read-mentioning no namesthat so and so, indicating a well-known Shakespearian scholar, says of a certain eminent actor that his Hamlet is "simply hideous." A wellknown writer, married to an eminent artist, is treated with some

saucy, though scarcely ill-natured, chaff, indicative of the supposed supremacy of what in proverbial wisdom is called "the grey mare." Now, the writer of these things would on no account, if alive, have permitted them to get into print during the lifetime of those concerned. I hold it, therefore, indiscreet and culpable on the part of his literary executor to have permitted their appearance. Death pays all debts and removes all responsibilities from the person who has passed away, but not from those who have charge of his estate or his memory.

#### THE LIMITS OF EDITORIAL RESPONSIBILITY.

WILL utter one further growl on a subject which I will then abandon. I cannot say that abandon. I cannot say that, in my opinion, any period arrives that justifies indiscretion concerning women who have had no sustained or avowed relations with poets. We should all be glad to know the name of that "mistress"—the term had not then the signification since assigned to it-of Shakespeare, concerning whom he says that her "eyes are raven black," and that "black wires grow on her head." It would be, moreover, unnecessarily squeamish to desire reticence concerning the relations to women of Shelley or Byron or the theories of life advocated and practised by George Eliot and George Henry Lewes. As well be sensitive to the relations between Helen and Paris or Cleopatra and Mark Antony. Burns, however, as a poet sprung from humble stock, was indiscreetly and culpably boastful of casual favours. Take poems such as "The Lass that made the Bed to Me," or "Yestreen, I had a Pint of Wine," and no very morbid sense of delicacy is requisite to feel that the statements contained in each had better never have been made, or, having been made, should have been left severely alone. Editors, however, think differently, and the editors of Burns have run down the poor women, light or loving, who have given Burns opportunity for his unchivalric boast. They tell us that Anna, whose golden head reposed on the breast of the Scottish poet, was a Miss ---, the daughter of a certain innkeeper at ---. I maintain that no passage of time vindicates such assertion, which serves no purpose. When a woman shares and influences the life of a great man, it is well we should know all about her. Whether one woman or another lightened, for an occasion, the solitude of Burns's life or shared his carouse is a matter that may decently be allowed to lapse into oblivion.

#### MEDIÆVAL VIEWS ON SEXUAL RELATIONS.

COME views entertained in mediæval times concerning the relations of the sexes appear to us to-day curiously primitive and simple. I have always esteemed the "Arrêts d'Amour" (Arresta Amorum) of Martial of Auvergne, a Procureur in Paris during the time of Louis XI., and a notary at the Châtelet, as one of the most instructive, and in a sense edifying, works of the fifteenth century. The book is, perhaps, to a great extent a jeu d'esprit. It gives in a sort of judicial jargon, then in use in Paris, judgments on imaginary cases of gallantry and love. It has, however, all the spirit of the twelfth century, and it practically develops the teaching of a book of that period of singular rarity, the "De Arte Amatoria et Reprobatione Amoris" of Andreas Capellanus. All that we know of Andreas. or André, is that he obtained his name of Chapelain from being chaplain at the French Court, presumably that of Philip Augustus. His work was written for the instruction of a certain young gentleman named Gautier, who, on the point of entering the world, consulted a learned and pious priest as to his conduct in life. The book is in two parts, the second and much shorter portion being in a sense the answer to the earlier. In that earlier portion our priest is not at the slightest trouble to enforce ordinary Christian views concerning chastity, or even to counsel constancy in love. He glorifies, on the contrary, in the crudest and strangest fashion, the system of yielding to your sympathies or desires, and the most volatile transference of affection. This curiously uncanonical work has not been accepted into the Church, and has never, so far as I know, been translated. Its teaching remains discreetly hidden in the original Latin, and is not likely to be dragged thence and commended to general study.

#### TROUBADOUR ETHICS.

THIS work depicts the views of life generally held and expressed in the times of Richard Cœur de Lion—in the period, that is, of the Troubadours—and judicially delivered in the Courts of Love. Raynouard and writers of his school hold, I am aware, that the decrees of these famous Courts were academic, fictitious, and in a sense jocular. They are at least held to have nothing judicial about them. This is so far true that the sentences delivered could only amount to banishing from the society of the ladies constituting the Courts of Love the criminal hardy enough to dispute their verdicts.

Later writers have taken a different view from that of Raynouard, and have seen more force in the decisions quoted. My own study of the subject has not been close and deep enough to justify me in siding with either of the disputants. My common sense shows me, however, that these decisions attest the views of morality then entertained. As such they cast a light, as I have said, upon sexual relations in those times. What is, as I shall show, practically deducible from these things is, that love was veritably lord of all. Marriage, position, rank, were no barrier to the proclamation of love, nor, though access was barred, or complicated rather, by a fantastic etiquette and a curious metaphysical jargon of pleading, to its fruition. So prevalent and potent was the heresy that husbands dare not place themselves in an attitude of avowed hostility. They hadno easy task-to keep so far as possible their fair and vivacious spouses out of danger. In case their precautions failed, and the undesired result was reached, nobles had in those days methods of vindicating their honour or avenging an affront which may be studied in the novelle of Matteo Bandello or even in the "Contes Drolatiques" of Balzac.

#### THE COURTS OF LOVE.

M Y attention has been specially directed to this subject by the appearance of "The Troubadours and Courts of Love" of Mr. John Frederick Rowbotham, which forms the opening volume of a new series of works, to be called the "Social England Series," devoted to the task of depicting the social life in this country as exemplified in religion, commerce, art, literature, science, agriculture, and the like. Mr. Rowbotham, who is best known for his scientific and advanced "History of Music," a subject kindred with that with which he now deals, has given a bright, readable, and fairly ample account of the origin of the Courts of Love, and their final extinction under the persecution to which the Albigenses were subject. He has simplified my task by supplying translations of many of the decisions of these quaint institutions, and the general rules laid down for the conduct of lovers. Many of these utterances are commonplace and frivolous as can be-e.g. "A person who is the prey of love eats little and sleeps little;" or "Every lover is accustomed" (? expected) "to grow pale at the sight of his lady-love." Others of what are termed the Laws of Love are, however, unmistakably significant and dangerous: "Marriage cannot be pleaded as an excuse for refusing to love;" "It is not becoming to love those

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

ladies who only love with a view to marriage; " and "Love can deny nothing to love." The last utterance is sufficiently outspoken to show how serious a menace to conjugal peace and felicity these amorous courts must have been, and how veritable playing with fire were the sports in which their members indulged.

#### A DECISION IN A COURT OF LOVE.

E NGLAND takes a prominent position in Mr. Rowbotham's history, through its possession in Richard Cœur de Lion of a Troubadour king, who wrote sirventes, though not, so far as has yet been learnt, of a specially amorous kind. Queen Eleanor of England also presided over a Court of Love, and here is one of her judgments. The case is as follows: "A gentleman was deeply smitten with a lady who had given her affections to another. She was, however, so [far] favourable to him, that she promised if ever a time should arrive when she should be deprived of her first lover she would then give ear to his prayers and adopt him as the successor. A little time afterwards the lady and her first lover married. The gentleman immediately, pleading a decision of the Countess of Champagne, demanded the love of the newly married lady, for in that decision it was solemnly laid down that real love cannot exist between married people. The lady, however, resisted his application, declaring that she had not lost the love of her lover by marrying him" (p. 253). The decision of Queen Eleanor, after the careful deliberation of the Court, was as follows: "We are not inclined to controvert the decision of the Countess of Champagne, to the effect that true love cannot exist between married people. This, a solemn and deliberate decree of the afore-mentioned Court, ought to hold good. Accordingly, we order that the lady grant to her imploring lover the favours which he so earnestly entreats, and which she so faithfully has promised." A mixture, such as this, of futility and extravagance is not specially edifying to study. All light upon human progress is. however, of value, and the Courts of Love of Provence paved the way to the extravagances of Marinism in Italy, Gongorism in Spain. and Euphuism in England, and to many fantastic proceedings with which Shakespeare and Molière have dealt.

# GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

May 1895.

## HOW TO LIVE ON NOTHING A YEAR.

By Mrs. E. T. Cook.

Tom and Nellie were anxious to be married. They had been engaged for three whole years, but seemed no nearer marrying than at first; rather less, in fact, for Tom's uncle—who had fostered "expectations" in his nephew's breast—now cruelly married his cook, and turned poor Tom adrift. A struggling artist, it is well known, has no assets; and Nellie was even more penniless, being, indeed, dependent upon cousins for her daily bread. So the young couple, foreseeing no better state of things in the near future, determined to take the law into their own hands. Nellie did not consult her guardians, for the very sensible reason that she did not intend to take their advice; Tom had no guardians to consult; and one fine day they went out and were married.

Tom had fifty pounds laid by as a nest-egg; Nellie, only five; and after a week's pleasant honeymooning in a canoe on the river, it became necessary to look matters in the face. They must live; and where and how to live was the difficulty. Not even a "home," in the slum sense of the word, was theirs; not even the proverbial

Three old chairs and half a candle, One old jug without a handle,

possessed by the lovelorn Yonghy Bonghy Bo, could they boast of. Lodgings were beyond their means; boarding-houses equally out of the question. And it was imperative that Tom should be in London. Then Tom slowly unfolded his plan. In his long pre-matrimonial Sunday rambles round town, he had one day, near Finchley, chanced

upon a deserted barn, of picturesque red brick, an antiquated thing facing the high road that somehow or other had escaped destruction. He had made enquiries, and ascertained that they could live there for a merely nominal rent. Two bedrooms might be made out of the loft; the barn was not in bad repair, and it was *very* picturesque.

"But we can't live on picturesqueness," remarked Nellie, who

was of a more practical turn of mind.

"Wait till you see it," said Tom stoutly, and they went to see it accordingly. The barn was certainly a good "bit" for a picture; but inside it was decidedly dusty. It consisted of a big loft, to which a step ladder led up, and a downstairs room with a stone floor, partitioned into two. To a housekeeper's eye, however, it did not at first sight look inviting. The few windows were pancless slits; straggling grass grew close up to the door. The worst of picturesqueness is that it is so near akin to dirt! Near the deserted barn was a gate leading to an equally deserted red-brick house that looked as if it had known better days. It was even more dilapidated than its barn, which occupied the place of a lodge at its gates. Tom visited the agent. The mystery was soon solved—the house was haunted! It's wonderful what a ghost will do in the way of scaring probable tenants and keeping down rents.

"It ain't only that," said the agent, who was very confidential, "but you see the 'ouse wants thoroughly repairing, and the landlord ain't naturally going to repair it on spec, as yer might say, if nobody ain't a comin' to live there."

Tom was an astute fellow at a bargain; he was closeted long with that agent, and came out victorious. He and Nellie were to take possession of the barn; he was to be at liberty to put in partitions, glaze windows, etc., at his own expense; and he was to pay no rent at all on consideration of the following conditions:

1. That he and Nellie were to act as caretakers in charge, and show any probable buyers over the house and grounds.

2. That Nellie was to keep the place looking neat, and the stone steps of the mansion duly hearthstoned.

3. That they were to do all in their power to discredit the ghost rumour in the neighbourhood.

Tom, like many other artists, was rather Bohemian in his attire; the agent, who was beery, was not very sharp-sighted, and he took Tom and Nellie for respectable working people. He thought the house might stand a better chance of letting if he installed caretakers in the barn who would keep the place spruce and neat. So the matter was arranged to the satisfaction of all parties. Out of the

thirty pounds that Tom now had remaining, he spent five on improvements. A glazier and carpenter were sent for; windows were put in, wooden planks covered at least half of the stone flooring, while the more glaring holes were decently mended with plaster. The repairs might not perhaps have altogether satisfied a Reformed Vestry, but they satisfied this newly-married couple. A few articles of necessary furniture were hired from Tottenham Court Road, and Tom and Nellie moved triumphantly into their new abode. To their delighted eyes the barn seemed the most luxurious of abodes. Carpenters and charwomen had worked a wondrous transformation, and now Tom and Nellie did all that remained to be done themselves. How delicious did not that first steak taste, cooked by Nellie's hands on the cheap oil cooking-stove! How charming it all seemed to Nellie herself can only be guessed by those who for years, like her, have eaten the bread of charity.

Nellie was pleased, too, with her new duties. "Cleaning the steps every morning will be so invigorating," she cried, delightedly waving aloft a fine piece of hearthstone.

Tom pretended that he could not bear his Nellie to do such menial work. Men do have these innocent delusions in early married life. "I shall do it myself," he grunted.

"Whoever saw a man cleaning the steps?" cried Nellie. "People would think you a lunatic! No, it's the housewife's duty."

Tom installed his easel in the biggest ground-floor partition, converted old boxes into comfortable lounges with Nellie's aid, and draped them with cheap silks and remnants. Tom had an artist's eye for colour, and Nellie made long shopping expeditions to various "clearance sales," obtaining a vast result for a modicum of expense. The "chimney corner"—Tom had had a hole made in the roof and an iron flue carried up to it—looked quite an inviting nest; and it seemed, to Tom and Nellie at least, more beautiful than any of the æsthetic "ingle neuks" at the fashionable furniture shops. In the other ground-floor partition of the barn was Nellie's oil cookingstove, already mentioned, together with the fewest possible kitchen requirements. Cheap curtains kept out the draughts; a new door which had been fixed to the barn was painted by Tom an artistic greeny-blue; and altogether, the young couple seemed only too happy.

Nellie now dated her note-paper "The Grange, Finchley"—(the "Grange" was the local name given to the big, unoccupied mansion at the back; but what did that matter? the letters were all left at the barn)—and indited a penitent letter to her cousins telling them

of her marriage, her happiness, and begging them to show their forgiveness for her deception by sending her promptly her few possessions and clothes. Needless to say, Nellie said nothing about the barn; no, she described her home as a terrestrial paradise, and breathed not a word of money difficulties. Nellie was always proud, and now that she had Tom and her barn, she felt that she could indeed defy fortune.

The letter soon had an answer. The cousins might, perhaps, write with a certain stiffness, but they were not above congratulating Nellie on her present "so very unexpected" good fortune; they expressed a vague wish to visit her at some future date; and last, but not least, they sent the precious boxes. Then what a delightful time did Nellie enjoy, and what treasures did she not disinter! All their joint books she arranged on a bookshelf of Tom's own making that formed a convenient shelf round the room. It was really wonderful what a carpenter Tom turned out to be! He felt, if possible, even prouder of himself than Nellie was of him.

Nellie was a pretty girl, with a good share of pluck, and she was a woman of invention too. What with one expense and another, they had now only  $f_{,20}$  left of their store. Tom must finish and sell his picture before they could get more; and she used to lie awake at night and think how to make money (hearing, during the night watches, no ghosts indeed, but many rats). A brilliant idea at last struck her. She would buy an incubator second-hand and rear and sell chickens! One might be got cheap; she had some experience of fowls, and the kitchen partition was just the place for the incubator. No sooner said than done. Nellie did not let the grass grow under her feet. She went next day and bargained for a nice second-hand incubator at the shop in Regent Street. Then she invested in a lot of eggs, bought through the Exchange and Mart, and having safely deposited them in the incubator, sat down to await results. Not that she really did sit down, for she was perpetually flying hither and thither, now attending to Tom, now hanging up a picture in a home-made frame, and, most important of all, never forgetting to hearthstone the steps.

Everything conspired to help Nellie's thriftiness. The barn, as we said, looked on to the high road, and the tradesmen on their daily rounds, seeing Nellie's pretty rosy face at the window or door, used to nod pleasantly. One day the local milkman—a young man with a keen eye to business—stopped and accosted her.

"Expectin' the folks at the big 'ouse, are yer?" he asked in a friendly manner. "Well, now, I'll jest tell yer what I'll do. I'll

bring yer a quart of best nursery milk, free, every blessed mornin', if so be as yer'll tell 'em, when they come, as ourn is prime milk."

Nellie felt dreadfully abashed. It seemed so like pure charity. "Perhaps they won't ever come," she stammered. The milkman, however, mistook her blushes and confusion for pleasure; he filled his quart pail and departed, leaving it on the step. Nellie was embarrassed with the quart pail. It wouldn't go away, so she was bound to pick it up; and it wouldn't keep, so they were equally bound to drink it.

But Nellie's conscience rapidly hardened, for other enterprising tradesmen soon followed in the milkman's wake. Every day she would receive some offering—even the groats on which she fed her incubator chickens were now and again presented to her by the grocer. Nellie longed for the "Family" to appear at the "Grange"; her obligations galled her. But still they showed no signs of appearing.

Tom, meanwhile, was intent upon a great picture that was, he dreamed, to bring him fame. The barn gave a very fair light, and when the easel was placed carefully in the best position, it did not make at all a bad studio. The idea for his picture was a poor old couple in the country receiving a letter, after long years, from their far-away sailor son. As yet he had only made sketches for the picture, and Nellie (who chafed terribly at being kept from her incubator and her various avocations) had had successively to do duty for each of the two in turn. But the result was naturally not very life-like, and therefore, one morning Tom's joy was extreme when the very ideal pair happened to pass by their house, or, rather, their barn. He promptly proposed to them to come in and have some refreshment, and sat studying them with the delighted eye of an artist. They were certainly picturesque, and as they became less shy and more loquacious they told Ton that they were travelling to seek work in London, and had been half the year on the tramp, having been turned out of their little cottage on the Welsh frontier because they couldn't pay the rent.

"Yer see, sir, times was mortal bad," said the old dame, who was rosy and cheery though verging on sixty; "and my old man, 'e broke 'is arm, just on harvesting time; and 'is club, that wasn't enough to keep us with the little work I could get—and so, 'ere we are; and our names are Mr. and Mrs. Bunch, at your service, sir."

Tom called Nellie aside, and there was a cogitation, which ended in Tom's offering the two tramps a month's engagement at 5s. per week, with lodging, and part of their board. It wasn't much, Tom reflected, considering what one usually has to pay for models; and

then what a success the picture would be! As for Nellie, if Tom had brought in a wild Red Indian to paint from, she would have been equally contented. So the old couple had a hay "shakedown" in the loft, which, as we said, was partitioned with a thin boarding, and Mr. Bunch did not fail to snore loudly all night, thereby doing much to console Nellie whenever she thought of the reputed ghosts. The rats that infested the walls (after the manner of barns) might perhaps have been a comfort too; but then, as everybody knows, the noises that rats make can be terribly ghost-like.

Mrs. Bunch took to Nellie at once. The only thing she could not understand was the incubator and the eggs. "Bless yer innercent 'art," she would say; "and ye really think them eggs 'll turn into chickens?" Nellie told her to wait and see. She was really not at all incommoded by her strange visitors, but, on the contrary, rather relieved, for she and Tom were almost as much  $\grave{\alpha}$  deux as before, except that she herself was excused from acting as model, and that in the evenings the old couple, sitting by the kitchen stove, saw to the cooking of the soupe maigre for supper.

And the Bunches were not a grasping couple. After the first fortnight they refused to accept anything but their board and lodging. This sounds remarkable; but they were country people; Mrs. Bunch had a kindly heart, and she saw how Nellie slaved. The latter, however, reproached herself incessantly for not being able to earn something herself. Tom's picture was going to bring him in such heaps of money; and here was she doing nothing beyond looking after an incubator, and whitening the steps. She wanted to stick up a bill in the window and take in washing, but Tom wouldn't hear of it. At any rate, she did their own washing, and ironed Tom's blue shirts quite respectably. She even begged to let her make him a suit of clothes; but this, too, he declined to allow, though she assured him she had always made her young cousin Joe's at home.

"Yes, and his clothes hung upon him anyhow," Tom said ungratefully. "They used to remind me of a suit of my own that I once had made at a 'Cripples' Home!'"

"Joe's such a bad figure. Clothes of any kind would 'hang upon him,' as you call it," Nellie replied, poutingly.

Nellie painted anything and everything with cheap common house-paint in artistic colours. She even "Aspinalled" her white straw hat when it became dingy, making it a lovely black, and turning it out again as good as new. It was really wonderful how little they spent. Tom's store hardly seemed to diminish. Samples of

soap, tea, tooth-powder, every imaginable luxury still poured in daily to the supposed caretakers "awaiting the Family." So many coalcirculars came that Nellie filled a sack of waste-paper with them, and sold it. "It's just like keeping a rag-and-bones shop," she said solemnly to Tom.

"We're poor, but honest," he answered, grimly.

Things had gone on very smoothly for a month or two, and the young chickens and turkeys were already hatched, when a great excitement occurred. The beery agent came down himself to tell Nellie that a family had at last come to inspect the "Grange," and she must prepare to show them over it. Now this occurred very unluckily. Things had gone wrong with Nellie that morning, as even in the best regulated families they sometimes will; to begin with, the store of tea had run out, and they would have had nothing for breakfast if a "sample" packet of a new cocoa had not happened to arrive by post, in the very nick of time. But though it was welcome, still it was but short commons for four healthy appetites; and the scrubbing of the steps had not seemed as "invigorating" as usual to Nellie that morning. Then she had floundered grievously over the ironing of Tom's shirt, which now unkindly showed rusty marks all over it. Mrs. Bunch, who, since the satisfactory hatching of the incubator chickens, had regarded Nellie as possessed of more or less of the black art, came to the rescue. "Now, my gal," she said kindly, "ist 'and that i'nin' over to me. Your chickens is runnin' all over the street. Don't I 'ear someone a cussin' of them outside?"

It was the beery agent: "Lor, missus," he said to Nellie, "eggscuse me, but I really can't 'ave a poultry-yard out 'ere! A pretty look it gives the place! Why, yer might as well 'ang clothes on a line at once!"

Nellie's eyes filled with tears as she promised amendment; for these combined trials afflicted her sorely. The milkman, calling later on, noticed her red eyes. The charm of his class is the directness with which they go to the point. He looked fiercely through the door at Tom, who was quietly painting from old Bunch. "Is he kind to yer?" he asked sympathetically. "I wouldn't stand no nonsense from 'im if I was you. It's always at first, mind yer, as ye've got to take 'em in 'and, and show 'em you ain't their slaves," he continued, doubtless arguing from his own domestic experiences.

This little episode certainly helped to cheer Nellie up, and she and Tom laughed over it together. At three o'clock the "parties" duly arrived to see the "Grange."

"Tom, Tom," cried Nellie, who had inspected them from an upper

window, "it's the Tomkyns's from home!—the people, you know, who lived opposite us, and gave themselves such airs! Whatever shall we do? They'll find out all about us to a dead certainty, and" (in an agonised voice) "they'll tell Cousin Emma!"

Tom was equal to the emergency: "Put on Mother Bunch's cloak and apron and poke bonnet," he said, "and smooth your hair, and they'll never know you. At any rate, if they do, we'll treat the whole thing as a joke." Tom assisted in disguising her, and Nellie went down, trembling to answer the loud "rat-tat" at the door. There stood, in all their dignity, Mr. and Mrs. Tomkyns, their son, who was, by the way, an old admirer of Nellie's, and their daughter. Mr. Tomkyns was a rich and rather purse-proud merchant, and both he and his family would have been no doubt shocked by any departure from the conventionalities. Nellie's big bonnet almost hid her face and her blushes; they took her for a nice, modest young woman, "such as you find too few of nowadays," murmured Mr. Tomkyns to his fat wife. Tom kept well in the background, only old Bunch, doffing his cap, lingered near.

"Who's that old man?" asked Mr. Tomkyns of Nellie.

"He—oh, he's the gardener," stammered Nellie, telling a fib more out of pure confusion than anything else.

Mrs. Tomkyns thought that augured well. A gardener about the place, she reflected, invested it with a certain respectability. True no garden could well look more uncared for than that of the "Grange," when you once got beyond the steps and entrance-gates; but she did not notice that anomaly. They all wended their way to the mansion, and Nellie duly unbarred the worm-eaten shutters, and let the pure sunlight stream in.

"It'll want a deal of painting," said Percy, the smart son, who was somewhat of a masher, "but it's a snug little place, by George!"

"That shall be Pa's study," said Mrs. Tomkyns, "and this the drawing-room. When it's all done up and painted, won't my Pampas grass look sweet in those two corners, and the marble chiffonnier over here."

The family seemed to take to the house. The rent, too, was so absurdly low, they murmured. Nellie shuddered at the idea of their coming. She dared not say much, lest her voice should be recognised. She walked on in front, jingling her keys. Percy came up to her. "A pretty young woman like you must be dull in this lonely place," he said, with a wink that was intended to be friendly. Nellie felt insulted.

"Not at all; I've my husband," she replied in a dignified

manner to the abashed youth. She somehow felt, however, that she was not acting her part well. On returning from the inspection, Mrs. Tomkyns expressed a great desire to see Nellie's cottage: "Show me your little home," she said kindly, "I like to see how young women keep their rooms. I've a Young Housekeeper's Club at home," this in her most Mrs. Pardiggle-like tone.

Nellie had never realised to the full extent what the poor must feel on being patronised till now. She felt desperate. To let them enter was to betray all. But at this juncture Mrs. Bunch emerged bonnetless and cloakless from the doorway.

"And who's this? Is it your mother?" asked Mrs. Tomkyns, condescendingly.

Mrs. Bunch seemed born to be Nellie's guardian angel. "My da'ater," she replied with ready wit, rising to the occasion, and making multitudinous curtsies.

Mrs. Tomkyns reiterated her request.

"Very sorry 'm, but my da'ater's children's all down with the measles," said Nellie's supposed mother, quickly taking her cue. Nellie started with surprise; but at this particular juncture the little turkeys within the barn set up a furious gobble-gobble of hunger, which might, to an excited fancy, have resembled the wails of suffering infants. Mrs. Tomkyns screamed with horror, and the whole party were promptly routed—but not before young Percy had contrived to squeeze a "tip" of one shilling into Nellie's reluctant hand. She had a great inclination to fling it back again at the kind donor, but wisely forbore.

"They're coming to the house!" gasped Nellie, as the party retreated.

"Do'ee not want 'em to come?" whispered the old woman. Nellie answered not, but went indoors. Then the wily Mrs. Bunch hobbled up the road and just caught up Mrs. Tomkyns at the village. "There's one thing, 'm, as you oughter know," she said, breathlessly, to that lady, "about that 'ouse. Them ghostisses, maybe, ye ain't been told about them? Why them ghostisses, bless yer 'art, they're the reason the 'ouse ain't been let sooner; yes, that's where it lays. They're the fool-'ardiest things you ever see, a-walking about and frightening a body."

Mrs. Bunch returned to the barn in a happy and peaceful frame of mind. She had barbed her shaft and felt that it had gone home. Nellie never knew what her old friend had done for her; but, at any rate, no more was heard of the Tomkyns family.

But Tom and Nellie felt uncomfortable in their minds for some

time after this. That shilling bestowed as a "tip" especially galled Tom. He did not recover his spirits until one evening when an old chum of his, having by unwonted exertion found out his address, paid him an unexpected visit. He was lost in admiration of this novel studio, and the "æsthetic" decorations.

"I call this my growlery. We sit here in the evenings, for the 'Grange' is too big to be cosy," remarked Tom, easily. (He might with truth have added that the "Grange's" want of "cosiness" was somewhat due to its damp, bare walls and general unfurnished state.)

"And a capital idea, I call it. Why, Tom, I'd no idea you were such a successful chap. You must have plenty of 'oof.' You've sold a lot of pictures, I suspect. What's this on the easel?"

Nellie uncovered it with pride: "Oh, that," Tom said, carelessly, "it's just a painting of my two old servants in a fancy scene—you see I'm taking hints from the 'Newlyn School'—see the arrangement of the shadow? Yes, we find it a better system to have a man and his wife as servants; and the wife was Nellie's nurse long ago."

Nellie crimsoned at this unblushing statement. To have first a mother, then a nurse, then a lot of children with the measles, foisted upon her! But it was all in a good cause, she reflected. It would be derogatory to Tom's success to be thought to be so poor.

Yes, indeed, nothing succeeds like success. By the time the visitor rose to go, he had become firmly imbued with the idea that Tom was the rising artist of the day. He promised to speak to a probable buyer of the picture. "You're a lucky fellow, indeed," he remarked with a sigh, as he struggled into his overcoat at the door: "Money, pretty wife, snug place. Why, Tom, to keep all this up you must have at least  $\pounds r$ ,000 a year!"

After this it appeared quite easy to Nellie to pretend to her own cousins (who paid their call a few days later) that she and Tom were having a day's picnicking at the old barn whilst the "'Grange' was having its drains repaired." Old Bunch, with a spade, lingered about the gates of the mansion, in order to carry out as far as possible this theory. The Bunches had, by-the-by, become so attached to the young couple that when the picture was done they stayed on without wages. At the end of four months, Nellie proudly produced the following statement of accounts; drawn up in her best caligraphy:—

RECEIPTS.	, -	EXPENDITURE. $\pounds$ s. d. Repairs to barn 5 0 0
	•	
By sale of waste-paper		Incubator (second hand) . 3 0 0
,, old clothes	0 18 0	Oil and firewood 1 0 0
,, chickens (less		Furnishing 8 o o
price of eggs)		Previsions 16 0 0
By sale of turkeys	5 0 0	Payment of "models" . 0 10 0
Tip to Nellie	0 I 0	
		Miscellaneous expenses . 2 10 0
	£41 3 0	£36 4 0

So that Tom had still all but £5 in hand. This happy result was of course not a little contributed to by the frequent presents of milk, soap, cocoa, &c., to their meagre housekeeping. But despite Nellie's plucky efforts, they were very near the end of their resources by the time help came. Tom's artist friend sent his patron to see the picture, who, delighted, paid money down for it—a good round sum—and the young couple's troubles were ended. Tom's foot was now on the ladder of fame, and it only required perseverance on his part to make his footing good. They moved from Finchley to cheap lodgings nearer town. The faithful milkman was rewarded and the Bunches said farewell with many tears.

"Of all the fool-'ardiest things as ever I see," that faithful woman remarked on parting, "your setting up in that old barn, and making believe all them things, was about the wust. But there, you've no call to say I didn't do my best to 'elp yer, when I see the fix you was in—and all's well that ends well, any'ow."

Tom and Nellie echoed this sentiment cordially. All had ended well. Mrs. Tomkyns had not discovered Nellie's identity, and the cousins always afterwards referred regretfully to the short-lived grandeur of her early married life:

"We always wondered, dear," they once said to her, "why you left such a charming spot as the 'Grange,' to live in that pokey street in Chelsea. But, of course, we understand how it was; you couldn't keep Tom away from his delightful artistic London society any longer—Finchley is so 'suburban.'"

"Yes, that's it, dear," replied Nellie, blushing for her manifold deceptions.

And Tom had regrets too. In the after days, he got to look back on his early married life as on a kind of "Eldorado." The barn idealised itself into a sort of fairy palace in his memory; tramps, turkeys, rats and all, when orbed "into the perfect star," seemed

like the tough steak of their early housekeeping, as joys past beyond lope of recall. He became in time a very successful artist, and painted many a picture of note, but never any with more enjoyment, as he used often to tell Nellie, than that first canvas he worked at in the old red barn, when they were living on "nothing a year."

## THE PLAYHOUSE BY DAYLIGHT.

There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so. - Hamlet.

T were a curious and pleasant question to ask of men, which of I should be one of them, would probably answer, the art of acting. What art joy can surpass the thrill with which we see, in the magic playhouse, the green curtain shrivel up, and reveal the wooden O, filled with the figures of fair women and brave men, who live and love and move, who strut and fret their hour upon that stage, which is as much an enchanted isle as is the one which we visit for too brief a time in the fairy "Tempest"? It is not hard to understand why a great dramatist, like Shakespeare, who occupied his business in the playhouse, should lean lovingly towards such works of pure fantasy as the "Tempest," as a "Winter's Tale," as a "Midsummer Night's Dream"; since, if such pieces were difficult to represent, even in a time in which the theatre relied upon the imagination of spectators to piece them forth, they yet belong wholly to that realm of brave fancy of which the stage is the natural home. Who can forget the excitement with which, in boyhood and in youth, the day was great when the happy evening of it was to be spent in "going to the play"? Who can forget the delight of seeing passion in action; of seeing and hearing poetry alive, expressed through the human body, through the human eye, through the human voice; of witnessing the sorrows of tragedy, the graces of comedy; of joying and sorrowing with the players on that stage which symbolises all the world?

Kings and heroes, warriors and cavaliers, lovers and villains, fine gentlemen and finer ladies appeared before our charmed eyes; and we lived at a higher elevation and breathed an enchanted air. We saw the woeful struggle of man with fate; and felt that the heavens were hung with black when Lear or Hamlet, or when Romeo died. The sorrows of lovely and of loving women, of Juliet or of Desdemona, filled the saddened soul; and we left the theatre full of great conceptions, and uplifted to a lofty altitude of ideal life. We had lived nobly in the noble world of art. The time spent

in the theatre influenced and ennobled the time spent out of it. Our lives were richer for the glories of the glorious art of acting; for the touch of the dramatist's lofty thought; for the spectacle of the drama in action. There is a mystic witchery in the actor's art; and the actor can take us, in a way which no other artist can exactly rival, into that best company of heroes seen in movement and alive. Literature is the art which alone may compare with acting for the delight which it can give. Books we have always with us; and we enjoy them alone, and in

The sessions of sweet silent thought,

but even they do not give the reverberation of quick feeling produced by the art means of the player. Painting, mute and motionless, does not stir us so deeply as does the living art of acting; and even music lags behind the incarnate magic of the stage—behind poetry in action. Blessings on the playhouse, and on the player!

One of the happinesses of a life not otherwise too happy, is, that my early youth was cast in the last days of the ideal, or poetical drama. The style of plays acted at any time is always co-relative to the tone of the day; and there was, even within my remembrance, a period in which England was worthy to enjoy the loftiest drama and had actors granted to her who were worthy to enact it. We have changed all that. We live in an emptier and an idler day—a day at once busy, realistic and trivial. The ideal drama charms no more; and we have lost the capacity of representing or of enjoying it.

I remember the day when,

Rapt with the rage of his own ravished thought,

Macready, the last of the Barons, rose to the altitude of embodying the passion of the greatest characters of the drama. As a great sovereign will surely obtain the co-operation of great ministers, so such a great actor will certainly—as Macready did—surround himself with a worthy company. Then, the loftiest dramas were presented with power, passion, pathos; the noblest plays were nobly acted; and the whole performance was conceived and executed in that large style of art which alone beseems the poetical, ideal drama. The actresses comprised Miss Helen Faucit, with her womanly poetry of noble, heroic emotion; Mrs. Warner, with her stately fire and force; Mrs. Nisbett, one of the loveliest and most charming women who ever appeared upon the stage; and Mrs. Keeley, who has never been surpassed in the characters which suited her delightful talent. Would such a company be possible now?

One thing seems noteworthy upon the stage of our day. In every piece played you will certainly see at least one quite admirable rendering of realistic character. Equal pains are taken with parts which must excite dyspathy in the audience as with such as are sympathetic and remunerative. There seems to be no dislike to acting even commonplace villains, or any parts which, on the surface, would seem to be "ungrateful." Even such parts are rendered with art effort and with loving care. Our recent plays are mainly taken from French sources, and an attempt is often, if vainly, made to retain their dramatic effect, and yet to exclude that treatment which makes the essence of a French work written for French audiences. Plays seem often to be vamped up for a long run and for a short life -in the higher sense of dramatic life. We also frequently adapt novels, mostly of a melodramatic character, for the stage. pregnant instance may suffice: the "Scarlet Letter" has been presented with a "happy ending." O shade of injured Hawthorne! A very fine narrative, which depends upon psychological analysis. cannot well be made into a good drama. Action is so much coarser than thought, that the morbid pathology of a story of passion, guilt, and sorrow, with every motive dissected and every character analysed, becomes a mere commonplace adultery and a very ordinary melodrama. Hawthorne is to be read, not seen. His power consists in analytical study, and his fine essence escapes the realism of the stage. That which is left for acting is the mere residuum, the vile body, of his delicate, almost super-subtle conception. He is a great author, but not an essentially dramatic one. His method escapes the acting drama. A playwright who would deal with the "Scarlet Letter" should not attempt to dramatise the novel, but should treat it as Shakespeare used the chronicles of Baker or of Holinshed. work should merely suggest to the dramatist certain incidents and characters.

One of the most striking and most meritorious developments of the recent drama consists in the plays written by Mr. Pinero, such as the three pieces produced at the Court Theatre—I mean, of course, the "Magistrate," "Schoolmistress," and "Dandy Dick." The author himself, with a rare modesty, calls these plays "farcical comedies"; but, if there be farce in their composition, it is surely glorified farce; farce elevated to altitudes which farce had never attained to before. Considering that many works, termed "comedies," approach perilously near to the confines of farce, Mr. Pinero might well have risked calling these pieces comedies. These plays may be a compromise with comedy; but are one of those rare

compromises which indicate originality. They may in so far impinge upon farce that great stress is laid upon comic situation; but even comic situation is not allowed to injure or deprave character; character is not really sacrificed to incident. What intellect is shown in the way in which each situation is developed to its utmost capacity for humour; in the way in which every sparkling saying suggests a brilliant repartee! The dialogue is always so pointed and so bright, and the construction so finished and so neat. Mr. Pinero may a little too much distrust his audiences—may fancy that the mingled levity and idleness of the day might recoil from a professed comedy under the erroneous impression that it would be heavy and long; but, perhaps actuated by some such dread, he has been impelled to create a new form of comic drama which is short, compressed, and is yet full of comic character and of most humorous incident. Who ever found one of these bright plays too long?

It may be noticed, in passing, that the stage parson seems to have become a fatty degeneration of the stage doctor. It is so, at least, in some of our most recent plays. Take as instances Mr. Bancroft's doctor in "Man and Wife," and compare that with the late Mr. Clayton's parson in "Dandy Dick."

It is all-important that a spectator should be in a mood which allows him to sympathise fully with the cunning of the scene.

"At London, too, perhaps a week or so after my arrival, some-body had given me a ticket to see Macready, and, slipping out of the evening sun, I found myself in Drury Lane Theatre, which was all darkened, carefully lamp-lit, play just beginning or going to begin. Out of my gratis box—front box on the lower tier—I sat gazing into that painted scene and its mimings, but heard nothing, saw nothing; her green grave, and Ecclefechan silent little kirkyard far away, and how the evening sun at this same moment would be shining there, generally that was the main thing I saw or thought of, and tragical enough that was, without any Macready! Of Macready that time I remember nothing, and suppose I must have come soon away."

On June 22, 1830, Carlyle's sister Margaret died at Dumfries—to him "a very great, most tender, painful, and solemn grief." A week or so after his return to London, Carlyle was at Drury Lane, in the state of mind which he has recorded in the passage quoted above. A great, silent grief is obviously not the condition of soul in which a man should be present at a noble dramatic performance. Thoughts absorbed by the image of a little quiet kirkyard far away, and by poignant recollections of the loved and lost, render a man an unfit spectator of a great drama, greatly acted. Sorrow is sacred—but

should not be taken to the theatre. Justice is due to the genius and to the exertions of a mighty actor. The mood of spectator, or of reader, must be in unison with actor or with writer, if there is to be any just critical comprehension or enjoyment of playing or of writing. Apart from inspiration or from faculty, there is immense labour in acting: and the player has a right claim to a spectator's sympathy with his arduous efforts. Acting requires an exertion of the very greatest nervous energy, especially in the great passionate parts of poetical tragedy. Owing to Carlyle's laxity as to the exact date, I cannot find out positively in which drama Macready played on the evening on which Carlyle saw nothing, heard nothing; but the part would probably have been either Macbeth or Hamlet. I have seen Macready in both characters, and when I remember the act of memory, the physical exertion, the long thought, the inborn gift developed with such care, the swell of soul which Macready exhibited in these great parts, I am touched with a feeling of pathos and of regret when I think of a spectator—and such a spectator as great Carlyle—remaining so absorbed in natural grief as to be wholly insensible to one of such performances. Carlyle, differing in that respect widely from his master, Goethe, was scarcely in full sympathy with the drama, or with the great art of acting. It is to be devoutly hoped that Macready never knew what a grief-laden spectator he had on that memorable occasion.

On another evening, Macready had a joyful experience of an auditor, and one of a more pleasant kind. He records, August 3, 1838, "acted Townley. Was much pleased to mark the deep interest which a lady in the stage-box took in the last scene between Lord and Lady Townley. These are the sort of auditors that lend a temporary fascination to the exercise of our art." That unknown lady gave delight to the soul of the great actor. May we always as spectators lend a temporary fascination to the efforts of a noble player; may we often—as often as may be in this imperfect world—see acting worthy of our attentive enthusiasm—since "To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit."

The chaste and virtuous Mrs. Sarah Sowndsowe is greatly exercised in her mind as to the profession of an actress; specially as regards certain parts that have to be played, certain dresses that have to be assumed; and actresses themselves are sometimes troubled with the same doubts. Mrs. Siddons affords a striking instance of the not unnatural conflict which is sometimes waged between the impulse of the artist and the reticence of the woman—between the shrinking modesty of the lady and the longings of the

actress. When she played Rosalind, "the scrupulous prudery of decency produced an ambiguous vestment that seemed neither male nor female." Now it is quite open to an actress to play Rosalind, or to leave the part unacted; but it is certain that if an actress elect to personate the character, she should dress it suitably; and Shakespeare himself assists her by expressly mentioning doublet and hose. The poet always thought of the costume of his own day. She also frequently played Hamlet; and dressed the part, presumably, much as her brother, John Kemble, dressed it, and as Sir Thomas Lawrence has shown us John Kemble in "Hamlet."

Mrs. Siddons refused to act Shakespeare's Cleopatra, because, she said, she should hate herself if she should play the part as it ought to be played. This high-wrought moral delicacy has, at first sight, something admirable in it; but surely Mrs. Siddons was inconsistent, since she did act Cleopatra in Dryden's "All for Love," while she often played the camp-follower, Elvira, and even condescended to lend her great art to the embodiment of that infamous Millwood, who leads George Barnwell into deadly crime and on to the vulgar scaffold. Having done what she did, her refusal to enact Shakespeare's Cleopatra seems to be merely an eccentricity, a fantasy, or a whim. Cleopatra is, at worst, loftier than Millwood, and it was an error in womanly artistic feeling to accept the one part and to decline the other.

The power of simple personation, in its most convincing form, is, perhaps, more easily—is certainly most completely—attained in the prosaic or realistic drama. The character to be perfectly personated need not be grand or powerful. To secure absolute personation, the part should be one of character rather than of passion, or force, or ideality. An illustration of what I mean may be found in a performance which I saw not long ago-the rendering by Miss Winifred Emery of the young mother in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Her representation of this quiet part is one of completeness which gives rare and delicate delight; but this happy result is attained less by what the lady does than by what she, in the particular part, is. She is, and she lives, the gentle, sorrowful, tender, winning young widow and mother, for whom all romance and joy are buried in a grave, except those which survive in her love for her boy. person lived, for the time, by Miss Emery, is deliciously, exquisitely a lady; has fine manners, winsome ways, delicate feeling, and clear honour; is never loud, self-assertive, or straining after effect. Many instances of satisfactory personation are to be found on the stage of to-day. It is, in truth, easier to personate Dogberry than Hamlet;

Mrs. Quickly than Imogen. The ideal naturally transcends the confines of realistic personation. In the poetical drama, an abstract ideal as well as a human character has to be presented. A great passion exalts character to larger, looser limits. The "continent marge" ceases to be precisely determinable. Dogberry may be personated; Hamlet must be acted.

It has long been a dream, but a dream which yields a dear delight, to try to realise to our fancy a theatre of the time of Shakespeare, and to image to our minds the playhouse and the stage in and on which such a piece as "Hamlet" was produced. All those who love the drama are eager to know, as accurately as possible, how the audiences looked, how the theatre appeared, and how the actors acted. We know well how the Elizabethan theatres looked from outside; we have counterfeit presentments of the exterior of the Blackfriars and the Globe, but we know very little of the interior arrangements. The Blackfriars, the winter theatre, stood almost where Apothecaries' Hall now stands; the Globe, the summer theatre of the same proprietors, was in Southwark, nearly opposite to the end of Queen Street, Cheapside. These were the two houses with which Shakespeare was specially connected, and these are the two which particularly excite the curiosity of dramatic students. Dr. Karl Theodor Gaedertz has recently made a welcome addition to our knowledge of the inside of an old English theatre by publishing in Bremen a drawing of the Swan Theatre, in Bankside, made by the learned Dutch Canon, Johann de Witt (Dutch, Iohannes de Wit, or Jan de Witte), who was born probably in Utrecht, in what year we know not, but the much-travelled man died in Rome, October 1, 1622. In the summer of 1596 De Witt visited London, and bestowed some dilettante attention upon the then existing London threatres. He does not mention the Blackfriars or the Globe, but he does allude to the Rose and the Swan, and to the two northerly houses (situated in Bishopsgate) the Curtain and the Theatre. He also mentions Paris Garden, where bear-baiting and the like amusements were presented. It is not probable that De Witt had ever heard of Shakespeare; nor could the Canon know how interesting to after times any record of the great poet-player would be. De Witt seems to have taken no interest in players or in plays; and his record conveys the idea of having been written by a learned pedant. Not his the knowing mind or the seeing eye. Still, we must be thankful for that which De Witt could give.

It is unlikely that Shakespeare was in London when De Witt was there. The poet lived then, when in London, in Southwark, near the Bear-garden; but his journeyings between London and Stratford were pretty frequent; and on these journeys he put up at the Crown Inn, Oxford, which was kept by the dull father and by the bright mother of Davenant. When in London Shakespeare, no doubt, lived as a bachelor. His son Hamnet, twin child with Judith, was buried in Stratford, August 11, 1596; and Shakespeare was, pretty certainly, in such a time of grief, at his country home. His absence would probably be longer than usual. The loss of his only son was, we may well believe, a great sorrow to the poet. Hamnet and Judith were baptized (the old registers never give the day of birth) on Feb. 2, 1584–5; so that the boy died at about twelve years of age. In 1597 Shakespeare bought New Place; 1596 was the year between "Romeo and Juliet" and "Richard III."

De Witt's pen and ink drawing of the interior of the Swan is the work of an inexpert draughtsman, and may have been made from memory. At the back of the raised stage are the mimorum ædes, or tireing rooms of the actors, and two very small doors leading into the tireing rooms are the only apertures for the entrances and the exits of the actors. The shape of the theatre is that of an oval amphitheatre. There are seats behind and around the stage, which, like a scaffold, is raised above the ground. The trumpeter on the roof is giving notice, by three blasts of the horn, of the beginning of a performance; and three actors are already on the stage. The Londoners had long been accustomed to see plays enacted in the open yards of the inns of the City; and all round the stage, in De Witt's sketch, is the pit, the open standing-place for those spectators who did not care to pay more for a seat. These auditors were groundlings. Bad actors were accustomed "to tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise." Shakespeare had but little respect for these groundlings. "These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples." It sounds almost incredible, but De Witt states that the Swan could hold 3,000 spectators. It does not seem to have been a first-class theatre; but I find, in Gerard Langbaine's "Account of the English Dramatic Poets," that Thomas Middleton's "Chast Maid in Cheapside," "a pleasant conceited comedy, was often acted at the Swan, on the Bank-side, by the Lady Elizabeth, her servants." The house, therefore, produced the work of one good dramatist.

The perplexing obscurity, and the ideal mystery which surround the theatres of the spacious day of great Elizabeth, vanish when we reach the time of the Restoration. After the stern interruption

of the great Civil Wars, the theatre resumed its life and its sway when dissolute Charles regained the throne, and plucked off the muzzle of restraint from morality and modesty. The time worked upon the stage both for evil and for good; and the good consisted largely in the eagerness shown by the best players to carry on the great traditions of the stage which Shakespeare had trodden, for which Shakespeare wrote and worked. From the Restoration onwards our theatrical records are more or less complete. We know how actors acted, and how plays were cast; we have scenery, dresses, and decorations. But the great change which the Restoration introduced was the invention of actresses to play female characters. If Mistress Anne Marshall were the first actress to tread the English stage, Mistress Coleman was the first woman to appear upon it. She was the Ianthe in Davenant's opera, the "Siege of Rhodes." Ianthe was not a speaking part, but was discharged in the stilo recitativo of that day. Earlier yet some French actresses had appeared in London, but they did not please the town. Freshwater, in the Ball, says, 1639: "You must encourage strangers while you live; it is the character of our nation; we are famous for dejecting our own countrymen." We have not wholly lost this characteristic yet. Let us, however, touch next upon the question of the maintenance and transfer of the traditions of the stage.

In 1862 Mr. W. J. Thoms published a Memoir of William Oldys, Norroy King-at-Arms, the learned literary antiquary; and this memoir contains the "choice notes" of Oldys, taken from his Adversaria. Oldys was born 1696, died 1761. Among the choice notes is one from which we learn that one of Shakespeare's brothers, who lived until the time of the Restoration, used, in his younger days, to come to London to visit his brother, Will, and to see that brother act in some of his own plays. This brother, who came to see Shakespeare, must surely have been Gilbert, born October, 1566. It seems that Gilbert Shakespeare (whom I assume to be the person meant) came also, from time to time, to London in his old age; and the most noted actors of that later day were naturally very eager to get from him any particulars about his great brother; but, when they asked him, Gilbert was stricken in years, and his memory was wasted with infirmities, so that he could tell them but little. He remembered to have seen Will act a part in one of his own comedies, "wherein being to personate a decrepid old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one of them sang a song." This seems clearly to point to Act 2, Scene VII., of "As you Like it," in which Orlando carries in Adam, and Jaques speaks the great "Seven Ages" speech. The noted actors had waited too long before they made inquiries of the failing Gilbert Shakespeare about sweet Will. I have not yet had an opportunity of examining Oldys' manuscripts.

"The players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all." One of the best sources of information about the stage of his day is a prompter. His book is called Roscius Anglicanus, by John Downes, and covers the time between 1660 and 1706; extends from Charles II. to Queen Anne. The work was originally published in 1708; and a facsimile edition was published in 1886, enriched with an admirable historical preface by that learned dramatic critic, Mr. Joseph Knight, Downes' information is as valuable as his mode of expression is quaint. On the accession of Charles, Killigrew obtained a patent for Drury Lane, while Davenant secured a like privilege for the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. In this latter playhouse, Downes, a failure as an actor, was prompter and book-keeper. He attended all rehearsals, and seems to have been a sort of stage-manager. "Book-keeper" did not mean then what it means now. It meant a man who was bookholder, or custodian of manuscripts of all plays acted in his theatre, and who distributed the written parts to actors. The hero of Downes' reminiscences is, naturally, the great Betterton; and Betterton was a sedulous student of tradition. Davenant, born 1605 (he died 1668), was a link between the theatres of Elizabeth and Charles II. Davenant had seen Taylor, who was taught by Mr. Shakespeare himself, play Hamlet; and Davenant taught Betterton how to act Hamlet "in every particle of it." It is, at first sight, a little surprising that Betterton did not play Wolsey in "Henry VIII.," but the thing is explained by the fact that the part of the King was taught to Betterton by Davenant, "who had it from old Mr. Lowen, that had his instructions from Mr. Shakespeare himself." It was Betterton's reverence for tradition that cast him, the leading actor, in the inferior character.

Betterton must have been a very many-sided actor. He played Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, Lear, and all the great tragic parts, and he also acted light comedy and lovers' parts—as Valentine in Congreve's "Love for Love," Mercutio—and I find that he even played such broad comedy as Sir Toby Belch. When he became a member of the Lincoln's Inn Fields theatre, he was about twenty-two. He died, still in harness, in 1710. As regards light comedy, Harris was, we are told, "a more ayery man" than Betterton; but, probably, the stage

has not known a greater player of all-round excellence than the mighty actor who was greatest in the greatest parts. It is to Betterton's credit that he acted the tragedy of "King Lear" "as Mr. Shakespeare wrote it; before it was altered by Mr. Tate." In that case he must have introduced the Fool. Could that subtle part be then better rendered than it was when Miss P. Horton enacted it to Macready's Lear? Betterton was also a successful playwright. He wrote, among other pieces, "'The Woman made a Justice'; Mrs. Long, acting the Justice so charmingly; and the comedy being perfect and justly Acted so pleas'd the Audience, it continued acting fourteen days together." In those days a successful piece ran ten, twelve, fourteen days consecutively; but the play might often afterwards be repeated, at intervals. Actors then so frequently changed their parts that their art remained always fresh, vital, and active. There were none of those "long runs" which make an actor stale and jaded in the mechanical repetition of one character, until his playing becomes a weariness to himself and to judicious auditors.

Betterton's brother, William, enacted female characters until his untimely death by drowning.

Of Kynaston, Downes says, "he being then very Young made a Compleat Female Stage Beauty, performing his parts so well, especially Anthiope and Aglaura, being Parts greatly moving Compassion and Pity; that it has since been Disputable among the Judicious, whether any Woman that succeeded him so Sensibly touch'd the Audience as he."

And yet Downes saw and knew many great actresses. He knew, for instance, the splendid Mrs. Barry, who had the good fortune to "create" three such parts as Monimia, in Otway's "Orphan," Belvidera, in "Venice Preserved," and Isabella, in the "Fatal Marriage"; parts which afterwards Mrs. Siddons made so great. Downes gives us many glimpses into the relations of actresses with the public. Many, "by force of love, were Erept the Stage." "Note, Mrs. Johnson in this comedy ('Epsom Wells,' by Mr. Shadwell) Dancing a Jigg so charming well, Love's power in a little time after Coerc'd her to Dance more charming, elsewhere." "And all the Women's Parts admirably Acted (in the 'Rivals,' by Sir William Davenant) chiefly Celia, a Shepherdess being Mad for Love; especially in Singing several Wild and Mad Songs, 'My Lodging it is on the Cold Ground,' &c. She performed that so charmingly, that not long after, it Rais'd her from her Bed on the Cold Ground, to a Bed Royal." This lady, whom the King delighted to honour, was Mrs. Daviessometimes called Moll Davies. When Lady Castlemaine saw Moll Davies, "she looked like fire; which troubled me." "Me" is Pepys.

One Margarita Delpine, a singer and dancer imported by Betterton, is remarkable for her money success. "Madame Delpine," says Downes, "since her Arrival in England, by Modest computation, having got by the Stage and Gentry, above 10,000 guineas." "And gentry" is significant. The gold-amassing lady must have given private entertainments of some sort—but, still, 10,000 guineas seems an enormous sum.

As an unperfect actor on the stage, Who with his fear is put beside his part;

so were Downes himself, Otway and Nat Lee. Downes broke down utterly, from stage fright. "Mrs. Behn gave him (Otway) the King in the Play, for a Probation part, but he being not us'd to the Stage; the full House put him to such a Sweat and tremendous Agony, being dash't, spoilt him for an Actor. Mr. Nat Lee had the same Fate in acting Duncan in 'Macbeth,' ruin'd him for an Actor too." Betterton played Bosola in the "Duchess of Malfy"; and the King (Philip II.) in that tragedy of Don Carlos, by which Otway anticipated Schiller and Alfieri. Otway's play contains, however, no Posa. The Marquis was a special and characteristic creation of Schiller.

It is a little singular to find Major Mohun on the bills under his military title.

One curious fact. "The tragedy of 'Romeo and Juliet' was made some time after into a tragi-comedy, by Mr. James Howard, he preserving Romeo and Juliet alive; so that when the Tragedy was reviv'd again 'twas play'd alternately tragical one day, and tragicomical another; for several days together." Performances which probably "infinitely arrided both sexes," as Downes has it.

Downes mentions one astounding fact. A play called the "Reformation," "being the Reverse to the laws of Morality and Virtue; it quickly made its Exit, to make way for a Moral one." A play must have been very obscene to fail in that day; but still the stage could always fall back upon the morality of Dryden and of Aphra Behn. Did Jeremy Collier see the "Reformation"? One of Downes' happy phrases is that which he applies to Dogget, the comedian, whom he terms "very Aspectabund." He meant, I take it, that the actor had a comic physique which prepared an audience for his humorous acting.

But we must not linger too long in a theatre in which the curtain has fallen for so many years. Great Betterton passes away from the scene of his glories, and leaves the theatre to other persons of genius, who were not wanting. Garrick was yet to come. Betterton loved his art with noble devotion, and died a victim to his zeal for art

duty. He was a worthy successor to Burbage, of whom, unfortunately we know comparatively so little. Betterton was, in his turn, succeeded by a long roll of mighty actors, who sustained the glory, and carried forward the traditions of the noble English stage.

And so, as in the witches' cavern the show of Banquo's regal issue, each one with a gold-bound brow, passes before the dazzled sight, the long row of great players, traceable in the full pages of Genest, passes before our vision. All still and silent now, voiceless and motionless, the great actors yet live with a mystic charmed life; and the long line of the heroes of the English stage, a line extending from Burbage to Macready, sweeps before us in the magic light which imagination sheds upon the stage. These were the great artists who retained tradition while reserving individualism, and the long kingly show ceases when Macready took his honours home, to " rank with the best, Garrick, statelier Kemble, and the rest who made a nation purer through their Art." The greatest plays no longer touch the fibre of the time, and with the greatest plays falls the loftiest acting; but nobler days may come, and with nobler days nobler dramas and more ideal acting. For the drama itself is indestructible; is rooted deeply in the needs and in the heart of humanity; and when England shall rise again to something of her ancient greatness there will surely be born to her a drama finer than the drama of our day, and her players will again be able to present worthily the masterpieces of her literature, and to act, with a renewal of the glories of the olden time, the greatest dramas of our English Shakespeare.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

## FAIR ROSAMUND THE FIRST.

ANY centuries before the semi-mythical Rosamund Clifford, whom we all know about, lived this other Rosamund, whom the world, in spite of Alfieri's tragedy, has forgotten, though her story is much more authentic and her fate more tragic than that of Henry II.'s leman. Fair and faulty as she was this earlier one, but fierce withal as Queen Eleanor herself.

The sixth century, in which she lived, was an age of notable women; for many years the Roman world had been ruled by two of them—the shameless Theodora and the equally shameless Antonina, through their uxorious husbands, the Emperor Justinian and the hero Belisarius. And now, outside the limits of the Roman world, arose another just as shameless as they, Rosamund, Princess of the Gepidæ, Queen of the Lombards.

Her path in life crossed that of Alboin, and destiny began to weave its dark toils about them while she was yet a child. All her life long at the Court of her grandfather, Turisund, king of the Gepidæ, she must have heard men speak, and heard her maidens sing of the rivalry in deeds of war between her nation and the neighbouring people of the Lombards, and she must have heard the women's songs turn to wailing when the news came one day that Alboin, the young prince of the Lombards, had overcome and slain in single combat her uncle, the king's son, the pride of the Gepid youth. Still greater must have been the excitement at Turisund's Court, and the wonder amongst the maidens, when it was noised abroad that this same champion, Alboin, was about to adventure himself, with only forty companions, into the very jaws of the lion; was coming to demand the investiture of the armour of his slaughtered son at the hands of King Turisund himself. For so was the law of the Lombards—that the prince might not take his seat amongst the warriors at the king's table, however doughty his deeds, until he had received his arms from a foreign and a royal hand. Alboin came, and, in spite of the blood with which he was stained, was received with all honour by the Gepid king, and entertained right royally, according

to the laws of hospitality as laid down in the Gothic code of honour. We can imagine the ladies of the Court, and the young Princess amongst them, looking on at that strange feast from a balcony, or from behind the rude hangings of the hall. All went smoothly for a time: but a sob at last escaped from the aged king, and a muttered imprecation on the slaver of his son, who now sat in that loved son's seat. The king's grief roused the wrath of Cunimund, his only surviving son. Rosamund's father; and he began to heap insult and gibe upon the Lombard guests. "Verily," said he, "their smell is like that of the mares that feed upon our Sarmatian plains." "You have felt, too, how strongly they kick," retorted a Lombard; "visit the field of Asfeld and you shall find the bones of your brother mingled with those of the vilest animals." In such a company, at such a time, words, as may be well supposed, soon passed to blows: and it was all that the venerable king could do to appease the tumult and save his guests from the hands of his infuriated warriors. had it been for him and his house had Alboin never returned alive from that venturesome visit.

Alboin and Rosamund may quite possibly have seen each other for the first time then: certainly he must then have heard men speak of her matchless beauty. Either the sight of it or the story of it made so deep an impression upon his heart that, when he ascended the Lombard throne, he determined that she and none other should be his queen. So great was his passion that he recked nothing of the blood feud between his family and hers, nor yet of his own betrothal to a princess of the Franks, granddaughter of Clovis. He had no sooner been proclaimed king than he sent to demand the hand of Rosamund, and not unnaturally the demand was contemptuously refused by Cunimund, her father, who, now that Turisund was dead, was king of the Gepidæ. But Alboin was not one to be turned easily from his purpose. And at this time there seems little doubt that Rosamund herself, taken by the fame of his prowess and the splendour of his bearing, was by no means hostile to his suit—though her love, if she ever felt it, was to turn to such bitter hate. If this were so, the stratagem by which he became possessed of her for the time was very likely planned between them. While she and her ladies, attended by a small escort, passed from one place to another of her father's dominions, they were swooped down upon by a band of Lombards and the ladies captured. But Alboin was not yet strong enough to keep his prize. Cunimund appealed to Rome, and while the memory of Belisarius was still fresh, and while Narses still lived, the majesty of the Roman name might well overawe the

Barbarian. Alboin, threatened by an allied army of Romans and Gepidæ, gave way, and fair Rosamund was restored to her father.

But the Lombard still clave to his determination. And now it came about that the fate of Europe was to be involved in the fates of this headstrong man and this fair woman. For Alboin, to gain the end upon which he had set his heart, entered into an alliance with the Turanian people of the Avars (kinsmen and successors of the Huns), who stretched away indefinitely to north and east from the shores of the Euxine, that together they might crush Rosamund's ill-fated people. The Gepidæ appealed once more to Rome, but with inconceivable folly the Emperor refused to lift a finger in their aid, and calmly watched from Constantinople while they were eaten up by Lombards and Avars. Two results of wide and lasting importance followed from the annihilation of the Gepidæ: the Avar spread his empire over the rich lands of Wallachia, Moldavia, and Transylvania, and maintained it for two centuries—a so much more deadly neighbour to Rome than any Teutonic tribe could ever have been, and a so much more deadly enemy of civilisation; while the Lombard, leaving these lands to his allies, cast his eyes upon those fair Italian plains which were for ever afterwards to bear his name. Another piece of infatuated folly on the part of the Roman Court made the path into Italy easy for Alboin. Narses was still in supreme command there, and, though now in extreme old age, was the one general who might have opposed the Lombards successfully. at this crisis his recall was sent out from Constantinople; and it was allowed to be sent by the Empress Sophia, couched in the most insulting terms: "Let the eunuch leave to men the exercise of arms, and return to his proper place and ply a distaff amongst the maidens of the palace." "I will spin her such a web as she shall not easily unravel," was Narses' indignant retort, and his revenge was to betray Italy to the Barbarian, thus once again and for ever separating it from the Empire of the East.

But to go back to the more private history of the lives of Alboin and Rosamund. At the fatal battle which crushed for ever the Gepid power, Cunimund, the king, with all the flower of his chivalry, had been slain; and his daughter was carried off by the victor of that bloody field. There was no obstacle now to their marriage; except that now, as one suspects, her love must have gone, and she must have shrunk from the embraces of him who was now not only the slayer of her uncle, but of her father too, and the destroyer of her country. Anyhow, with or without her consent, they were wed, and she followed her husband to the Italian campaign. So the days and

the years went by, and Italy was won, and a daughter was born to Then there came a day when Alboin and all his nobles held high festival in his palace near Verona to celebrate his victories. Amongst the trophies which adorned this palace was one which must have thrilled Rosamund with hate and horror whenever she saw it. This was her lord's State drinking cup, which had been fashionedsuch was the savage custom of the Lombards-out of the skull of the greatest of the foemen whom he had overcome: the skull of Cunimund, her father. And now, like another Belshazzar, flown with insolence and wine, Alboin commanded that the trophies of his victories should be brought forth, and especially this dread vessel, that the king and his princes might drink therein. After the cup had passed throughout the hall, and each warrior drained its contents with shouts of applause, "Fill it once more," said the King, "to the brim, and carry it to the Queen, and request her in my name to rejoice along with me, and with her father."

Rosamund suppressed all manifestation of the rage and shame which consumed her soul, and placing the goblet to her lips, drank, saying, "Let the will of my lord be obeyed." But as she drank she registered a vow upon that terrible relic that the insult should be wiped out in the blood of her husband, and Alboin's doom was written then as surely as Belshazzar's. Amongst the Lombard warriors was one Helmichis, the king's armour-bearer. Whether it was now, in order to the accomplishment of her designs, that she first cast about him the fatal toils of her fascination, or whether he had already been admitted as her lover, is uncertain. Presently, however, we find him her devoted slave, and to him she entrusted the fulfilment of her vow. It was no consideration of honour which withheld him; but he knew too well the terrible might of Alboin, and declared to his mistress that alone he could not, and dare not, attempt the murder.

Rosamund's next step showed once more that

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned, Nor Hell a fury like a woman scorned.

No sense of honour, no sense of shame seemed left to her. Amongst the nobles of the Court there was none so brave as Peredeus, and none so strong, save Alboin himself. If he could be induced to join in the plot Helmichis declared himself ready to adventure it. But the plotters well knew that they must deal warily with Peredeus, for his loyalty to the King was above suspicion. Then Fair Rosamuna devised her devilish scheme to entrap the ill-fated man. He, as the Queen well knew, was the lover of one of her women; and it was no

difficult matter for her to discover the lovers' tryst. The night after the Oueen's plot was conceived these two were to meet. found some excuse for sending her woman to a distance, and then, exchanging her royal robes for her handmaid's clothes, she, the Queen, kept the tryst in her place. So cleverly did she play her part, favoured by the darkness, by her disguise, and by the fact that she much resembled the other in shape and size, that the unhappy man never found out the deception until the time for parting came, when she disclosed to his horrified ears that he had embraced the Lombard Oueen. Nothing, as he well knew, but the most appalling tortures and death awaited him should the unwitting insult he had done to Alboin ever become known; and Rosamund swore that it should be made known to the King before morning if he refused to do her bidding. A choice like that which Candaules' queen set before Gyges, in the old Lydian story, Rosamund now set before Peredeus. He, like Gyges, preferred dishonour to death, and consented to take part in the murder. The next night Rosamund exerted all her fatal charms upon her lord, and, after holding high festival again in the hall, he withdrew to her chamber. Delilah-like, she lulled him to sleep, withdrew his arms, and then opened the door of an ante-room where his murderers were already concealed. The two, Helmichis and Peredeus, rushed upon him, but their hands were perhaps unsteadied by shame and fear; anyhow the first blow was not fatal, and, stupefied as he was with wine and sleep, the wounded giant sprang from the couch and for a time defended himself with a chair, the only weapon within reach. His prowess only served to heighten Rosamund's revenge; she stood by and hissed out at him taunt and gibe as the murderers pressed him ever more closely, until at last the fatal thrust was made, and Cunimund and the people of the Gepidæ were avenged.

By Rosamund's order the palace had been cleared of guests and the doors closed, in order that the King's rest might not be disturbed. She had taken care to secure him an unbroken rest now with a vengeance; he slept such a sleep as the shout of battle or carouse should never wake him from. And the murderers passed out of the chamber of death into the palace of silence to take what steps they might to secure their own safety.

Such of the Gepid warriors as had survived the carnage of the fatal day which put an end to their nation had taken service under the Lombard, and had followed Alboin through all his Italian campaigns; they still formed a compact and powerful band, however much reduced in number, and they were, of course, devoted body and soul to the Queen. They were now quartered in Verona, and the Queen contrived to have them speedily and secretly introduced into the courtyard of the Palace. Then she felt herself strong enough to let the news go forth through Verona that the King had been slain. The consternation she counted upon followed. No one knew how widespread the conspiracy might be, and each man suspected his neighbour; so much so that the leading nobles made haste to gather their followers about them and get them away from Verona. For the moment it seemed as if the Queen's scheme might prosper to the end—her ambitious scheme, which was nothing else than this: to raise one of her accomplices to the Lombard throne and to reign along with him, Queen and King of Italy.

But it was not to be. Very soon the Lombard chiefs drew together again, and the three guilty conspirators became aware that their only chance of safety was in flight. Their City of Refuge must of course be Ravenna; for Ravenna was still held for the Emperor, and there the Exarch had his Court. But it was no easy matter to travel from Verona to Ravenna, through a country which now began to resound with the Lombard cry for vengeance on the murderers of the nation's hero and king. The trusty Gepidæ, however, still held the palace and the approaches to it, and they managed also to get possession of some boats on the river, which, under cover of darkness, one night they loaded with the spoil of the palace; the Queen, with her little daughter and her two accomplices, got on board, and after an adventurous voyage down the Adige they managed to reach the coast in safety, where they were fortunate or unfortunate enough to find a Greek vessel, which carried them to the harbour of Ravenna. There it was that the last act of this terrible tragedy was destined to be played, when those who slew the slayer must themselves in turn be slain.

Longinus was the name of the feeble Roman exarch who had been sent out to supersede Narses, and who had proved his feebleness in losing Italy. Moved now by his hatred of the Lombard, and as much perhaps by the fame of the Queen's beauty and of the treasure which was carried on her ship, he ordered that the fugitives should be received with all honour. But very soon he, too, came under the spell of Rosamund's fascination. As her revenge was sated now, and her ambition had much more to hope for in an alliance with a great Roman viceroy than with either of her Lombard lovers, she calmly determined to sacrifice them and give herself to Longinus. Helmichis' turn came first. One day as he stepped from the bath the Queen presented him with a cup of

poisoned wine; but he had not drunk more than half the contents of the cup when its taste and its too speedy action convinced him of the treachery that was being practised on him. He had strength left to snatch a dagger, and holding it to the breast of the wretched Queen, he compelled her to finish the draught. There on the chamber floor, some hours afterwards, the bodies of the guilty pair were found, stark and cold, telling their own tale with an all too ghastly simplicity. To Peredeus, the only actor in this drama for whom we can feel the smallest sympathy or pity, was meted out the most miserable lot of all. Longinus, inspired by the stronger will of Rosamund, would probably have attempted to seize for himself what of Italy still remained to the Empire; but now he hastened to allay any suspicions that might have been aroused at Constantinople by shipping thither the Lombard treasure, and with it the so miserably-orphaned princess and the hapless Peredeus. The little princess was taken to the Imperial Court. Peredeus was blinded, and then set to make sport for the populace by displaying his vast strength in the Hippodrome-another Samson Agonistes. empty-headed Byzantine mob consoled itself for the loss of Italy by triumphing over the fallen fortunes of one of the mightiest of the Lombards who had won it.

Such, told in bald outline, is a story of "old unhappy far-off things, and *murders* long ago," which for intensity of horror is worthy to rank with the tragedy of the house of Atreus.

WRAY W. HUNT.

#### A MEDIÆVAL STRONGHOLD.

THE venerable castrum of Anderidal is now no more; nothing remains of it but part of the heavy outer walls that once surrounded it. A stately Norman ruin is now encircled by the old Roman enclosure. These outer walls themselves were ancient when the Norman castle was erected more than seven hundred years ago. and even now, when nearly twenty centuries have passed since they were built, they look as if they would defy the tempest and the wear of time for another ten decades to come. They are formidable yet. What wonderful masons those Romans were! They built these walls of rows of huge bricks intervened with courses of stone and flint, and fixed them in place with sea-sand mortar in which is pounded red tiles. This gave the mortar its pink tint. If you examine the masonry closely, you may even see the marks of the Roman trowels in the mortar. The walls are twelve feet thick, and in places may be walked on with ease. At intervals are the remains of some fifteen buttresses, grim and solid. On the north is one fifty feet high.

Lifting thy forehead grey, Smile on the tempest and Time's sweeping sway.

It was evidently built on the old Roman wall by the Normans, who used it as a watch tower, as it contains the stonework of a Norman window near the summit. "We may imagine that the soldier-bishop, Odo, defied the 'red King (Rufus) to his face'; and De Clare may have taunted Stephen as an 'usurping tyrant' from this very window." In the ivy mantle with which the walls are clad in parts, owls and bats have their abode, and when twilight comes they flitter about the ghostly ruins with silent flap of wings.

These outer walls were built without masonry foundations. The Romans often raised their walls on a sub-structure of charred piles of oak driven into the ground closely together. The soil on the

<sup>1</sup> Pevensey, the Andred-ceaster of old days.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Mark Anthony Lower, a famous Sussex archæologist.

near interior was removed to a certain depth, and the excavation filled up with charcoal, and on this the walls were built. Such a foundation was laid when the ground was marshy, as in this case, and many archæologists consider that the support of these walls was so arranged. Now they stand almost entirely upheld by the mere weight and broadness of their structure, a masterpiece of the mason's art. No jerry-builder erected them; they were meant to keep out all marauders and to defy the primitive battering ram, and to-day it would be long ere they fell before the cannonading of modern field artillery.

There is a huge breach in the north wall, which once faced the forest that covered the surrounding broad acres of low-lying land, and in which wolves, and bears, and boars had their home. According to an old ballad this breach was forced by Saxon Ælla, who boasted himself a descendant of Odin, and who ultimately founded the kingdom of Sussex. He laid siege to the place for many months, and the sturdy Britons who defended it made many a night sally and set many an ambuscade to trap their enemies. And while the Saxons were thus pestered by the besiegers in front, the friends of the besieged came from the forest, and with their archers and slingers harassed them in the rear. And although beaten off from time to time, they would flee to the forest fastnesses, where the Saxons could not follow, and presently again return to the attack.

But the invaders remembered this when at last they carried the breach, and so fierce was their ire that they slew and spared but few.

Yet it was only when sorely reduced by a great famine that the Britons gave in, for the enemy so closely encompassed them that their friends outside could not bring them food; yet did they scorn mercy. But worn to skeletons they were unable to withstand the deadly assaults longer, and the victorious Saxons rushing the breach, entered the enclosure, and killed almost every man and destroyed all the buildings within the walls. And they were never rebuilt.

But later in their place Robert de Mortain, half-brother of the Conqueror, and a nobleman of Normandy, raised his stronghold. A stately building it must have been, and palatial, with lofty, large loop-holed towers at each corner, and vaulted lower stories; while in the banqueting hall, hung with tapestry looted from Saxon homes, and illumined by a score of torches set in sconces against the walls, the harpers sang to the Norman lords and knights after the feast, and on the rushes that strewed the floor the great dogs crouched at their masters' feet.

Now it is a picturesque ruin, with gaunt, dismantled towers,

and darkened arches and wrecked doorways, and broken masses of heavy masonry lying around, with embattlements hoary with lichens—green-grey, and red and yellow—that darken them as stains, and where

The green ivy's tendrils grasp. The failing walls with tender clasp.

The ivy stems that climb the ruins are as thick as a man's wrist, and twisted like snakes.

The walls are grass-crowned, and blooms of yellow sow-thistle—a mere weed—grow on them in parts, while brambles climb their face. In summer you may find the wallflower clinging lightly to the battlements.

Time, Time his withered hand hath laid On battlement and tower; And where rich banners were displayed Now only waves a flower.

A moat was dug in front of the Norman pile. Reflected in its waters is an inverted picture of the mediæval ruin, framed with a border of sedges and water grasses. A pretty scene and peaceful.

On a green and grassy bank, and supported on square hewn stones, rests an ancient culverin, pointed seawards—a long cannon, brown with age and exposure, and marked with holes like time-eaten stone. It is stamped near the touch-hole with the Rose and Crown and the initials

E. R.

" Elizabeth Regina," evidently. Not long ago another gun marked W. P.

bore it company, but now it finds a resting place in the Royal Artillery Museum at Woolwich. A sixteenth-century survey describes these cannons as "ij demi-culverings of small value."

On the site of the Norman chapel, in a hollow in the ground and screened by an iron cage, is a font of crude and ugly workmanship. It is one of the archæological "finds" that have from time to time been discovered—links in the chain that connects us with the past. Skulls of wolves and bears that roamed about the forest of Andred Ceaster, human skeletons, coins, and ancient pottery have been unearthed in the castle grounds, and at the bottom of the well, now almost covered with bramble and fenced off from venturesome children who visit the castle with picnic parties; and once a leaden seal inscribed Sigill (um) Matild (is) Blosii, and having in its centre a star and crescent.

The sea, now a mile away, once washed the castle walls. The deep forests on every other side were gradually cleared, and in their

place was marsh land covered with beeves and fat sheep, for there was goodly pasturage, fine lands for tillage, and enough forest left for the chase.

That stream that cuts the marshes through perchance marks the spot where once was the old harbour that was large enough to hold a good-sized fleet. Now there are no traces of it; and in place of the ancient city that once stood around the castle is to-day a village.

The tall, naked ash—that stands on a knoll near where once was the Norman chapel-with arms flung wide against the white-flaked expanse of blue sky, is in a glory, bathed in the tawny glow of the sinking autumn sun. The bramble and elder bushes beneath the tree are cast in shadow, for the castle walls shield them from the sunlight. A deep quiet reigns. Perched in the boughs of the grand patrician ash is a blackbird. The eye has no difficulty in following his every movement as he hops about amongst the bare branches. A few weeks ago and you could not have seen him behind the leafy veil that draped the tree. He flies away at last, and a goldfinch almost immediately takes his place. He is bold and stares at you, and so long as you are quiet he will not fly away. The rattle of a noisy wren and the calls of a blackbird are the only continuous sounds, but other birds are here in scores. Suddenly the mellow chimes of the village church clock strike the hour. No rude disturbance; they are in perfect harmony with the scene around.

Although the sun is worthy of springtime, the air is chill. Purple and rose-tinted clouds ornament the sombre grey of the darkening heavens in which the narrow sickle of the new moon is visible, pale as yet in the light of day. But the sky is amber clear in parts.

Dark red fruit hangs on the hawthorn bushes. Alarmed, a jackdaw flies from a hole in the castle wall above, and round the tower to the trees on the marsh. The mortar has fallen away from some of the stones in the tower, leaving them distinct and protruding. A troop of rooks are wheeling round the top of the marsh elms, with unmusical caws. They ride the air in large circles, ever growing narrower, until at last they settle in the topmost branches. No doubt they have just returned from a foraging expedition. Still they continue their noisy calls, but these gradually grow fainter, and at last die away altogether.

A heavy bird is sailing in the air, and presently he alights upon a knoll. If you move cautiously and keep behind shelter, you may get close enough to observe him. His prevailing colour is an ashy grey, but his head and beak, his wings and tail, are a glossy black.

He is a hooded crow, a rare enough bird in many parts of the country, but generally seen in the southern counties. Doubtless he has come in from the shore, for his species love to feed on mussels and dead fish, and will only eat vegetable food when animal substances are not easily found. He is a wary bird; make the slightest noise and he is off again.

I know a young fellow who, when out shooting one day near Brighton, saw a hooded crow running about the ground, but feebly. He easily captured it, and then found that one of its wings was broken, evidently by gunshot, and that it was half-starved. He took it to a public-house and gave it some bread sopped in beer, which it devoured voraciously. He then amputated the wing at the first joint. In a few days it was in excellent condition, and as lively as ever it had been. The loss of half a wing appeared to trouble it not at all. It became quite tame, but evinced a decided antipathy to dogs and cats; all the members of the canine and feline tribes in the neighbourhood soon grew to know the power of its beak. Sometimes a four-footed thief, more audacious than the rest, would try to steal "Hoody's" fat pork—a dainty to which he was particularly partial—but he generally rued it bitterly, for when the bird detected the thief there were loud squeals or yelps, and the air was thick with fur or hair.

In the vicinity of this old-time stronghold landed Julius Cæsar in B.C. 55, and the skin-clad or woad-stained Britons rushed down the shore to drive back the Roman enemy, excited to deeds of valour by their bards and priests, who sang songs of victory. But though they fought well and bravely, they could not stand against the well-trained legions of Rome, so they died and were conquered.

Later came proud William of Normandy with his followers, to subdue Saxon Harold and his people. He crossed the blue waters of the Channel with his legions of armed men in nine hundred ships, and an old historic parchment says that the Norman Duke burned his vessels in order that his men might fight more desperately, knowing that if they did not win the battle they had but the alternative of death.

In those days were watchmen set on Beachy Head and many

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> I must add that some historians have called this spot into question as being the landing-place of Julius Cæsar, many declaring that he came to Ryde, Isle of Wight, and others to Deal, in Kent. But these gentlemen have been unable to show proof to the contrary, and many eminent students of British history still believe that not only the Romans landed here, but later the Normans also.

another point, with a pile of fuel, protected from the weather, ready to light, and warn of danger from the sea.

The first man of the Norman host to land was the Duke himself, who slipped and fell as his feet touched the ground. His superstitious followers raised a loud cry, for they regarded it as an evil omen. But happily William cried: "By the splendour of God, I have taken seizin of my kingdom." And the Normans were appeased.

On the gently rising hill of Senlac, scarce eight miles away, Harold entrenched himself, erecting a triple palisade round his position. And there the Saxons waited for the Normans, who were encamped on the opposite hill, to give them battle.

All night they waited. When dawn broke the Normans took Holy Communion at the hands of Odo, Bishop of Bayeux. Then Odo took a mace and prepared himself for the fray, and put on a short surplice over his coat of mail. He remembered that the Church forbade her priests to shed blood, therefore he despised the sword; but to crack skulls was another matter.

And on the field of Senlac Harold raised his standard, under the folds of which he fought with his two brothers, Gurth and Leofwin, by his side, and surrounded by his huscarles, mighty men and giants, the flower of the Saxon army.

Time after time did the English drive the invaders back. Saxon axe and javelin met Norman lance and mace, but the strength of the Duke lay in his bowmen. The Saxons had yet to learn the use of the bow, and its power in warfare. Skulls were crushed like shells and limbs were lopped, the mighty huscarles driving blade of axe through Norman helm and harness. And over all the din of battle, the groans and cries of the wounded, and the snorting of the Norman horses, rolled the battle cry "St. Dunstan!"

At length incautiously the Saxons left the shelter of their palisade to charge their retreating foes, who, at the moment reinforced, fell again on their pursuers. The Saxons rushed back to their shelter too late, for the Normans pressed them so hard that they cleared the palisades with them, and drove them higher up the hill. And the palisades were won.

Yet still the Saxons fought as demons, until they were pressed back in a gradually narrowing circle to where the standard still waved. But Harold was the only man of his house who now stood by it; his

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Seizin, "personal possession." It was required by those on whom lands had been bestowed to formally tender to the bestower a clod of earth from such lands.

brothers lay amongst the dead. The huscarles and the levies so crowded the space round the flag that there was scarce room to fight.

No space for bodies void of life to fall:

Nor to the living yield their room—the dead:
For every corpse, though lost to valour's call,

Stands as in life, and lifts erect the head.

Then William directed his archers to shoot upwards in the air, so that their arrows might fall on the heads of the English. The deadly shower descended, and an arrow pierced the eye of Harold and entered his brain, while a great cry arose from those around him, "Harold is dead!" The battle was won.

But still the huscarles fought; they would not yield or ask for mercy, and of all who defended the standard, huscarles, thanes, and churls, but few did live.

The fight had raged from early morn till sundown.

The day is lost, the din of war is hushed on Senlac field; In triumph rolls the Norman car o'er England's trampled shield.

And on the very spot where the standard fell the Conqueror pitched his tent.

For many a long year afterwards the legend said that the ground around the battle-field was red with blood after a heavy storm, so great had been the carnage. It has been suggested that this redness was caused by some peculiarity of the soil acted upon by the rain.

The defeated men of Sussex took refuge in the deep woods around their homes, where the Normans were loth to follow them. Their lands were seized, their homes consumed by fire, and their near and dear in many cases put to the sword. Rendered desperate, the defeated, but still unconquered English, proved a great sore to their oppressors, and it was many years before they were subdued. They lived the life of outlaws in the forest, where they lay

To spoil the spoiler on his way, And from the robber rend his prey.

Such are the scenes which these old walls recall.

One's thoughts are pensive, meditating here in the old courtyard. These quiet old grey walls, silent witnesses of the mighty past, have imprisoned not a few of noble blood. Here James I. of Scotland was incarcerated when but a youth, by the order of Henry III. Later, in the reign of the fourth Henry, Edward Duke of York was imprisoned here; and in 1419 Queen Joan of Navarre was put in confinement, being accused of conspiring against the life of the King

by means of sorcery. She remained here nine years. The battlements have withstood many an important siege. Odo defended the castle against Rufus, but on account of the failure of provisions he had to lower the drawbridge. It was besieged by Stephen when Gilbert de Clare, who held it, espoused the cause of Matilda, and again it was starved into submission. In later days the castle was true to the cause of Henry III., when the barons, under Simon de Montfort, rose against the King's tyranny. De Montfort's troops were compelled to raise the siege. The last time it was surrounded by an hostile force was when it was successfully defended by Lady Jane Pelham, against the Yorkists, during the Wars of the Roses.

And now these monuments—turrets and towers, and embattled walls—to heroes dead and gone, are all that remain of a former pageant. Where once they rang with the clang of armour-clad knights and challenging sentinels, they now re-echo naught but the joyous calls of pleasure-seekers or the ghostly hoots of night birds. They have lived their boisterous youth, and now decay in peace, yet still retaining much of their former dignity and grandeur.

The sun sinks—a glorious golden shield—at the back of the distant hills, and leaves behind a burnished copper heaven. There is scarce any twilight. The moon gathers more power of light as the day wanes, and the purple clouds resolve into the dark hood of night. Almost suddenly the heavy curtain falls, and the old ruins are blotted out; there is nothing around but almost impenetrable darkness.

ARTHUR W. BECKETT.

# THE ADVENTURES OF A POET LAUREATE.

A DVENTURES and poets laureate have fortunately little connection with each other nowadays. In scholarly calm and retirement our modern poets have sung their songs, and from peaceful English homes and quiet gardens have come the burning words that ring with clash of steel and noise of battle, and immortalise those who have struggled in the burden and heat of the day.

But the poet whose wanderings I propose to relate lived in Ireland in the early part of the thirteenth century, when, to judge by the chronicles of the time, adventures of the most violent and unpleasant description were not the exception, but the rule of life.

"The Annals of the Four Masters," from which my story is taken, commence at a very early period of Irish history, and continue down to the seventeenth century; but, late or early, they are one bewildering record of petty war and internecine strife. They were written between the years 1632 and 1636 by Michael, Peregrine and Conarey O'Clery, hereditary historians to the O'Donnells, Princes of Tyrconnel (now Donegal), assisted by Peregriene O'Duigenan, a learned antiquary of Kilronan, hence called "The Annals of the Four Masters." The chief compiler, however, was Michael O'Clery, who travelled for fifteen years through all parts of Ireland, collecting every ancient manuscript he could discover, both civil and ecclesiastical, and afterwards in the Franciscan monastery in Donegal spent many years in transcribing and arranging them for the press. They have been twice translated into English, in 1841 by Owen Connellan, Irish historiographer to George IV., and again in 1851 by John O'Donovan, M.R.I.A., both these distinguished Irish scholars having enriched them with many valuable notes.

In the dedication to Fergus O'Gara, M.P. for Sligo, in the year 1634, O'Clery says, in the somewhat grandiloquent manner of the time, "In every country enlightened by civilisation, nothing has been deemed more honourable and profitable than to study the

faithful records given by ancient writers, of chiefs and nobles who figured in preceding ages, that posterity might be informed how their forefathers employed their time, how long they continued in power, and how they finished their days." The result of O'Clery's patient labours has been to show us that our forefathers spent their days in brawling and fighting, pillaging and slaughter, that their continuance in power was, as a rule, extremely brief, and that they ended their days, unless they retired to a monastery, by falling in some petty war, or hostile raid, or by the hand of an assassin, too often, alas! that assassin being some near relative; such sentences as "slain by his own kinsman," "treacherously put to death by his own people," being of very common occurrence.

Campbell in his "Strictures" says of the Irish: "Divided and subdivided into a multitude of petty states, connected by no sense of common interest, the Irish were incessantly distracted by intestine wars." Another historian tells us that of 200 Irish kings, not more than thirty died a natural death, while, as for the subjects of these warriors, the wonder is that these endless slaughters left any of them alive to people the country and provide new victims in succeeding years.

We cannot even flatter ourselves that much of this fighting and bloodshed took place in the effort to repel invasion, or reconquer country; for though, now and then, some of the Irish seem to have combined to make war on the Anglo-Saxon settlers, it was more often to these latter they appealed for help against enemies of their own flesh and blood; while the English themselves seem to have been infected with the quarrelsome spirit of the country, and, instead of uniting to establish their footing, and defend their territories, they took sides with the rival factions, and, as an old historian writes, "Thus were seen English banded with Irish against forces composed in like manner of men from both nations."

This habit of expending their fighting energies as freely on one another as on strangers appears rather oddly in the obituary notices of some of the most celebrated chieftains. Thus, one King of Tyrone is referred to as "the plunderer of the English and the Irish," while of Hugh O'Neale, King of Derry and Donegal, who was evidently held in high esteem, being mentioned in different places as "inferior to none in renown and goodness," "a King the most hospitable and defensive that had come to the Irish for a long time," we find this notice in "The Annals of Clonmacnoise":

A.D. 1230, Hugh O'Neale, King of Aileagh, the only banisher and extyrper of the English and destroyer of the Irish, died.

This tribute to the impartial prowess of an Irish chieftain winds up with a note of disappointment in the statement that

He died in his bed, though it was never supposed that he would die any other way than by the hands of the English.

Evidently, dying in bed was such an unusual occurrence as to be thought worthy of special notice. Here and there, it is true, the disheartening history is brightened by passing glimpses of leaders now English, now Irish, who in happier times might have left some permanent traces of their sway. Such an Irishman was Cormac, King of Munster and Bishop of Cashel in the 10th century; and, again, about one hundred years later, the great Brian Boroimh, both of whom succeeded for a brief period in uniting a great part of the country in patriotic aims. And such an Englishman was Maurice Fitzgerald, the founder of the Fitzgerald family in Ireland, who came over with Strongbow, and was appointed by Henry II. Chief Governor of Ireland in 1169, but died four years after. He is thus described by Giraldus Cambrensis, his contemporary: "A man he was both honest and wise, and for truth and valor very noble and famous; a man of his word, of constant mind, and of a certain bashfulness, well coloured and of good countenance, courteous, gentle and moderate, a pattern of sobriety and good behaviour; a man of few words; his speeches more full of wit and wisdom than of words; more wisdom he had than eloquence; in martial affairs bold, stout, and valiant, and yet not hasty to run headlong into any adventure; but when an attempt was once taken in hand he would strictly pursue and follow the same." 1

It would be hard to convey in a few lines a more restful and attractive picture of a ruler or one better endowed with the qualities so conspicuously needed in the country of his adoption.<sup>2</sup> "A man of few words," "his speeches more full of wit and wisdom than of words," "more wisdom than eloquence." Cambrensis dwells on the quality with fond reiteration, as if 700 years ago he found as great a charm in it as we do in this talkative nineteenth century. Surely, then, as often since, Britain gave us of her best; gifts repaid her in after

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Hibernia Expugnata, lib. 1, c. 42.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Compare the character of Fitzgerald with that which the translator of the Annals gives of his own countrymen. "Spirited, bold, brilliant, enthusiastic, and fond of fame, but prone to fierce feuds and dissensions amongst themselves, impetuous, rash, violent, wanting caution, coolness and calculation, greater talkers than thinkers, valiant, social, generous, highminded, hospitable, but too easily excited, passionate and proud."—Preface to the 1st translation of *The Annals of the Four Masters*.

years in many a brave defender, wise and faithful servant; well for us (in spite of sins and follies on both sides) that Providence placed us side by side and made us one, as a skilful gardener, grafting one stem upon another, makes, in course of time, plants fragrant and valuable, which, left in their native isolation, had been but the scent-less and neglected brambles of the hedgerow. But those were early days, and the soil was unpropitious, and if rulers such as these effected for a time some improvement, their works were soon overwhelmed in the ceaseless whirlwind of Irish faction; and the province which during a few years had been a little more peaceful and lawabiding than others, was, by its neighbour's envy and cupidity, plunged into greater misery and conflict, probably from the fact that there were more castles to burn, more cornfields to devastate, more cattle to raid.

But O'Clery's remarks have led us into a long digression, and it is time we should make the acquaintance of our poet, Muireagh O'Daileagh, whom we find in the year 1213 in his castle of Lissadill, near Sligo Bay. He was apparently a man of position and property, being one of a long line of poets laureate, no fewer than twelve O'Daileaghs being mentioned in the "Annals of Loch Cé" as "chief poets of Erinn and of Albain" (Scotland); and the Irish poets seem to have had a keen and practical eye to the profits of their calling, "using," in the words of one historian, "their influence to make their profession hereditary and to appropriate to it large portions of land." Maolisa O'Daileagh, who died in 1185, and was probably the father of our hero, is mentioned in the Annals as "Chief sage of Erinn and of Albain, head chieftain of Corcoraidhe and Corcadaimh, a nobleman distinguished for learning, poetry, and hospitality." Corcadaimh was the O'Daileaghs' territory in Westmeath. Corcoraidhe must have been a new acquisition, as up to this time it seems to have belonged to other families.

This plan of making so lucrative a profession hereditary had much to recommend it, considering the circumstances of the time. To make possessions hereditary must have been attended with difficulty in those days; the more extensive and fruitful a man's lands, and the more numerous and thriving his cattle, the more difficult it must have been to keep them for himself, much less his heirs; but by bequeathing to his son the profession of "chief poet," which combined that of Court chronicler and biographer, he was provided at once with powerful patrons, who in return for poetic records of their deeds and prowess, would, in the event of his lands being seized or cattle raided, attack the offenders; or, if more convenient, seize someone else's lands or cattle for his benefit. At the same time it

must be admitted that a family who could make the composition of poems and romances hereditary deserve some respect, and that the O'Daileaghs did so with considerable success appears in the "Annals of Loch Cé," where we find the various poets of the name spoken of in most laudatory terms, other bards being mentioned as eminent, "after the O'Daileaghs," while of one, Domchadh Mor O'Daileagh, who died in 1244, and whom O'Reilly speaks of as "a famous poet, who from the sweetness of his verses was called the "Ovid of Ireland," the annalist goes the length of asserting "he never was, and never will be, surpassed in poetry." In spite of this discouraging prediction, we find O'Daileaghs mentioned as professors of poetry during another hundred years, after which we lose sight of them in that capacity.

And now to relate our hero's adventures in the words of the old chronicle:

A.D. 1213. Fionn O'Brolchain, the steward of O'Donnell (Donal More) went to Connaught to collect O'Donnell's tribute. He first went to Carbery of Drumcliff, where he visited along with his attendants the house of the poet, Muireagh O'Daileagh of Lissadill. On coming into the poet's presence he betrayed appearances of fear and caution before him, as he was a man of gigantic strength, and as his master had advised him to beware of the poet.

Fionn seems to have been rather a timid messenger to send to such a formidable bard, and might possibly have fared better if he had put a bolder face on the matter. If his cringing demeanour was intended to propitiate O'Daileagh, it signally failed, as we are told:

O'Daileagh became enraged on seeing him, and seizing a sharp axe, he struck him a blow and slew him on the spot, and then fled into Clanrickard, being afraid of O'Donnell.

Could we suppose Fionn had come in the person of an interviewer, we might be tempted to sympathise with the poet as an early reformer, and a martyr in a good cause; but from our slight acquaintance with him he seems rather the kind of man to have enjoyed this modern process, and it is to be feared we must assign his action to a deep-rooted aversion to the sight of a taxgatherer. His sudden fury seems to have been very quickly succeeded by fear of Fionn's master, and he had certainly some ground for alarm, to judge by the few glimpses we get in the Annals of that chieftain's career.

Under the date 1208 we find:

Donal More with all his forces overtook Hugh O'Neale in Inishowen, and a battle was fought between them in which countless numbers were slaughtered on both sides.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Lissadill, near Sligo Bay, is marked as a castle in an old map of the reign of Elizabeth.

Then follows a long list of chiefs slain on this occasion; again the same year

Donal More marched his forces against Hugh O'Neill and the Kinell Owen, and took preys and hostages from the country; but a peace was concluded between them, and they entered into an alliance against the English and Irish that would oppose them.

In 1210 these allies marched against the English settlers at Bally-shannon, and

Slew many, distributing their property and booty among their own men.

In 1213, the year in which O'Daileagh's flight took place,

They defeated the English with dreadful slaughter, and burnt Carlingford.

1219. Donal More marched his forces into the Garbh Thrian<sup>2</sup> of Connaught, and obtained hostages and the submission of O'Rourke, O'Reilly, and the entire tribe of Hugh Fionn,<sup>3</sup> he afterwards led his forces through Fermanagh, and spoiled every place through which he passed, both church and country wherever he was opposed.

1223. Donal More marched his forces to Croaghan of Connaught, from thence to the Tuatha, and proceeded westward across the river Suck, and devastated by fire and sword every district through which he passed, compelling them to give hostages and make their submission!

1230. Donal More marched with his forces into Connaught, against Hugh, son of Roderick O'Conor, whom he attacked, and plundered Moy Aoi with many parts of the country.

1231. Donal More, of Tyrconnel, and Angus MacGillifinan, of Fermanagh, marched their forces into the territory of Cathal O'Reilly, conveyed their vessels to Loch Trachtain, plundered Eo Inis, 5 and carried away all the jewels, treasures, and wealth of the entire town.

1232. An army was led by O'Donnell into Tyrone, and arrived at Tullahogue, on which occasion he killed many cows, burned the corn crops, did much injury, and then returned home in triumph.

1234. Angus MacGillafinen, Lord of Loch Erne, turned against O'Donnell and went into Tirconnell upon a predatory excursion; but O'Donnell (Donal More) overtook him and killed him in revenge for the death of Egneghan.

1236. Donal More marched with an army to Tubhar Chinn Choiche 6 in Uliada, and destroyed every territory through which he passed; he also obtained hostages and submission from most of the Ulidians.

O'Neill's tribes in Derry and Tyrone.

3 Hugh the Fair, one of the ancient Kings of Connaught.

<sup>4</sup> Now generally called Rathcroghan, in Roscommon, the ancient Palace of the Kings of Connaught so celebrated in Bardic legends.

<sup>5</sup> An island in Loch Oughter. In the Annals of Kilronan this raid is thus described:—A.D. 1231, a great army was led by Donal O'Donnell, King of Tyrconnell, and Angus Macgillafinen, against Cathal O'Reilly, and they brought a fleet with them upon Loch Oughter and plundered Eo Inis and killed the best white steed that was in Ireland, and carried away Cacht, the wife of O'Reilly, and the jewels and goods of the whole town.

6 The ancient name of the town of Newry.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> The "Rough Third," a name applied to the mountainous part of Leitrim.

Such are a few exploits of the chieftain who was now on the track of this impulsive poet, whose hasty flight is not surprising, though, if any reader is led by these extracts to suppose that Donal More was exceptionally violent or bloodthirsty, he is doing him an injustice which a brief glance over the Annals will soon cause him to retract. The offended chief lost no time in taking to the war-path.

When O'Donnell obtained intelligence of this (the death of Fionn) he collected his forces and pursued O'Daileagh, and did not rest until he arrived at the place afterwards called Derry O'Donnell, in Clanrickard (so named because O'Donnell encamped there for the night). Next morning he began to devastate the country by fire and sword, until MacWilliam (de Burgo) at last submitted to him, having previously sent Muireagh into Thomond for refuge.

This MacWilliam was Richard de Burgo, the son of William Fitzadeline, and Isabel, daughter of Richard I.; he was known as the great Lord of Connaught, Henry II. having made him Governor of that province. He was Lord Deputy of Ireland in 1227, married the daughter of Cathal O'Conor, King of Connaught, and was grandfather to the Red Earl of Ulster, the most powerful subject in Ireland.

There is a good copy on paper in the Royal Irish Academy of a poem which O'Daileagh addressed to him at the time of his flight. O'Donovan gives the following account of it. It begins—

## "Cnead azajb aojbjż azcejn?"

What brings a guest to you from afar?

In it the poet calls himself O'Daileagh of Meath, and states that he was wont to frequent the courts of the English, and to drink wine from the hands of kings and knights, of bishops and abbots; that not wishing to remain to be trampled under the feet of the race of Conn, he fled to one who, with his mail-clad warriors, was able to protect him against the fury of the King of Derry and Assaroe, who had threatened him with his vengeance, though, indeed, the cause of the enmity was but trifling, for that the fugitive had but killed a plebeian of his people who had the audacity to affront him.

"Beaz an bhala hill an bhean,
Baczac do belt dom calhead,
21)e do manbad an możad
21 de! Un adbah anpolad?"
Small is our difference with the man,
A shepherd was abusing me,
And I killed that clown;
O'God! is this a cause for enmity?

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Conn of the hundred battles, a celebrated king of Ireland in the second century.

He calls upon the puissant knight, Richard, the son of William, to respect the order of the poets, who are never treated with harshness by chieftains, and to protect the weak against the strong. He next bestows some verses of panegyric upon him—describes the splendour of his house and its inmates—calls him the chief of the English, the Lord of Leinster, the King of Connaught, the proprietor of the forts of Croghan, of Tara, of MacCoisi's wall of stone, and of Mur-Mic and Duinn, then called "Caislen in chouaing"—and hints that he might yet invite the poets of the five provinces to his house. then tells Richard that whatever deeds of valour anyone may have achieved he cannot be truly renowned without protecting the venerable or the feeble; and that he now has an opportunity of making himself illustrious by protecting O'Daly, of Meath, a poet whose verses demand attention, and who throws himself on his generosity. He concludes by reminding him of his duties as King of the famous province of Connaught.

Connaught is generally spoken of as "the famous province" in the Annals and other chronicles of the time, possibly because it contained several ancient and royal monuments; to a modern mind, however, it seems as if in De Burgo's time it must have been more famous for misery than anything else. Writing of the very time that O'Daileagh's poetical appeal was written, the annalist tells us:

Woeful was the misfortune which God permitted to fall on the best province of Ireland at that time! for the young warriors did not spare each other, but preyed and plundered each other to the utmost of their power—women and children, the feeble and the lowly poor, perished by cold and famine in this war.

And the "Annals of Kilronan," describing the same period, tell us how the O'Conors and O'Briens, with some of the English,

Plundered the country, seized the cows, and destroyed the people; those who attempted to escape were drowned, killed, or plundered; it was pitiful! and the fishing weirs were found full of drowned children.

#### And again:

There was no peace in Connaught, for all its churches and territories had been plundered and laid waste. After these events a destructive plague and fever followed, and devastated Connaught, entire towns being depopulated, so that a single living creature could not be found in them.

The previous year the Annals mention that

The corn remained unreaped until the festival of St. Bridget (February 1), when the ploughing was going on, in consequence of the war and inclement weather.

Truly, to be Governor of such a province cannot have been an enviable position, and O'Daileagh's eulogistic address seems a mockery

in the face of such a state of things. De Burgo can hardly have welcomed the suggested mode of "making himself illustrious," and thereby bringing O'Donnell and his destroying hordes into his country. He seems, however, to have accepted the situation, and only when his unfortunate province was once more devastated, and he could no longer protect the fugitive, sent him on to Donald Cairbregh O'Brien, King of Thomond, or North Munster, who was to be the next victim in the cause of hospitality.

This chief was brother-in-law to "Strongbow," the Earl of Pembroke, having, like him, married a daughter of that Dermod M'Murrough, King of Leinster, who had invited the English to help him against his subjects, and by whom, in the graphic words of the old Irish historian, "a trembling sod was made of all Ireland." O'Brien, like the rest, seems to have contributed his share to keep it in this state of convulsion, being continually at war, and generally, so far as can be seen, with his nearest relations. Even the most solemn treaties were no restraint whatever on him, as the Annals relate how on one occasion when Hugh, son of Roderick O'Connor, had defeated him, and carried off some chiefs as hostages,

Donal made peace with him by the solemn ceremony of extinguishing candles (a peace so solemn that whoever should violate it was excommunicated with bell, book, and candle), and bound himself never again to oppose him, on condition that his captive friends were set at liberty.

#### But the paragraph goes calmly on-

He (Donough) did not, however, adhere to his covenant with the son of Roderick after his friends were released, for on the next occasion he marched against him with the forces of Hugh, son of Cathal Crowdeagh.

Hospitality seems to have survived better than other virtues in those demoralising times; Donough appears to have sheltered O'Daileagh and paid the usual penalty, for

Donal pursued him thither, and proceeded to plunder and lay waste that country also, where upon Donagh Cairbreagh O'Brien sent Muireagh from him for protection to the people of Limerick.

Limerick, which, like Waterford and Dublin, had been built by the Danes, was a thriving and populous town when our poet sought refuge there, for the practical and energetic Northmen who could be so cruel and destructive in their dealings with strangers, appear, unlike the native Irish, to have been free from internal dissensions, and to have found time in the intervals of fighting to improve their cities and extend their commerce. Cambrensis, alluding probably to Amlave's invasion in 852, says, "A colony from Norway

and other parts of the Islands of the North landed in Ireland; they had a competent knowledge of the goodness of the country, either from their own experience or the reports of others. They came not with a hostile fleet, but under the pretext of peace and colour of traffic; and settling down in the maritime ports of the kingdom, they at length, by consent of the Princes of the land, erected several cities in it. For the Irish, out of a natural disposition of laziness never in any degree employed themselves in navigation or commerce. and therefore it was by the universal advice of the whole kingdom judged to be for the interest of the weal public, that some foreigners should be permitted to make setttlements in the island, by whose industry the commodities of other countries might be imported into it." He goes on to say, "This people, therefore, who are now styled 'Ostmen," were in the beginning peacable and governable enough, but when their numbers increased beyond bounds, and they had strongly fortified their cities, they were ready on all occasions to revive ancient quarrels, and fly out into open rebellion."

The prosperity of Limerick, the foundation of which had been laid by the Danes, had been fostered by the Anglo-Normans. Churches had been established, mills and fisheries had been improved, and become large sources of revenue and profit; charters had been given enabling the citizens to elect mayors and bayliffs, and make byelaws and regulations for the public good, and shortly before O'Daileagh's visit King John had built a bridge over the river, and a noble castle, which still remains, one of the finest specimens of fortified Norman architecture in the kingdom.

It was, then, a secure and comfortable haven Muireagh had arrived at, and as the municipal roll of the thirteenth century shows that among the early settlers were English, French, Spaniards, and Italians, the society must have been pleasantly varied, and such as a poet of polite tastes would doubtless have enjoyed. No respite, however, was allowed the poor fugitive, Nemesis being still on his track.

To the gates of Limerick O'Donnell pursued him, and pitching his camp at Moin-in-Donnell (O'Donnell's Marsh, so called from that circumstance) laid siege to the city, upon which the inhabitants, at the command of O'Donnell, expelled Muireagh, who found no protection, but was sent from place to place until he arrived at Dublin.

And here at last comes a pause in this poet chase, as we are told:

O'Donnell returned home on this occasion, having first traversed and completed the visitation of all Connaught,

and presumably having in the process exhausted his forces for the time being; so, while our harassed poet is enjoying a little breathing-time we may, by the help of contemporary records, see what kind of place Dublin was at the time he sought refuge there.

Far too formidable a place indeed to attack with the remnant of an army, as it was surrounded by walls and fortifications built originally by the Danes, and latterly strengthened and partially rebuilt under the Anglo-Normans; garrisoned, too, by disciplined and well-armed troops, who, though few in number, had often proved themselves more than a match for large bodies of Irish and Danes. In 1169, in the early days of the English occupation, Dublin was besieged for two months by Roderick O'Conor, with a large force; and again in 1171 by a yet more formidable army of Ostmen and Norwegians; but on each occasion the little English garrison under Miles and Richard de Cogan were able, by bold and unexpected sorties, to utterly rout the besiegers, and take many prisoners, with hardly any loss on their own side.

The fortified city O'Daileagh took refuge in, appears from ancient maps to have extended only about half-a-mile along the south bank of the Liffey, from the present Grattan Bridge to the beginning of Ussher's Quay, the Abbey of Holy Trinity, or Christ Church, forming its centre. It was entered by six gates with towers and drawbridges, from which diverged the principal thoroughfares.

The Dames Gate, or the Porte de St. Marie del Dams at the west end of the present Dame Street, was called after the adjacent mill dams, which are styled in a thirteenth-century document, "Molendina nova Domini Regis sita sub Castello Dublin." These mills existed for many centuries, and Dame Street was called Dam Street down to our own day by many old people who looked upon "Dame Street" as an innovation of modern refinement. It was against this gate that the Northmen in 1171 directed their main efforts, and it was through St. Werburgh's, or the Pole Gate, close to which Dublin Castle was soon after built, that Richard de Cogan issued with a small force, and, taking them by surprise, slew 2,000 of the besiegers with the loss of only nine or ten English, thus ending the powers of the Ostmen in Dublin, though many remained, and became peaceable subjects of the English.

The next entrance, Magillamacholmog's Gate, and the street of the same name, stood on the site of the present St. Michael's Lane. This rather jaw-breaking title was derived from a long line of lords who had property in the neighbourhood of Dublin, and who imposed many heavy and arbitrary tributes on the people, exacting from them "land cows," boats, and other extortions. Donal Magillamacholmog, surnamed "Claenn," or the Perverse, was chief ruler of Dublin from

1125 to 1134, when he was murdered by the men of Meath, in revenge for his having a month previously killed the Royal heir to their throne. His successor was treacherously blinded by King Dermot of Leinster, and a few years after the next in succession was "slain by his brethren." Donal, who was head of the clan during the Anglo-Norman invasion, left a more peaceful record. to have been closely associated with the new settlers, his signature, with those of Countess Eva and Raymond Le Gros, being appended to Strongbow's grant to the Abbey of Glendalough, and he is reported to have founded and endowed St. Mary's Abbey. Dermot, his son, was in possession at the time of our poet's arrival, King John having granted to him all the land held by his father, and other property besides; for which (according to a deed in the Tower of London) he was to pay tribute of two otter skins into the exchequer, every year at the feast of St. Michael. The exacting of tribute, however, seems to have been more to the taste of this family than the payment of it, for in an unpublished pipe roll of 10 Henry IV, we find John, son of Dermod, charged with two otter skins for his rent for the same year, five otter skins for the two-and-a-half years previous, and one hundred and sixty-two otter skins for his rent for many years past, making a total of one hundred and sixty-nine otter skins, or about eighty-four years rent. In the absence of an Arrears Act, we are forced to leave the many-syllabled in this hopeless state of insolvency, this circumstance being the last entry accessible relative to the family. The gate and street called after them was afterwards changed (much to the public relief, no doubt) to that of St. Michael, after the neighbouring church.

The two next gates we come to are St. Nicholas Gate and the New Gate, terminating respectively St. Nicholas Street and the Corn Market; and between these two, outside the city walls, was where the citizens held their annual fair for eight days, conformably to a grant of King John in 1204. Close to this place, called the Fair ground (terra de la feyr), was Bertram's Court, the residence of Bertram de Verdon, who came over with Prince John in 1185, and was made Baron of Dundalk and Seneschal of Ireland. He was the friend of Cambrensis (Gerald de Barry), who stayed with him while compiling the materials for his writings on Ireland after Prince John left. The sixth gate was Gormand's Gate (afterwards Ormond's), close to the bridge over the Liffey.

The names of the various streets give a clue to the princpal articles of merchandise dealt in at the time. "Vicus Piscariorum," or Fishamble Street; "Vicus Tabernariorum vini," or Winetavern

Street "Vicus Pellipariorum," or Skinners' Row, The Corn Market, and so on.

Cambrensis notices the great abundance of fish on the coast, and in the lakes and rivers of Ireland; and a few years after O'Daileagh's visit we find the Government prohibiting the sale of fish anywhere except in the Fishambles, and at a proper hour of the day, and appointing four commissioners to supervise the various harbours, and see that all fish was forwarded direct to the Fishambles, as what was called "forestalling" was carried to such an extent by dealers, called "braggers" or "loders," that the citizens had to pay exorbitantly for their fish on fast days.

In Fishamble Street was the old Guildhall, which had been the public court of the citizens of Dublin from very early times. It was in this hall they slew Murchadg, the father of King Dermod of Leinster, in 1120. After the Anglo-Norman settlement the citizens obtained a charter that they should be impleaded nowhere but in their own Guildhall. The building, however, must have been falling into decay at the time of O'Daileagh's visit, as, soon after, it seems to have quite disappeared.

Cambrensis also mentions the great quantity of wine imported into Dublin, and Theobald le Botiller's account of wines brought to Irish ports from 1266 to 1282 shows that the sum received for prizage during that period amounted to £1,798. The early Anglo-Irish records abound with entries of large quantities of wine supplied from Ireland to England, and John de Decer, first Provost of Dublin, who was Mayor at the time of our poet's sojourn, mentions, in addition to the large quantities of grain supplied in 1229 to the King's army in Scotland, fifty-five hogsheads and one pipe of red wine. King John, in his charter to the city, had enacted that no foreigner should keep a tavern, except on shipboard, but the citizens themselves dealt in wine to such an extent that contemporary accounts mention "whole streets of tavernes," and writers in succeeding centuries comment on the excessive and general sale of wine. Lord Mountjoy, Irish Secretary in the time of Queen Elizabeth, says that "at Dublyn, and in other cities, there are tavernes where French and Spanish wines are sold, but more commonly the merchants sell them by pintes and quartes in their own cellars"; and he adds that when "the native Irish come to any market town to sell a cow or a horse they never return home till they have drunk the price in Spanish wine or Irish Usquebaugh." Poor victims of the fiend which for so many centuries we have allowed to dog the steps of our civilisation!

From the New Gate towards Christ Church ran the Corn Market,

one of the most important localities in the city. Corn had been cultivated in Ireland from the earliest times, and in the Middle Ages large quantities of grain were exported. The most ancient Irish Act of Parliament extant is a statute passed in 1268, enacting that the weights and measures of every kind of grain in Ireland should correspond with those of London. The assize of bread was established by King John and his barons in 1204, who enacted that every baker should mark his bread with his own stamp, and have a profit of 3d. or 4d. for every quarter, together with the bran. In 1222 one of the articles of complaint against Archbishop Henri de Loundres, then Judiciary, was that he assumed jurisdiction over the bakers, delivering them from the custody in which they had been placed for vending dishonest bread; and it is recorded that the bakers of Dublin were dragged on hurdles through the streets for their false weights in 1310 when a bushel of wheat sold for twenty shillings.

The shops where these various commodities were vended were merely open booths; and up to the time of the Anglo-Norman invasion all the buildings, with the exception of the Guildhall and churches, seem to have been of the meanest description.

When King Henry II. came to Dublin, we are told "there was no house capable of receiving his retinue, and he was under the necessity of erecting (near St. Andrew's Church) a long pavilion composed of smooth wattles, after the fashion of the country, which, being well-furnished with plate, household furniture, and good cheer, made a better appearance than ever before had been seen in Ireland."

After this, however, building seems to have gone on apace, and our poet must have found many changes to interest him.

The castle must have been either quite new or in process of building. Meyler FitzHenry, Lord Justice of Ireland, having signified to the King that he had no safe place to keep his treasure in, and that for various reasons it would be necessary to erect a strong fortress in Dublin, had obtained a charter for the purpose; but the building was carried out by Henri de Loundres, who was Archbishop at the time of O'Daileagh's visit. The entrance into the castle from the south side of Castle Street (then called Lomeria, from the number of Lorimers, or makers of small iron-work) was by a drawbridge placed between two strong towers, both of which have been taken down during the last 100 years.

The quays had been added to and improved, King John having given large grants to the citizens to repair their walls and build a new bridge, besides confirming them in the possession of the "edificia

super aqua," and licensing them to erect other buildings on the side of the Liffey.

Outside the walls had lately risen the new cathedral of St. Patrick, which was built by Philip de Comyn, the predecessor of Henri de Loundres, and many were the rivalries and the jealousies between the new and old cathedrals. Christ Church had not been neglected, however, having been endowed with land, and confirmed in its privileges, while the Anglo-Norman Barons Robert FitzStephen and Raymond Le Gros had added to it a choir, steeple, and three chapels.

The last of these had recently been finished, and dedicated to the good Lorcan O'Tuathal, commonly known as St. Laurence O'Toole, who was consecrated Archbishop in the abbey in 1162, and canonised in the same place about the time of our story.

The holy and self-denying life and patriotic labours of this good old prelate made him well worthy of the honour, and it was unnecessary for the annalist to try to add additional lustre to his name by stating that "he suffered martyrdom in England," the fact being that he died at the monastery of Eu, in Normandy, whither he had followed Henri II. in order to demand some special favour or privilege for his beloved people. With them his thoughts were occupied to the last, for he is reported to have said when dying: "Alas! foolish and senseless people, what will you do now? Who will heal your differences? Who will have pity on you?"

The Anglo-Norman Archbishop, Henri de Loundres, seems to have been a very unworthy successor to the Irish Saint. Healing differences was the last thing with which he concerned himself. We have seen how he took the part of the dishonest bakers when they were imprisoned for the protection of the citizens; and if Camden's "Antiquities" speak truly, his Grace richly deserved to be imprisoned himself, as it is there reported of him that he summoned all his tenants and farmers to visit him a certain day, bringing the evidence and writing by which they enjoyed their holdings; then, taking them unawares, he suddenly cast all the parchments into the fire. The poor tenants in a rage shouted: "Thou an Archbishop! Thou art a scorche villeyn!" and drawing their weapons, rushed on him; but he escaped by a back door, leaving his chaplain, registrar, and servants to be badly beaten, and some of them left for dead. The title of Scorche Villeyn clung to him ever after.

And now to return to the Annals. O'Donnell, we are told,

having mustered another army without much delay the same year, and marching to Dublin, compelled the people of Dublin to banish Muireagh into Scotland

It doesn't appear that the canny burghers of Limerick and Dublin showed any desire to "become illustrious" through protecting "O'Daileagh of Meath," beyond encouraging, and perhaps assisting, him to go elsewhere. To Scotland, therefore, O'Daileagh went, and having interposed the friendly waves between him and his pursuer, set his muse to work to repair his fallen fortunes.

Here he remained until he composed three poems in praise of O'Donnel, the third commencing:

"O! Donal! Benevolent hand of peace."

Mr. Oscar Wilde, in his lament for "the decay of lying," tells us that Plato considered it a sister art to poetry and often united to it; this line of O'Daileagh's seems to afford an excellent example. To address Donal More as a "Benevolent hand of peace" shows an imagination and audacity worthy a master of both arts. It has been said, however, that the best way to endow anyone with some desirable quality is to give him credit for possessing it; and though, owing to a deficiency in human charity, the plan is not often tried, in this instance it seems to have been successful. O'Donnell, who we must conclude to have been unmoved by the first two poems, which probably extolled his power and feats of arms, appears to have been completely overcome by this novel and pleasing view of his disposition. We can imagine the warrior reading the effusion at first with some surprise, but becoming gradually suffused with a glow of benevolent selfsatisfaction, and beginning to think that after all he was a kindly and peaceably-disposed sort of fellow when other tribes refrained from provoking him, either by opposing his progress, or displaying a superabundance of cows; and in this pleasant frame of mind he would think leniently of the discerning poet who had discovered the real amiability of his character in spite of all appearances to the contrary, and so the tale concludes:

Muireagh obtained pardon on account of his laudatory poems, and O'Donnell received him into his favour, and with his usual generosity gave him lands and possessions.

Although we may think the poet overrated the peaceableness of O'Donnell's disposition, we are sure the annalist did no more than justice to his generosity. We have seen how, when he slew the English settlers at Ballyshannon, he distributed their property among his own followers; and as he was probably equally liberal with the results of his other forays, he must have been very generous indeed. As he seems to have been marauding continually and successfully up to the year 1236, we may conclude that Muireagh O'Daileagh (if only

he was able to restrain his feelings in the matter of tribute paying) prospered accordingly. There is no further record of him, and of his worth as a poet we have little means of judging, but in the Annals of the year 1241 we find this paragraph:

Donal More, Lord of Tyrconnell, Fermanagh, and North Comrigh, died in the monastic habit, having gained the victory over the world and the devil.

And we can at least say this for our poet, that by his verses he gained the victory over Donal More.

One profit certainly to be found in considering "how our fore-fathers passed their time" is the sense of relief and satisfaction with which we turn our eyes on our own surroundings. And as poets are apt to indulge in mournful views of life, we would especially commend the study to them.

Not that many poets have been forced to play a game of hare-and-hounds with an Irish chieftain of the old school (as, indeed, it has not been a common practice of poets even in their most impecunious days to slaughter the tax-gatherer); yet poets have had their days of bondage; patrons who "bade them play on, profane the God-given gift and mar the lofty line"... And now, more than other men, they are emancipated, no longer bound to individuals, they may sing for the commonweal; and making their voices "a music heard above the yells and counter-yells of feud and faction," preach "the love of country that endures not sordid ends."

It is said that somewhere amid the ruins of Aileagh Grainia, or "the Eagle's Nest," that ancient palace of the kings of Ireland, whose cyclopean remains may yet be seen in Donegal, there sleep a thousand Irish kings, their hands resting on their swords, until the day come when they shall rise to reassert their sovereignty over their native country. At intervals they rouse themselves and demand in cchoing voices, "Has the time come?" but the spirit who keeps watch over their slumbers replies, "The time is not yet," and they again compose themselves to rest.

If their admiring chroniclers do them any measure of justice, it is to be devoutly hoped that this most discreet and beneficent spirit may succeed in putting off that evil day indefinitely, but should his efforts prove unavailing, and these old warriors rise "in their habit as they lived," we may console ourselves with the knowledge that their first energies would be devoted to demolishing one another.

The scene of their slumbers, whose crumbling ruins show what must once have been its colossal size and strength, was destroyed (need we say) not by time or tempest, or foreign foe, but by one Irish king in revenge for the depredations of another; but though it is thus a

memorial of much that is sad in Irish history, many a sculptured cross or little stone-roofed oratory, which has stood intact amid the storms of centuries, reminds us of other Irishmen whose fiery Celtic zeal found nobler scope, whose lives left more beneficent memorials. Preachers of the Gospel of Peace, whose names and influence shall outlive the ravages of discord and plunder.

MARY F. GIBSON.

### MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Vox et præterea nihil. Κρείσσον οὐδὲν ἀνάγκας ηθρον.

N nothing I expatiate—the essence of nonentity,
And "nihil fit ex nihilo"—from naught comes nothing forth:
Yet nothing in comparison is harder to identify,
For "nihil est virtute amabilius" forsooth.

Tho' many things are destined to result in "nothing definite,"

Yet nothing is more difficult than nothing to define:

What kind of explanation, satisfactory or adequate,

Can possibly be furnished where there's nothing to explain?

Tho' naught be unequivocal yet nothing is more evident,
There's nothing so ambiguous as nothing, as a rule;
For while it is impossible of nothing to be ignorant,
Yet he who knoweth nothing is a sorry kind of fool.

Tho' nothing is superior to reason as an analyst,
Yet nothing is than nothing more illogical, I ween;
While nothing is invisible where everything is manifest,
Where all is imperceptible there's nothing to be seen.

Tho' nothing be quite good enough the epicure to satisfy,
Yet naught were scanter diet than on nothing to be fed;
If naught be good for anything 'tis little it can signify—
On what is "good for nothing" next to nothing need be said.

In matters mathematical, 'tis nothing tends to decimate

Like naught reduced to nothing—as in twenty times a score:

'Twere difficult the influence of naught to over-estimate—

If naught be yet deducted there is nothing left—but four.

[20 × 20=400: 40, 4]

That nothing be omitted to improve this opportunity,

Let naught be comprehended altho' nothing else be taught:

Ten thousand times a thousand equals nothing more than unity

Plus nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing, naught.

 $[1,000 \times 10,000 = 10,000,000]$ 

Tho' nothing be impossible from naught to differentiate,

Yet naught is less than nothing, altho' nothing is so small:

While nothing is more difficult than nothing to annihilate,

That all should come to nothing were but "nothing after all."

Now all reduced to naught amounts to "nothing in particular,"
And, nothing now remaining, I may terminate my lay;
Since naught is so remarkable, 'tis "nothing very singular"
That, nothing being finished, there is nothing left to say.

NIHILIST.

# A VISIT TO A JAPANESE SHRINE.

"Nikko, knows not the sublime! So speak the little Japs of their most sacred shrine. We decided to make the pilgrimage to the "Mountain of the Sun's Brightness" by road, in preference to rail or river. Why we chose the most tedious method of getting over the ground from Tokyo I cannot say, unless it was that two French gentlemen who were of our party, insisted that to do the thing quite properly, it was absolutely necessary that we should follow the route taken by devout pilgrims. Now, when foreigners commence arguing, an Englishman generally gives in at once; thus it came about that on a hot August morning we were stowed away in a dilapidated waggonette, and started on our journey through the city and scattered suburbs of Senji, and out into the country beyond.

We found the Oshiukaido (Pilgrim Road) in very fair condition. though somewhat hot and dusty. Every few miles little wayside tea-houses were passed, where were generally to be seen a number of pilgrims, pedlars, medicine vendors, and other travellers, but the country around us was, for the most part, flat and uninteresting until we reached the small village of Kurihashi. Here we had to ferry over the Toné-gawa, which took considerable time, and then the scenery commenced to improve. The tops of the mountains came in sight. and we soon found ourselves in the famous avenue of cryptomerias which stretches hence right up to the sacred shrine of Nikko. trees were planted by a faithful follower of the Great Shogoon, Ivé-Yasu, in memory of his master. It is a thousand pities that they were not planted so as to allow of a broader road between them, as now that they have grown to an immense height, the narrowness of the road somewhat detracts from their magnificent appearance. Yet, even as they are, they form a monument in itself unique, and one that will outlive any crumbling shrine that could have been erected.

By sunset, the pleasures of our drive were over; darkness came on apace, the overhanging branches of the trees shutting out the little remaining light. This we could have put up with, although we

were still many miles from Utsonomaya, but a storm, which had heen threatening all the afternoon, suddenly swept down upon us in all its fury, and flash after flash of the most brilliant lightning played down the avenue. Fortunately, our conveyance was provided with an iron frame, over which a tarpaulin was quickly tied before the rain commenced to fall. It was one of the weirdest sights I have ever witnessed; the black clouds ever and anon opened to send forth the dancing light, which came flying down the dark and gloomy vista of phantom trees, as if to greet us on our way. Terrific peals of thunder succeeded each flash, seeming to shake the very foundations of the earth, and drowning every other sound. The horses, driven almost mad by the fury of the elements, galloped down the road for dear life, jolting us most unmercifully as we sat within the trap in solemn silence, thinking only of when the end would come and what it would be-whether our brains would be left on some cryptomeria trunk, or whether the lightning would make short work of us. last we reached a break in the avenue, where stood a small village by the roadside. The horses, evidently scenting shelter, pulled up sharp of their own accord, but no shelter was to be had for either man or beast, for the houses were tight closed against the storm with their amades or sliding shutters, and neither knock nor shout brought any response. The driver refused point blank to enter the avenue again until the storm had abated. Raiden, the thunder god, he said, had spared us thus far, but it would be tempting him too much to proceed among the trees, so there was nothing for it but to remain where we were, huddled up in the waggonette. Suddenly, a flash, more vivid than the others, lit up the row of giant trees, and a great crash of falling timber met our ears, but the darkness, of course, kept us ignorant of what had occurred. The thunder and lightning passed slowly away, and in their places came rain and wind. poured! I do not think I have ever experienced such a deluge. An hour later brought a perfect transformation; the clouds had rolled away, the wind had dropped, and a golden moon was shining down upon the desolate scene. We continued our journey, but we had not gone far before we found the road blocked by fallen branches. the dim light we could discern the tops of a dozen or more trees ruthlessly cut off by the lightning and strewn across the avenue. Something had to be done; we could not stay here all night, so we turned out and, ankle-deep in water, proceeded to drag the boughs aside. Our labours were rewarded, and, by eight o'clock, we were cheered by the sight of the lights of Utsonomaya-a place of considerable size.

The inn where we put up for the night was the first one that we came to—primitive to a degree and not provided with any European comforts. On entering we had to take off our boots, which, however, we were only too glad to do, since they were wet through. A large room was handed over to us in a kind of loft, and one huge mosquito-curtain was hung up, beneath which we spent the night. Cotton quilts were brought in for us to lie on, but they were so infested with fleas that we soon repented of having accepted them. Luckily we were well provided with "Keating," and a liberal sprinkling kept us fairly free from annoyance. We were tired enough to sleep through almost anything, yet the incessant jabbering of the natives kept us awake for hours, and when at last we succeeded in falling into a doze, alas! our French friends snored so vigorously that sound refreshing sleep was out of the question. My fellow-countryman stood it for about half-an-hour, and then, in sheer desperation, commenced throwing everything that came handy across the room, in which pastime I soon joined, till at last my store of missiles being nearly exhausted, I seized a boot and hurled it in the direction of the snorers. Though it missed the mark, it succeeded in stopping the musical entertainment, and, passing through the mosquito-curtains, rolled down the stairs with a clatter which woke the whole house, and brought up the landlord to see what was going on.

Early on the following morning we made a start for Nikko in jinrickshas, and after an uphill pull of about twenty miles, reached the end of our journey. Our quarters were off the main street (Hachi-ishi) of the little town, which stands on a slope surrounded by the most glorious scenery. There are plenty of shops in the place, at this time of year chiefly filled with goods likely to attract the European traveller, though stonemasons appear to drive a thriving trade in tombstones, for it is the one aim and object of the native to be buried as near as possible to the sacred mausoleum.

Between our portion of the town and the temples is a rock-strewn mountain river (the Daya-gawa), spanned by two bridges, the one of wood, the other of red lacquer picked out with gold. This latter is the Mikado's private bridge—open to no one else; once a year only the gates are unlocked for the court pilgrimage. Viewed from the wooden bridge, the scenery is imposing, and the colouring truly magnificent. The vivid red and gold of the royal bridge contrasts in a marked degree with the dashing white foam of the torrent, and the sombre verdure of the pine-forests which clothe the surrounding mountains. No wonder that the little Jap regards Nikko as the acme of everything glorious, though it i not the mere scenery which impresses the

natives so much as the grandeur of the numerous shrines and temples which are crowded together on the spot.

The history of the Nikko country dates back to the early centuries of the Christian era, and would of itself fill a volume. It would be absurd for me to attempt to enter into the subject or even sketch its outlines, so all I propose doing is to relate what I saw for myself, in this unromantic age of ours.

After crossing the river, we ascended the Nagasaka, through a dense wood of magnificent trees, and soon found ourselves within the sacred precincts. All is desolation here where formerly stood a hundred or more shrines endowed by daimios in honour of Ivé-Yasu. The daimios' families lost all their money in the troublous times which fell on the country, and the endowment ceased; the shrines gradually crumbled away and were then laid low by order of the priests. Thus the entrance to one of the marvels of the world has become nothing more than a rubbish corner, overgrown with rank vegetation. Passing this we come to the Mangwanji enclosure, in which is the "Hall of the Three Buddhas," and then, ascending a broad flight of steps between two rows of cryptomerias, we reach the granite torii "presented by the Prince of Chikuzen from his own quarries in the year 1618." The height of the archway is some thirty feet, and were it not for the fact that it is dwarfed by the surroundings, it would be a most imposing monument. Close by, on the left, rises a handsome five-storied pagoda, painted in harmonious colours. It is ancient, and has a wonderful collection of animals, carved out of wood, round its lower story. A paved courtyard of some extent stretches hence to the foot of a flight of steps, surmounted by the Gate of the Two Kings, on the flanks of which stand two enormous gilt lions. The gateway is covered with various carvings, representing tigers, elephants, fabulous beasts, and all kinds of flowers and foliage, and is a truly magnificent work of art. Again we find ourselves in yet another courtyard, this time enclosed by a red painted wooden wall. Here are three massive buildings, used for storing the utensils employed in religious ceremonies, as well as the furniture and other relics of the great Iyé-Yasu. Each building is adorned with brilliantly coloured carvings, the most remarkable of which are two elephants, well designed with the exception of the hind legs, which unfortunately bend the wrong way, proving that the sculptor was no naturalist.

In the same courtyard as the storehouses lives a sacred white pony in a comfortable stable, under the eaves of which are carved numerous groups of monkeys in every conceivable attitude. Then we come to a holy water basin of solid granite, forming a species of fountain, a continuous flow of water (conveyed to the spot from a distant mountain spring) pouring evenly over its edges. Near at hand is a richly ornamented Kio-zo, or sacred library, wherein are stored the Buddhist scriptures, placed in a kind of monster prayerwheel; while in the centre of the courtyard is a bronze torii, emblazoned with the arms of the Tokugawa family. In the next courtyard, a tier higher up the mountain side, are the contributions from Corea. in the form of bell towers, bells and lanterns, all beautifully fashioned out of bronze, and likely to be supplemented shortly by the spoils of conquest. Platform after platform is reached, on each one something new and something more beautiful in design and workmanship than anything that has appeared before. Handsome gateways. delicately-carved columns, buildings richly ornamented with crimson and gold succeed one another on all sides, until one becomes utterly bewildered by the variety of the strange sights. The beauty of everything is enhanced by the sombre background of cryptomerias which grow in profusion on every vacant spot, and shade with their widespreading branches the well-worn paving stones of the courtyards.

At last we reach the holy of holies—the Tamagaki enclosure—which contains a chapel and oratory. Carvings and paintings, more exquisite than any in the various other buildings, adorn the interior. Everything is done well and in good taste; no part of the work is slurred over, and the artist appears to have laboured with higher motives than to merely please the eye of the public. Pages might be filled with descriptions of this most sacred spot, but I fear that the reader is already weary of the wonders of Nikko. To leave the place, however, without mentioning the tomb of Iyé-Yasu would be verging on the irreverent.

The tomb is reached by quitting the Tamagaki by a side door, over which is carved the figure of a sleeping cat, whose natural attitude is simply marvellous. A series of flights of steps, mostly covered with moss, leads us to a torii on the mountain-side, some two or three hundred feet above the Tamagaki. The platform is surrounded by a stone balustrade, there being only one entrance, a handsome bronze gate, through which we were not allowed to pass. The silent solitude of the spot and its romantic surroundings impress us as we gaze through the gateway on the last resting-place of the great Shogoon. We have completed the pilgrimage to Nikko; we have looked on the tomb of the "Noble of the First Degree of the First Rank, Great Light of the East, Great Incarnation of Buddha." The tomb is simplicity itself. A table of pale yellow bronze (supposed to have derived its light colour from the admixture of gold with the copper)

supports a funeral urn, while in front stands a huge bronze stork, holding on his back a brass candle. An incense-burner and a vase containing brass lotus flowers and leaves complete the contents of the enclosure. Here stands no gilded dome, no marble canopy to ward off the elements; the solid nature of the tomb requires nothing of the kind. The snows of winter, and the rains of autumn, are allowed to fall at will on the bronze urn and its strange guardians. The ravages of time leave few marks on such material. The vast heavens form a vault, meet in the eyes of Japan, for the ashes of her greatest ruler.

The immediate neighbourhood of Nikko kept us busy sight-seeing for several days; there was always some fresh excursion ready for us, and the climate was so pleasant and the country so charming that we never felt tired. A delightful stroll by the side of the Dayagawa takes one to Kamman-ga-fuchi, a deep bubbling pool in the mountain torrent. Across the stream, on the opposite precipitous rock, we were shown some writing—the Sanskrit word Hammam, a bath. The peculiarity of this is that to all appearance no human being could have ever reached the spot; local tradition, however, maintains that a certain miracle-worker (Kobo Daishi) hurled his pen across the river and cut out the letters on the stone. However the writing got there, the fact remains that it is there to this day.

Close to this interesting pool is the avenue of images, representing the Amida Buddha. The idols vary in size but are similar There are several hundred of them altogether, and they sit facing one another in two long rows. We asked the little Jap who brought us to the place how many of them there were; in an awed whisper he replied, "Nobody knows." Then he told us how impossible it was to count them. Each image was made unsightly by having numbers of little bits of paper stuck on to it, and chewed bits of paper which had been spat at it; the object of this disfiguration we failed to discover, though our friend Hojo informed us they were put on by the young priests, a part of whose novitiate it was to attempt to count the Buddhas. There is evidently something wrong with these idols, for no one has ever been able to reckon them up the same twice over, in spite of sticking a piece of paper to tick each one off. Of course two unsuperstitious Englishmen were not to be humbugged by native stories, so M- (my travelling companion) and I, thinking the whole thing ridiculous, decided to count the mysterious images. We started on co-operative lines—each taking a side of the avenue. Our efforts, however, were fruitless, for we had not numbered off

more than a dozen each, before M—— (whose eyes were not so good as they had once been) shouted across to me, "I say, I saw one of them on your side moving; I'm certain I did, they're uncanny; let's give it up." This interruption, of course, upset all my calculations, but we soon came on the moving image, which turned out to be nothing more than one of our old Frenchmen, seated peacefully amongs. the statues, and looking in his white clothes for all the world like a jolly fat old Buddha.

To persons interested in waterfalls Nikko is a royal hunting ground. There is the Cascade of the Falling Mist (Kari-furi), the Nana-taki, Urami-ga-taki, and countless other *takis* higher up among the mountains—all situated in the midst of scenery beautiful beyond description.

From Nikko we marched up into the hills, I on foot, M-on a straw-shod pack-horse, and one Frenchman in a kago. The other Frenchman simply refused to leave Nikko; Nikko was good enough for him, he said, and he had a weak heart and could not stand high altitudes. For the first hour after leaving Nikko we followed the course of the Dayagawa, stopping every now and then at a tea-house to let the kago-bearers rest from their labours of carrying sixteen stone of solid flesh and bone. The kago is a kind of palanquin, though without any of its comforts. A bamboo pole runs along the top and is borne on the shoulders of two men; from the pole is suspended a sort of box with open sides, of dimensions just calculated to take a Jap sitting on his legs. To the European traveller it is a most unpleasant puzzle; and in the case of our Frenchman it must have been absolute torture. When the kago arrived in the morning, M—— and I examined it carefully, and then ran our eyes over the Frenchman, and came to the conclusion that the only way in which he could possibly be fitted into the conveyance would be by boiling him down. However, when the time came, we succeeded in shipping him whole. His head touched the roof, as did also his knees, and had he taken one size larger in boots his toes would have been on the same level. In this position he represented an exact letter W, and the way he got out and stretched himself straight at every halt was most amusing to witness.

After passing Midzusawa we had to ascend a steep bit of hill, then we dropped down again to the stony bed of the river, which we crossed and re-crossed a dozen times or more by rude bridges of brushwood. The scenery as we ascended the gorge began to assume a wilder aspect, the mountains closing in and leaving but a narrow passage for the torrent; rugged precipices hung over our heads, and

forests of giant trees shut out the sun. At one of the pools in the stream we came on a native fisherman busy with his rod. He was no mean follower of the "gentle craft," and I spent an hour or so with him, while the others went on ahead. His rod was made of bamboo, the joints all telescoping into the butt, and was as light as the traditional feather. My new-found friend threw a fly with a skill that even the great Izaak would not have despised, and the number of beautiful trout which lay on the bank made me long to try my luck. After I had watched him for some time, he came up to me smiling, and, thrusting the rod into my hands, said something which was evidently, "Here, you have a go." I proceeded to whip the stream in the most approved fashion, but without any result, which appeared to afford the fisherman immense satisfaction; and he insisted on my taking half-a-dozen of his best fish as a present, refusing absolutely my offer of payment. The little fellow was a thorough sportsman all round, and told me all about the shooting in the neighbourhood. He was a professional hunter, and, according to his own account, did a fairly good business in skins. Chamois, bear, wolf, badger, monkey, and marten were the principal skins that he got among the Nikko hills, and he also shot wild boars, pheasants (two kinds), partridges, quails, and wild ducks. But things, he said, were not what they used to be; every villager has a gun now-a-days, and, consequently, game becomes scarcer each year.

Proceeding on our way, we soon left the gorge and commenced to toil up the mountain-side. The road, which for some distance passes through a forest of pine, oak, and alder, is exceedingly steep, and the day being none too cool, made the climb sufficiently arduous. Tree trunks are laid across the steepest parts, forming a succession of steps, slippery to a degree, and at an uncomfortable distance apart. They reminded me a little of those terrible steps at the Crystal Palace; one step at a time is like working a treadmill, and two steps stretch one's legs most unpleasantly. At one of the many turns of the zig-zag path I caught up my friends—both as miserable as could be. M——had been slipping over his horse's tail for half an hour, and the Frenchman averred that he felt like a jelly on a summer's night. But the men I really pitied were the <code>kagokaki</code>, who, now stark naked, were pouring from head to foot. They were quite cheerful, however, and still singing and laughing.

We halted for a short time to have a look at the Kegon falls, and then almost immediately reached the village of Chiuzenji, with its lovely lake. What a glorious panorama met our eyes as we sat in the balcony of the little waterside tea-house. Above us a deep blue cloudless sky, at our feet the transparent lake, stretching away ten miles or more, its shores—clothed with dark forest trees—sloping upwards to the sacred mount, great Nantaizan. The few wooden houses which form the village and the picturesquely-dressed people add charm and life to the scene, and the occasional plunge of a bather breaks the somewhat monotonous sound of the rippling water. Here, at a height of 4,300 feet above the sea, we ate our fish-dinner with as great a relish as if we had been at Greenwich; and, having feasted to our hearts' content on the scenery, took a tender sayonára of the little moozmies who waited on us, and then got under way again.

The path, for two or three miles after leaving Chiuzenji, skirts the northern shore of the lake, and passes within the edge of the forest which covers the lower slopes of Nantaizan. Leaving the lake, we turn to the right, and, after passing Hell's river, enter a dense wood of pine and oak. On emerging from this the path ascends a little and then conducts us across a desolate region covered with scattered trees, bearing the marks of fire. The ravages of the flames are visible for several miles right and left of us, but in the distance one sees all around a verdant forest of oak and larch with a background of towering mountains, some well-wooded up to their summits, others black and showing signs of recent volcanic eruptions. An hour or so is occupied in traversing this uninviting country, no song of bird, no scent of flower to cheer us on our way, but at last we get among the living trees again, and shortly reach a spot from which a lovely little picture bursts upon us. A beautiful lake lies beneath us, deep set amidst densely wooded mountains; the sun's last rays gild the tops of the trees, and disperse a glow of warmth over the silent waters. Dark pines, growing among the lighter birches and oaks, form a natural shading to the woodland scene, while the blood-red hues of the autumn-tinted mountain-ash shine out like beacon fires on a dark mountain-side.

The remote little village which we had selected for our sojourn stands at the end of the lake, and is nothing more than a collection of sulphur baths with a fringe of two-storied houses on either side. In a tea-house we found a clean room on the upper floor, with a balcony overlooking the one street of the village. In this we established ourselves and tried to satisfy our thirst by emptying cup after cup of the *moozmi's* tea. We had travelled twenty miles since noon and consequently our first thought was a bath. At the suggestion our host smiled and informed us that, of all places in the world, this was the most famous for that description of enjoyment; it was, in

fact, the watering-place par excellence of Japan; then, pointing to the street before us, he asked what more we required.

Down the centre of the narrow street stand a dozen or more baths, some covered in, others quite open, the water being contained in a sort of square tank, lined throughout with wood. hand, we sallied forth to bathe, and, arriving at the first bath, looked in. It was a strange sight that met our eyes; the place was crowded with women, children, and men, all in nature's garb, and, oblivious of any impropriety, chatting and laughing most complacently. bath was not inviting; the water was thick and muddy, and the air laden with hot sulphur vapour. We passed on to the next one; it was hotter and dirtier than the first, so that M--- and I gave up the idea of a public bath; the Frenchman, however (who always prided himself on conforming to the habits of the people), divested himself of his clothes and plunged, feet foremost, into the pea-soupy element, sending the water flying in all directions and causing the naked little moozmies to shout with delight at the extraordinary sight. We left him to his doubtful enjoyment and returned to our tea-house, to try and get a wash down in cleaner water. After some difficulty, we made our host understand what we wanted, and soon all hands were busy bringing wooden pails of water into the yard. We noticed that with each pail arrived half-a-dozen inquisitive-looking natives, who had evidently scented some novelty in the air.

At last the water was ready and we were told that we could have "But what about all these people?" we asked, pointing to the crowd of women and children assembled in the yard. they've come to see," was the reply. Now Englishmen, as a rule, are modest beings, and I fancy that most men would feel a certain amount of bashfulness if called upon to stand up and bathe in the presence of fifty women and children, so M--- whispered to me, "I'm going to bed dirty to-night, unless those people clear out." I told him that he must not think of such base conduct, and I reminded him of the story in the "Pink Wedding," of the gentleman who refused his bath in the presence of the moozmi attendant; how she went out and told her friends that the poor man was possessed of a caudal appendage; and how he had to flee the village to prevent maltreatment as an agent of the devil. My friend was persuaded and we "stripped to the buff." As each garment came off the crowd closed in, and the women strove amongst themselves for the pleasure of pouring water down our backs.

This was by no means the most trying part of the ordeal, for apparently these strange little people had never seen white flesh

before, and our skin was subjected to an examination as minute as that made of a piece of material by a lady choosing a new frock. As the natives gained confidence, they politely asked permission to touch the strange stuff of which we were made, and our bodies then underwent a succession of pokes, amidst peals of laughter. The Frenchman put an end to the entertainment by rudely shouting to us through the paper windows of our room; we did not mind affording amusement to the simple natives, but our pride would not permit us to stand the jeers of a European, so we hastily gathered up our clothes and fled up the stairs to our quarters. I have often wondered what our sober-minded friends at home would have thought could they have seen our naked forms racing up those steps!

After two or three charming days spent among the balmy breezes and glorious scenery of the higher mountains, we retraced our steps to Nikko, and were soon once more back again in the capital of the Mikado's Empire.

A. F. MOCKLER-FERRYMAN.

## CONCERNING BEARDS.

APPY is said to be the nation that boasts of no history. The history of the beard is not different from any other history: it is a record of quarrelling, fighting, and even bloodshed; a fitting example of the things of which men's quarrels have been composed. By some revered, respected, or even worshipped; by others reviled and abhorred. At one time kept down by sword, at another carefully cultivated through fashion; in short, subjected to the vicissitudes of time and to the caprices of fickle humanity.

Charles Lamb's well-known division of mankind into "two distinct races, the men who borrow and the men who lend," might be supplemented by the men who grow beards and those who don't. There is character in the beard—I don't know if physiognomists admit of this fact. We are all familiar with the cool, calculating type of individual who adds to his general aspect of keenness by clean shaving himself, as well as of the genial, burly, goodtempered old fellow who does likewise. The careless, easy-going man is known by his unkempt straggling beard, while the lazy lout, although disliking the look of a hairy chin, is as sparing with his razor as he is profligate with his money, and saves a crop of several days before he takes the trouble to shave. There is a legend that Adam was created with a beard, and for that reason alone, some will argue (without ever taking the trouble to seek authorities for this biographical detail), that all men, having any regard for parental authority, should, like our common father, eschew the razor. But for those who, following the example of the period, doubt the existence of Adam, and consequently the story in question, there is this fact: that the wearing of beards must be a custom of tolerable antiquity, for it is hardly likely that shaving, in the Stone Age, with a sharpened flint could have been considered a luxury, if it were even practised at all. That he did shave—the primitive man—have we not the indisputable authority of Mr. Andrew Lang, who tells us in his BalladGeological evidence goes
To prove he had never a pan;
But he shaved with a shell when he chose—
'Twas the manner of primitive man.

But I think if it had remained with me to *choose* between a beard and a shell to shave with, I should hardly have hesitated about preferring the former. In the comparatively enlightened times of the Bronze Age, among the numerous implements in that metal which have come to light have been some razors, but such articles must have been reserved for the toilets of the privileged few only, though, if one can judge from the occasional use of a blunt razor, the ordeal could not have been a pleasant one.

The ancient Egyptian affected what we should describe nowadays as a clean shave. He is so depicted on the mummy cases and monuments; but in the case of mourning the beard was allowed to grow. It is said that he affixed to his chin a small bunch or tuft of hair on the occasion of festivals, much after the pattern of brother Jonathan's celebrated goatee, or the chin-beard of the London costermonger of to-day. It would appear, however, that the Egyptian at times wore a case of a wedge shape to protect this false beard. It is noticeable that the monuments of Egypt always depict the Jews as shaven; probably they were not allowed to cultivatethat which their masters were without. The custom of shaving seems to have belonged distinctively to Egypt, nearly all other Eastern nations allowing the beard to grow. There is little doubt but that Moses forbade the Jews "to cut off entirely the angle or extremities of the beard," so as to prevent imitation of the Egyptian custom, a custom which must have been considered a matter of some importance at the court of Pharaoh; for when we read of Joseph being summoned from his dungeon before that potentate, that "he shaved himself" we see is specially noted. The Jews seem to have been most faithful to their beards, and only in the case of mourning would they consent to part with them; as an instance, that mentioned in Isaiah xv. 2: "He is gone up to Bajith, and to Dibon, the high places, to weep: Moab shall howl over Nebo, and over Medeba: on all their heads shall be baldness, and every beard cut off." The mere touching of the beard was considered an act of such gravity that nothing suspicious could follow such an action. So thought Amasa, who did not observe the knife by which he was slain, when Joab said: ""Art thou in health, my brother?' and Joab took Amasa by the beard by the right hand to kiss him." There are numerous passages in Scripture which illustrate the fact, that what was originally a matter of taste only, became later an important feature in religious observances.

The Mahometans were as conservative of their beards as the Tews. It has been supposed because the great Prophet himself never used a razor. The eunuchs who guard the seraglios are deprived of their beards as a token of their shameful servility. Of late years, however, since the Turk has mixed more with the people of the West, the observance of non-shaving has not been as strictly adhered to as formerly. The beard does not inspire him with that reverence that it once did; and the Turk who has travelled, as often as not, cuts it off, and only retains the moustache. The first Sultan who broke through the then unviolated rule of wearing a beard was Selim I., who, on being remonstrated with for his beardlessness, wittily replied that he would wear no beard, so that his Grand Vizier should have nothing to lead him by. The customs which the faithful were supposed to observe with regard to the toilet of the beard were somewhat elaborate. When they were pleased to comb it, care was to be taken to spread out a cloth to catch any hairs that might be shed in the operation. These were to be carefully collected, and when they had got together a sufficient quantity, they were to bury them in the place where their dead are interred. The well cared for beard of the Mahometan was regarded as an undoubted help to salvation.

The Persians, though followers of Mahomet, were unorthodox in the matter of beards, and had the habit of trimming them; however, they never used a razor nor mutilated the moustache. Modern Persians—for an example, the illustrious instance of His Majesty Nasir-ed-Din, the Shah—seem to be quite content to go beardless. It will be remembered, however, by those who recall his recent visit to this country, that the example of the Shah was not followed by his entire suite.

The ancient Assyrians and Babylonians, to judge by their monuments, wore beards which were curled or crimped and oiled in a most elaborate fashion. They were undoubtedly proud of these beards of theirs, for they depicted their gods—the winged bull—with beards, which appear to have been as carefully crimped and tended as their own. To give their handiwork a finish, they were in the habit of interweaving gold wire, a custom which was also adopted by the Persians. It is said that the Chinese and the Japanese were always attached to beards, but they were unable to indulge their taste in this direction, because nature had been so scanty in her gifts to them in the matter of the hirsute appendage. However, they made the best of a bad job, and grew as much as they could, but

what they were deprived of on the chin, they were able to produce on the head, and so developed the pig-tail.

But while the Persians, Egyptians, and Jews were concerning themselves with the question of shaving or of growing beards, the Greeks were not by any means neglecting the matter. Their gods appear both with and without beards, the influence of the shaving Nile dwellers being evidently felt in this matter, as their creation would have taken place during the Græco-Egyptian period. Jupiter is always invested with a beard, which is pointed in the earlier busts, but later develops into a full and majestic growth, mingling with the locks of his hair as it falls from his temples in luxuriant curls—the Zeus, which is familiar to everyone. Mercury and Apollo were as innocent of heards as Psyche and Venus, while Pan, Silenus, and Hercules ignored the razor as rigidly as the father of the gods. Beards were as much affected in Greece by the literary men as they are nowadays with us. Homer, Herodotus, Æschylus, and Sophocles, with numerous others, all gloried in luxuriant growths. Alexander the Great, with the quickness of a man of the world, knew that in a fight there is nothing so handy to seize on as a beard, and made all the Macedonian soldiers shave. From that time shaving became fashionable in Greece.

Shaving was not introduced into Rome till about 300 B.C. Scipio Africanus, Pliny tells us, was the first Roman to make it a daily practice, and the Romans did not adopt it generally till some barbers from Sicily set up business in Rome. It was then that the term barbarous came into use, signifying those who, not being Romans, were bearded, and therefore uncivilised. The first day of shaving of the Roman youth was (unlike his modern representative, only known to himself) a day of great festivities and rejoicing, indulged in, in order to celebrate his entry into the state of manhood. The first fruit of his beard was sacrificed to some god, but it is to be feared that the offering was often but a meagre one. Hadrian was the first Roman Emperor to wear a beard. Plutarch says that it was allowed to grow in order to hide some scars on his face. His successors continued the fashion instituted by him. Anointing the beard was a Roman custom as well as a Jewish one.

The Turks still continue the practice, and sprinkle the beards of their guests with scented water. The young Roman could lay claim to the name of "Barbatulus" as soon as the merest incipient fringe of hair appeared on his chin, and the possessor of a full growth was entitled to be called "Barbatus." These terms were evidently held to be of some consequence when the fashion was uppermost. Some of

the Asiatics have taken such serious views of the matter of wearing or shaving the beards, that many wars have been provoked in order to settle the question.

The Emperor Julian had such a dislike to beards, that he employed his pen against them, and produced a most satirical attack in his "Misopogon; or, Enemy of the Beard."

Germany was undoubtedly always a land of beards; Frederick I., surnamed by the Italians "Barbarossa," from his long red beard, being the most celebrated instance in the history of the beard in that country; it can, however, lay claim to being the fatherland of one of the longest beards recorded. John Mayo was the happy possessor of one which was so long that even by standing upright he could not lift it from the ground. He was obliged to double it up and to tuck it in his girdle. Jean Staininge, a native of Austria, was also celebrated for a beard which reached to his feet. The Germans grow beards more than any other of the Western nations.

Kings have often set the fashion in beards. Philip V. of Spain came to the throne beardless, for the reason that he could not grow one. This was quite enough to make his courtiers follow his example, and shave what they had formerly set such pride by.

Francis I. of France, like Hadrian, was obliged to cover a scar on his chin by a beard, and loyal France at once became bearded. Louis XIII., on the other hand, being young and beardless, set the fashion, like Philip V. of Spain, of shaving. "When Louis VII.," says Disraeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," "to obey the injunctions of his bishop, cropped his hair and shaved his beard, Eleanor, his consort, found him, with this unusual appearance, very ridiculous, and soon very contemptible. She revenged herself as she thought proper, and the poor shaved king obtained a divorce. She then married the Count Anjou, afterwards our Henry II. She had for her marriage dower the rich provinces of Poitou and Guyenne; and this was the origin of those wars which for 300 years ravaged France, and cost the French 3,000,000 of men. All which probably had never occurred had Louis VII. not been so rash as to crop his head and shave his beard, by which he lost favour in the eyes of our Oueen Eleanor."

The Anglo-Saxons were indeed proud of their beards, but when William of Normandy arrived here, he gave orders for everyone to shave. Some, rather than submit to this tyrannical treatment, exiled themselves to a land where they could live with their beards in peace. William's successors, however, abandoned shaving, and we find that people did pretty much as they liked till Elizabeth came to

the throne, when, in the first year of her reign, a tax was imposed of 3s. 4d. on every beard above a fortnight's growth. The law was never enforced, and so it lapsed. The poets of this golden age of literature make several allusions to the beard and the fantastic shapes which were affected by the swells of the time. The most notable instance of these is a passage in the "Queen of Corinth," by Beaumont and Fletcher:—

His beard,
Which now he puts i' the posture of a T—
The Roman T, your T beard is the fashion,
And two-fold doth express th' enamoured courtier,
As full as you fork-carving traveller.

The T beard is supposed to describe the manner of wearing the moustache and beard pointed, without the whiskers—a fashion which originated in Elizabeth's reign, and became exceedingly popular during the reigns of the first James and Charles Martyr. The Puritans-to wit, Old Noll-were cleanly shaven. Then Charles II., fresh from Paris with all the fashions of that city, introduced the wearing of a hideous little tuft of fluff on the chin. The beard's day was over in England, at least, for a time. The tuft disappears with the second James; and Anne's courtiers appear with clean shorn faces. The razor was actively kept at work in England through the whole of the eighteenth century, and almost to the fifth decade of this. There were exceptions, however, but mere individual ones. The eccentric Lord Rokeby tried to re-establish the beard, but failed: Martin Van Butchell, a quack doctor of some reputation in the middle of the last century, was a great supporter of the beard, and wore one himself; and Lord George Gordon, of "Riots" fame, turned Tew, and assumed a beard with the enthusiasm which accompanied all his undertakings. Napoleon allowed his troops to wear beards in some cases, and it is said that their example restored the fashion in Europe. But at the early part of the present century anyone wearing hair on his face in England, unless he were a military man or a foreigner, was regarded as a person to be avoided. Shaving was made compulsory in many of the banks till quite lately, and a few still persist in banishing the moustache among their employés. At the time of the gold fever in Australia, many men grew beards, and returned home with them. But what gave a greater zest to its restoration was perhaps the return of the Crimea heroes bearded like the pard. At the present time beards are more in fashion than not. though the professional and sporting man still stands out against them. However, prince, priest, and peasant now glory in beards, so

that it is not for want of example that any particular fashion is followed, but rather the individual taste of the subject.

Fining the growers of the beard was not restricted entirely to Elizabeth's reign, for Peter the Great of Russia made a similar law. Finding his army composed of a number of uncleanly and bearded men, he determined to have them shaven. This shaving law was, however, afterwards extended to all classes of citizens, and it was ordered that after a given time there should be a tax levied of a hundred roubles on all disobeying the law. The Russians were conservative in the matter of beards, and preferred to pay the tax rather than shave, and it soon became a productive source of revenue. Priests and peasants were allowed a latitude which was not extended to any other class: they were only required to pay one kopek for the privilege of retaining their beards every time they passed the gate of the city; and a small copper token was given them by way of receipt: one side bore a representation of a nose and mouth with a moustache and a long beard, and the words "Money received," on the reverse the date of the year. So strongly was this law resented. that in more than one case it led to the spilling of blood. Officers were stationed at the city gates with swords, and if any beard wearer refused to pay the tax, he was at once submitted to the ordeal of a gratuitous shaving.

The Church has had much to do with beards. Many of the Popes have worn beards—for an instance, the beautiful portrait of Julius II. in the National Gallery, and many of the saints are portrayed bearded. But the Greek and Roman Churches seem to have found something to quarrel over, even in the matter of shaving or wearing the hair on the chin.

Ecclesiastics of the Greek Church retain the beard, while the Roman priest of to-day is not allowed to grow one unless he obtains the special permission of the bishop of his diocese; but the discipline on this matter has been altered, so that the rule which exists at present has not always been in vogue. In some of the orders, the lay-monks keep their beards while the priests shave. A special service exists in the Church for the blessing of the beards of all received into monastic orders.

The clergy of the High Church party in England shave most zealously as a rule; while those of liberal views, and dissenting ministers, frequently do not.

The literature of the beard is not extensive, but some, it would appear, have elected to write on the subject. John Bulwer, "surnamed the Chirosopher," published in 1650 his "Anthropometa-

morphosis; or, the Artificial Changeling," which contains a good deal on the matter of beards. Dr. Doran mentions a remarkable attack on the practice of shaving, from the pen of the late James Ward, R.A., but it has not come under the writer's notice. The work, which bears the title of "A Defence of the Beard," is based chiefly upon Scriptural grounds.

A most extraordinary pamphlet of but a few pages appeared in the year 1860, written by "Theologos," whoever he may be, called "Shaving a Breach of the Sabbath, and a hinderance to the spread of the Gospel." Its author waxes eloquent over his subject, and describes the harrowing scenes (with which he appears to have an extensive knowledge) of the barbers' shops on Sunday morning, while the bells are ringing for church—with its occupants lathered up to their noses, or awaiting the operation for which he professes such an inveterate dislike.

ROGER E. INGPEN.

## THE CUMBERLAND DIALECT.

THE provincial dialects spoken in the north of England and the lowlands of Scotland all contain a strong Scandinavian element, consisting for the most part of Old Danish words. The Cumberland language is no exception to the rule; but one of its remarkable features is the presence in it of many words evidently derived from the Norse, or ancient language of Norway, which still survives as a spoken tongue in Iceland, and it has been conjectured that somewhere about the year 1000 A.D., bands of Norwegian Vikings crossed over from the Isle of Man, where they had previously established themselves, settled on the opposite coast of Cumberland, and there found congenial surroundings in the wild mountains and valleys of the Lake District. This theory has been ably advanced and supported by Mr. Robert Ferguson, in his Northmen in Cumberland and Westmoreland.

One of the strongest pieces of evidence which he adduces in support of his argument is the occurrence of similar placenames in Norway and Cumberland, which point to the fact that Norwegian immigrants transferred to their newly adopted country names of localities with which they were familiar in the land of their birth, just as, in recent times, emigrants from the British Isles have bestowed the names of their native villages upon their new settlements in the Australian bush, or the backwoods of Canada. The following are examples of place-names common to Norway and the English Lake District:

Lake District.Norway.Natland.Natland.Morland.Morland.Micklethwaite.Myklethvet.Braithwaite.Braathvet.Mell Fell.Mel Fjeld.Roman Fell.Romun Fjeld.

The termination thwaite is very common in Cumberland local names. Like the Norwegian threit, it means a clearing in the primeval forest. Fell is an Old Norse word signifying a mountain.

It is in everyday use in Cumberland. The lake mountains are, or were until recently, known to the natives as the West Fells. In modern Norwegian the word, it will be observed, has become changed into fjeld, but in Iceland people still say fell.

Other Cumberland words of distinctly Scandinavian origin are how, a hill, derived from the Old Norse haugr; tarn, a little lake, from the Norse tjorn; tup, a ram, like the Swedish tupp; gimmer-lamb, a ewe lamb, corresponding to the Danish gimmerlam and the Icelandic lamb-gymber; scar, a precipice, from the Old Norse skor, and steg, a gander, like the Icelandic steggr. In the latter language, however, the term is applied to a cock-bird of any sort. We may compare with this our word "fowl," which originally signified a bird of any description, but which in modern English is applied almost exclusively to domestic poultry. We may also notice lock, a small quantity of anything, Provincial Danish loge; thrang, busy, Old Norse thraungr; skelp, to smack, Old Norse skelfa; slocken, to quench thirst, Old Swedish slockna; fettle, to repair, Old Norse fitla, and ling, heather, a word common to all the Scandinavian languages. Loup, to leap, stang, to sting, and drucken, drunken, are not corruptions of the Anglo-Saxon words, but are analogous forms from the Old Norse language, hlaupa, stanga, and druckinn.

The local use of the particle "at," instead of "to," in such phrases as, "My watch is broke, I mun get something done at it," is said to be of Scandinavian origin; so also, I believe, is the omission of the s in the possessive case. For example, Wiley moor means William's allotment of moorland; and Johnson holm means Johnson's riverside meadow. At any rate, many of the Old Norse place-names in Cumberland are similarly compounded. Thus Ravenbeck is Rasn's beck, and Buttermere is Buthar's mere.

There are two peculiarities in the dialect which immediately strike the stranger. One is the use of a plural noun followed by a verb of the singular number—"Apples is scarce." The other is the frequent use of the auxiliary verb in the future tense where we should use the present. "What's that noise?" "It will be the conveyance." The future tense, as thus used, seems to imply that the remark is conjectural, and that the speaker makes it subject to correction. The phrase "I suppose," as commonly used in English, implies that the speaker hazards a conjecture as to what follows; but in Cumberland "I suppose" precedes the statement of a fact. "I suppose Wiley Johnson is got away" is equivalent to the assertion Willie Johnson is dead. "I doubt" is another phrase which implies no doubt at all. "I doubt it is going to rain" means "I

am sure it will rain," which is generally a safe prediction to make in the Lake District. "I guess" and "I reckon" are frequently heard, and although they are generally set down as being American vulgarisms, they may more properly be classed as Old English expressions, a relic of the times of the Pilgrim Fathers. The word "cracker," meaning a biscuit, belongs to the same category. The particles of assertion and negation, aye and nay, have also an old-world sound to southern ears. The pronunciation of the letter r is much slurred over and clipped in modern English speech. The tendency had already begun in Shakespeare's day; "He calls sport spot" should be read "He calls sporrut spawt." The Cumbrians still continue to give the letter its full phonetic value, and pronounce birds "borruds," and worms "wurrums." The dentals are frequently aspirated thus; "dodder," to totter, is often pronounced dod-ther, butter but-ther, daughter dowt-ther, and so on.

The long o in such words as stone, rope, home, moon is often softened into  $\ddot{c}a$ , and they become stëan, rëap, hëam, mëan. The following table gives the usual pronunciation of the vowels:—

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AR, as in cart, is pronounced AIR, as in fair.
AU,
           naught,
                               OW,
                                           cow.
      ,,
AY,
           hay,
                               A,
                                           flat.
      ,,
                                       ,,
                        ,,
                               EE.
EA.
           feather.
                                           bee.
                        ,,
                               EE,
I,
           mice,
                                           bee.
      ,,
                        ,,
OA, "
                               OR,
                                           for.
           goat,
                        ,,
00, ,,
                               00.
                                           loot.
           book,
                                       ,,
                        ,,
OU, "
           snout.
                               00,
                                           loot.
                        ,,
ow, "
                               AW,
                                           awl.
           crow,
U,
           gun,
                               U,
                                           put.
                        ,,
UE,
           blue, ?
                               EE-U.
EW, ,,
           new, J
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It is customary for wayfarers to address passing remarks to one another on the subject of the weather, and the dialect is rich in terms denoting the various conditions of the atmosphere. The usual salutation, "It's a fine day," evokes the reply, "Aye, it will, but A doubt we'll have a sup of rain afore neet, because A looked at the glass and A seed she'd slipped a bit." When the weather is wet it is said to be "saft," when showery it is "droppy," when windy it is "blowy," when wet and windy it is "clashy" or "slashy." If drizzly it is described as "daggy," if rough weather it is "coarse," if muddy "clarty," if dry "drofty," if misty "rowky," if slippery "slape." At certain times of the year a very violent wind rushes down from the top of Cross Fell. It is locally known as the "Helm Wind" (that is, the whelmwind or whirlwind), and during the time it prevails the

weather is said to be "helmy." When it shows signs of improvement, an opinion is expressed that it is "going to take up" or "going to come out fair." A fall of snow is termed "a storm," and when it settles fast upon the ground, a "feeding storm."

The Cumberland folk are very keen fishermen, and the state of the river for the time being affords an equally fertile topic of conversation. When it is low they say, "Eden (never the Eden) is very litle," when it is rising, "Eden is coming down," and when it is falling again, "She is coming in a bit." The smooth parts of a river are described as "log-water," and the drainage water, as opposed to spring water, is called "day-water." In order to illustrate the words and phrases used in daily conversation, I have introduced two monologues, one by a farmer and the other by a gamekeeper, and I have added some supplementary remarks, in each case, by way of explanation. They are not entirely imaginary, but are composed of sentences and expressions which I have actually heard used by the people themselves, and they may serve to show their mode of speech and habit of thought:—

Farmer (loquitur). So ye've landed at last! Well, A'se proud to see you. A'll just tell the lad to louse the horses out of the conveyance. He's deaf, but A'll soon insense him. My missus has been only very middling. She's keeping better now; but she's very useless (helpless). What a meat there is in you field the year! When them Irish beasts come, they was as lean as paddocks, and now they're as fat as but-ther. It's getting sare fogged up, however; we began to ploo out a part of the field, and then rued it and gave over. You great saugh tree has mashed the dike. It's bad for the land when the dikes is down, the beasts carries all the management into the plantings. This cundith has got properly stopped with mud. Gif A was just to rummel (stir) it a bit with a stick, it would soon hush awa'. There's mint grawing here, A can feel it. Tash! A'se gotten a stang from a wesp. There's a wesp est here. It's a strong 'un, and the bees is coming out thick. It's a very kittlesome and cankersome thing is a wesp stang. One of Jobbie's lads, the Tom one, has got a venomed hand. He was stung by a slew-worm, and his arm swelled up, so he got it charmed by an Irishman. Them from Connaught is best. They spits and breathes on the wound. A've heared tell gif an Irishman draws a ring round a tëad with his finger, it can't stir, and them Irish beasts is tarrible for banishing snakes. A was once just about sitting down in some spratty grass in yonder slack, when an adder cummed out and fissed at me. My word! A did run! Eels is a kind of adder. A was whiles tarrible fashed with corns, but A had them charmed, and A've got shot of them now. A suppose Wiley Johnson is got away (is dead), him as used to drive the doddery car with a cuddy. A heard them say last evening as how he could not put on (survive) through the night. He's the same kind (family) of Johnson as Neddie. One of his sons is a grosser, and tother's a dthrapper. My litle tarrier likes Neddie badly. He's full brother to the priest's dawg. Eh! he's a coarse un, and a right legger too! He caught a cor-dawg by the hind leg and fairly knapped it with his teeth! That meeder perlangs to one Bull. They call him Bull. He's a foreigner from Yorkshire, and he has a

brother lives in the East about Newcastle. He lives at the thacked house at the town-foot yonder. It used to be a jerry (beerhouse), but they laid it off (took away the licence). He's a liesh (active) man, and always well donned. He got couped (upset) riding in the post gig and might easy have been necked. hub of the wheel was rotten. A've been cutting some breckins on the moss, to hap up (cover) the tatties with. It's grand weather for lifting the tatties. There's a kin' o' rowk hangin aboot. There's fire in the air. When there's fire in the air, the cows eats the thunder and it scurries (curdles) the milk. Mr. Hullock's dowt-ther was marrit last week. It was just a quiet do (party), because his wife died the hinder end of February. She took bad with sciatics, and just sat in the corner and fratched (scolded). There were a canny few folk bidden, however. Mr. Hullock is a pure (real) gentleman, and doesn't speak to one and snuff another. He always moves to you and passes the time o' day on the road. Geordie Hudspith has the farm next hors (us). His father and mine was whole cousins. We marrow the farms thegither, and helps yen anither backwards and forruds of a thrang (busy) time. The gort (goat) was ailin sare and vara wake. so A butched it, and it made grand eating. A don't care for meats much, but A'm bonny for tatties. Nay! you mun bide a bit, it's only thray o'clock. watch is a good ganner (goer), but she's rather swift. A bought it about eleeven years syne. A'll tell the lad to put to, and you'll have a sup of whiskey, may be, while he's yoking the horses.

"To land" is to arrive at one's destination by any conceivable means, and "conveyance" is an equally elastic term, applicable to every kind of vehicle, including the railway train. Fog is the name given to the moss growing amongst the roots of the grass, which is then said to be "fogged up." Clover seeds sown amongst the corn, which afford "eatage" for cattle when the crop has been harvested, are denominated "clover fog." "Saugh" (pronounced saff) is the local name for the willow-tree. Other names for trees are: "auk" or "aik," the oak; "aum," the wych-elm; "birk," the birch; "bore-tree," the elder; "esp," the aspen; "eller," the alder, from which are made the soles of the "clogs" usually worn in the country: "gean," the wild cherry-tree; "hollin," the holly; "rowan," the mountain ash; and "plantain," the sycamore. A farmer who puts plenty of manure on his land is described as "a grand manager," the term "management" being used as synonymous with manure (locally pronounced manner), which is derived from the French manœuvrer, to manage. A plantation of trees is called "a planting." Jobbie is short for Joseph. There are also Aitchie for Archibald, Wiley and Biley for William, Geordie for George, Libby for Elizabeth, and Peggy for Margaret (the association of Meggy-Peggy being analogous to Molly-Polly). Some of the local surnames are curiously contracted in common parlance. Thus Atkinson becomes Archin, Blenkinsop, Blenship; Hetherington, Hatherton; Hodgson, Hojin; Rowanson, Rowson; and Wilkinson, Wilki'son.

Many villages boast of a "white witch," who is a rival to the duly qualified medical practitioner. When a child has an "outstrike" and is "rashed," or is suffering from "wax-kernels" (i.e. swellings in the neck caused by its waxing too fast), it is promptly taken off to have the disease charmed away. The Scotch use similar charms. For instance, if a person is suffering from ringworm, the charmer sprinkles some ashes on the sore, and recites the following incantation:—

"Ringworm, ringworm, red, Never mayest thou speed or spread, But aye grow less and less, And die away amang the ase!"

Besides the expression "put on," there are "put down," to kill an animal, "put to," to harness horses to a carriage, and "put about," to be annoyed. The people are very clannish, and when they talk of "a foreigner from the East," a stranger would naturally suppose that they are referring to a dusky native of India, or at least to a wise man from the distant Orient; but they are only speaking of some newcomer from the adjoining county of Northumberland. Every village is dignified with the name of "town," and the Cumberland folk are very fond of such combinations as "town-foot," "bank-head," "treeroot," "cart-bottom," "week-end." They speak of "lifting" potatoes, not digging them; of "shearing," not reaping corn; of "clipping," not shearing sheep; of "leading," not carrying corn. Hay is made up into very large cocks, called "pikes," and the corn is set up into shocks of twelve sheaves, termed "stooks." Other curious farming terms are "byre," a cowshed; "pighull," a pigstye; "stoop," a gatepost; "gripe," a fork; "stint," a grazing; "heck," a rack; "hog," a yearling lamb; "kirn," a harvest-home entertainment; "riggin," a roof; "stee," a ladder; and "stitches," rows of turnips or potatoes.

Now we will hear what the gamekeeper has to say:

Ganekeeper (loquitur).—A think we'd best torn in at this yet and hunt down by. [Opens gate, which falls flat on the ground.] By gar! She's off her crooks. There's a large cubby frequents these tormuts. [To dog.] Hi over, Bill, seek in, good dawg! Aho, Bill! The dog's standing pointed yonder, Sir. Aho! down at fit, Bill! Bill! A'll fetch thee away just now! It's nobbut a robbut he's afther. A seed it smoot (creep) under the dike and hole yonder. [To dog.] War' har'! A'll gie thee a gay trouncing when A git till thee! Dang the dawg! He's away this time. He's givin' hisself a gay lashing. A'll gie thee sic a welting, my lad. War' har', fie for shame! Hi in now! He's roading something now, seest'er, there's tied to be bords in this field. It's always a smittle place for pairtridge when it's tormuts. Have a care, Sir, there's nowt (horned cattle) ahint the dike. Eh! they're gone and it's the big lot too. Well that caps a'! Down flush, Bill! They're reet down in Jobbie's tatties. A marked em down

fair between the white birk and yon scrunty eller tree. They're going to be fashious, A doubt. A wish we may get them spattered and squandered abrëad a bit. See, they've been scratting and basking on the dike-back here. Dash it! there's them noisy bairns brattling the dikes and ratching afther the bummelkites. Now here's the spot where A seed 'em clap. [Bang! Bang! Bang!] Eh-h! the reek struck reet in ma face, and A could'nt see a thing afther A fired! A could never see which way they went. Down charge, Bill! Seek dead! Good dawg! Down at him, Bill! Eh! sic a grand bord and a plump 'un forby. Seek dead, Bill! We made a sad rattlin' that time. Come-away-cub, Bill! Gone away!

Well, we are completly bet. They're bad to find. We had best hunt that cant (corner of field) where the bent is grawing. It's a bield (sheltered) spot and an odd corner hauds them. Na, they're no here. Well, gif they're not in this ley field A don't know where they'll be. They've taken a queer road. dawg seemed to get a waff of something here. They'll have clapped and rosen again. What's the dawg got there? Oh! it's just a small bord. War' trash, Bill! Ho awa', min! We'll just slip over the dike and try this stibble. War fence, Bill! Down at heel! A see them fair, feedin yonder. Now they've seed hors and swatted. Gif we can get up to you great aum with the ivins on't, we'll manage 'em yet. Eh! they're gone! A never seed the like on't. See, they've parted two wayses, some's gone into the corner of yon stibbles where there's a lock (small quantity) of corn standing in stooks, and other foer bords is gone to the edge of the planting. We'll just run these swedes. The dawg seems kind of pointed! Hold up, Bill! It's a phaysant cock. Down at wing, Bill! He's roading something now. [Bang! Bang!] one, twi, thray, föer. I see the leg of yen hanging. It's tied to lie now. They'll carry a vast of shot gif they're not hitten by an odd pickle in some deedly spot. The dawg is keen of picking that bent when he wants to puke. A've just the one dawg to-day. Kate's lamed her eye sare. The star's pricked, I reckon, and Fan has wramped (sprained) her fit. She's very pensy (dainty) is Fan, but she's bidsome. Dash, ma ould setter, was sadly foundered with the weet and cauld, and A was forced to put him down last back-end. There's a vast of felties and cushats astor toyear, and seester you peesweeps. We may get a skelp (a hit) at 'em just now may be. A should like well to see hors get a woodcock if we should happen to light on a yen. A've seed a yen in here odds 'o times now and again. Here's a har' lying on the carroad, but she's strucken with flies and full o' mawks, one of her lugs is roven off. This is our out-scrats, the robbuts has been scratting the ould semple (boundary bank) to pieces, and then the dawgs keep howking and riving it, and the beasts tramps it down, till it's cleverly perished. It's a rough shop, all whins, bream, and thrustles. A was on the fell by thray o'clock o' Monday morning. were speaning (weaning) the lambs, you could hear the yows bellowing. A was in a lash o' sweet when I cummed up, but it's a coat colder there than it is down by. They've had some heavy speets and weets, and the fell was in a fair clash. The lord's folk was out a Monday, and got 45 brace of droven bords. A seed them deer at the know-ends last night. There were no rein-deer amang them. There was two read 'uns and the rest was bleew. Hist! A hear the pairtridge calling. They'll be back directly. They like to be on their own heaf. I think we should be lifting, Sir. We shall have to give over shooting sean eneough the night. The days is beginning to cut (shorten) sare.

"Smittle" means literally infectious, derived from the Danish

word *smitte*, contagion. "Nowt" is another Scandinavian word, being the Old Norse *naut*, horned cattle. "Brattle" combines the sense and sound of the words beat and rattle, and "ratch" means to rove about in a rough manner.

"Bummelkite," or "bumblekite," the local name for the blackberry, is a puzzling word, and the glossaries do not explain it. Some vocabularies treat it as a corruption of bramble-kite, only to make that darker which was dark enough before, because it leaves the final syllable unexplained. Now kite is a word still used in Cumberland to signify the stomach, and "bummel" is near akin to "rummel," which means to disturb. Indeed, the form of the word "bumble" appears in bumble-bee, where it is evidently intended to give the idea of confused sound. Therefore the name "bumble-kite" seems to be a homely allusion to the effects of eating the fruit in question. Cumberland people always speak of "pulling," not picking, fruit. They call gooseberries "berries," par excellence, and black currants "black berries," red and white currants "wine berries." Raspberries are "rasps," cranberries are "cranes," bilberries are "blea-berries," and hips are "choops."

The local pronunciation often appears to go by "the rule of contrary," and one is sometimes tempted to believe that the natives have conspired to differ from the standard English speech. Thus, while we retain the old termination in the past participles, "bitten," "beaten," and "broken," they use the forms "bit," "bet," and "brok." We, on the other hand, say "hit," "got," and "struck," but they say "hitten," "gotten," and "strucken." So "law" is pronounced "low," and "low" "law"; "sweet" is pronounced "swet," and "sweat" "sweet." "Deaf" is pronounced "deef," but "sheaf" is pronounced "shef"; and "blind," "find," "wind," "bind" have all a short vowel. "Bent," a name for coarse grass, is one of those words which we are almost surprised to find still in use. It occurs in the ancient ballad of "Chevy Chase," which is written in a broad northern dialect:—

"Bomen bickart (skirmished) uppone the bent With ther browd aras (arrows) cleare."

There are some other relics of Old English to be found in the Cumberland dialect. "Rise" (pronounced rice) means brushwood used for fencing and weiring, but is only applied to it when cut for use. Chaucer uses it in the "Miller's Tale" as applicable to growing wood:—

"And therupon he had a gay surplys
As whyt as is the blosme upon the rys."

"Ratton" (a rat) is another Chaucerian word. Sometimes the language has quite a Scriptural tone. The dependants of a noble earl are referred to as "the lord's people," or "the lord's folk"; and we are told how some statesman (yeoman) has left his land to So-and-so, but that the righteous heir was his nevy. And when a traveller is asked whether he will "bide a bit and sup a few poddish" (porridge), he will reply, "Nay, but I'll put ye to confusion."

"Felties" are fieldfares. "Cushat" (a name for the woodpigeon) is a contracted form of the Scotch cushie-doo. "Cushie-cow" is a pet name often applied to a cow, and the lady-bird is called a "cushie-cow-lady." Other bird-names are: "dub-craw" and "corby-craw" the carrion crow, "javrock" or "jay-piet" the jay, "maggie-pie" the magpie (cf. jenny wren), "peesweep" the pee-wit, "whaup" the curlew, "howlet" the owl, and "throstle" the thrush.

The close of the year is referred to as "the back end." The "fore-end" and "hinder-end" of the week are similar expressions, and where we should speak of "next Sunday," the Cumberland people always say "Sunday first."

"Whins" is the local name for furze, and appears to be the Gælic word quins, sharp points. "Heaf" is a very peculiar word (derived from the Old Norse haft, a share), and is applied to the part of a fell-side common allotted to a particular flock of sheep. Each flock keeps to its own "heaf." Some very quaint expressions are "bride-loaf," a wedding cake; "seeing-glass," a mirror; "clouthat," a woman's sun-bonnet; "ridding-out këam," a hair comb; "fireworks," a magic-lantern display; "moley-man," a mole-catcher; "leg-weary," tired; "leg up," to trip up; "sneck up," to wind literally to latch up) a clock. The verbs "feel" in the sense of to imell, and "lame" in the sense of to injure any part of the body, are zeculiar. We may add "pipe-stopple," the stem of a tobacco pipe; "buttock," a footstool; "tinkler folk," the gipsies; "last dress," a shroud, which children are taught to work at school, and afterwards to present to their grandparents and other aged relatives—a kindly act, but one which betrays that lack of humour and sense of the ludicrous which is characteristic of Northern folk. A Cumbrian who goes to have his photograph taken announces that he has come to be "struck."

All the foregoing words and idioms are still in use within a seven-mile radius of the Cathedral City, in spite of the efforts of the local press and the Education Department to instil a knowledge of the Queen's English. But the quaint old words are fast disappear-

ing before the spread of knowledge and refinement. The past generation spoke a lingo uncouth to a degree, and almost unintelligible to natives of the South of England. With them died out a multitude of local terms, now only to be met with (if at all) in the pages of a Northern glossary. How many more will disappear with the present generation? No one will regret their loss so much as the student of comparative etymology. To him they are very instructive. The provincial dialect of Cumberland, for instance, has told us of a fact, about which history and archæology are silent, the colonisation of the fells and dales of the English Lake District by settlers of Norwegian origin.

THOMAS H. B. GRAHAM.

## THE SEMI-JUBILEE OF STATE TELEGRAPHY.

WENTY-FIVE years ago the Post Office acquired, under an Act of Parliament, the then existing telegraphic system of the United Kingdom. The bulk of the system was owned by four principal telegraph companies—viz. the Electric and International, the United Kingdom, the British and Irish Magnetic, and the London On February 5, 1870, these companies were and Provincial. concentrated under one roof in the building in Telegraph Street. Moorgate Street, hitherto occupied by the Electric Company, an operation which taxed to the utmost the skill of postal and telegraph officials, and was only brought to a successful issue by the commanding genius of Frank Ives Scudamore, one of the secretaries of the Post Office. Many things have happened since then. The Central Telegraph Office has been removed to St. Martin's-le-Grand, where, after speedily exhausting the capabilities of the extensive accommodation allotted to it twenty years ago, it has overflowed into an upper story which has been added to the building officially known as the "G.P.O. West." It has also spread downwards, the pneumatic tubes now monopolising what was originally intended as the great central hall of the building; and it has spread outwards, the cloak and dining rooms of the staff having been carried across the street at the back and connected with the main building by a wooden bridge. And the cry is still for more room. It seems probable that when the latest of the group of Post Office buildings in St. Martin's-le-Grandthe "G.P.O. North"—is fully occupied, the present building will be almost entirely given up to telegraph business. Compared with the "Telegraph Street" of a quarter of a century ago, or with the "Lothbury" of a more remote period, the "G.P.O. West" is a vast edifice. But what is it compared with the small room in the Strand, connected by a single wire with Nine Elms, which formed the only telegraph office in London less than half a century ago?

The statistics of the Central Telegraph Office, or "T.S.," as it is

telegraphically called, are a wonder in themselves. Twenty-five years ago the number of persons employed did not exceed 500. Now it exceeds 3,000, of whom nearly one-third are women. Nor do these figures include messengers and other persons not engaged in the actual work of telegraphy, so that, all told, the personnel of the Central Office must be equal to the population of a small town. if similar in numbers it is also similar in composition; for it includes old men and maidens, young men and spinsters, lads and lasses, all of them under the paternal care of Mr. H. C. Fischer, the genial and kindly controller. The acquisition of the telegraphs has had a beneficent influence on the administration of the Post Office generally, inasmuch as it has led to the employment of women in most of the departments. Women are employed in bringing savings bank deposits to account, in checking and auditing postal orders, in returning letters, and waiting on the public in the numerous branch post offices situated in London and other great cities. For the work of telegraphy women would appear to be especially fitted. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the great Central Office, where they may be seen employed in nearly every capacity. Their docility, nimbleness of touch, patience, and intelligence mark them out for an employment in which monotony and movement are strangely mixed. The increase in the number of women employed by the Post Office in telegraphy is not the least important feature of the progress of the past quarter of a century. But men will probably continue to be largely employed in the great centres, for there are many duties, and notably those in connection with the transmission of news for the press, which is mostly carried on during the night, for which they are best qualified. In the technical and scientific branches, too, men must continue to hold their own, for the "New Woman," or even the advanced woman, is hardly likely to venture into the domain of the telegraph engineer or the electrician.

Next to the workers at the Central Office naturally comes their work. This is represented by the number of telegrams transmitted, or dealt with, and here we find a striking comparison between 1870 and 1895. In the former year the combined telegraph companies dealt with something like 10,000 messages a day in their several metropolitan offices. To-day the number dealt with by the Post Office in its central office is 112,000, or more than eleven times as many, exclusive of news for the press, which, on a busy night, may reach half a million of words, or more than 200 columns of, say, the Standard newspaper. The number of ordinary messages is that for an average day; but there are many days in the year when, from a

strange variety of causes, the number is greatly exceeded. A big race, where either horses or boats are engaged, a thick fog, a royal wedding, a coming Bank holiday, an increase in the Bank rate (so much to be desired in these days!), or a "smash up" in the City will each and all lead to a large increase in telegraphy. Thus the "Cup Day" at Goodwood last year produced a total of more than 137,000 telegrams through the Central Office, while the foggy Christmas Eve of 1801 gave a total of more than 140,000. Again, the day previous to the royal wedding of 1803 witnessed the arrival and despatch of 140,570 telegrams at and from the Central Office, while the record was fairly broken on the Friday preceding the August Bank holiday of last year, when the number exceeded 145,000. From this it would appear that John Bull is most lavish in the matter of telegrams when he is "on pleasure bent." As with ordinary telegrams so with those for the press. The introduction of the Home Rule Bill gave rise to the record number of more than a million words, while the second reading and division was not far behind with more than 800,000. But for the fact that the Post Office has greatly improved the methods of transmission during the past twenty-five years, it would have been impossible to deal with these "avalanches" of work on special occasions. The Wheatstone fast-speed apparatus is almost entirely used for press messages. was called a "fast-speed" instrument twenty-five years ago, when it was only capable of transmitting and receiving seventy words a minute, or thereabouts. What may it not be called now, when as many as six hundred words can be passed through it—a veritable "lightning conductor," surely? The Wheatstone is not only rapid in its action; it is also automatic, and its work may be prepared for it in advance by as many hands as there are slips of news to be transmitted. This preparation consists in perforating on a paper riband the sign representing the letters and words to be transmitted, an idea said to have been borrowed from the Jacquard loom. The riband is then passed through the "transmitter" at a speed suited to the capacity of the conducting wire, such capacity being determined by its length, its insulation, and whether it is complicated by cable or underground sections, which have a retarding effect. An average speed would probably be from 400 to 500 words a minute, or about ten times as fast as the fastest operator can transmit by hand. More than this: the perforated riband, once prepared, is available for a number of transmissions, and may be passed from the faster to the slower instruments at will. Thus a speech sent to Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham simultaneously, at 500

words a minute, may be afterwards sent to Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dundee at 400, and to Dublin and Cork at 300. The result at the distant end is precisely the same as that produced by the Morse recorder, i.e. long and short marks, or "dots and dashes," as they are telegraphically called, on a paper riband, which can be cut up and parcelled out amongst as many transcribers as are required to keep pace with the instrument. Reduced to non-telegraphic parlance, the operation might be popularly described thus: The operator who prepares the perforated riband might be likened to a member writing out his speech, the transmission by wire to the utterance of the speech, the dots and dashes to the shorthand writer's notes, and the "writing up" to the transcription of the notes. What the press owes to the Wheatstone system can only be understood by those whose memories carry them back forty years, when the rate of transmission rarely exceeded thirty words a minute, and when a couple of columns of telegraphed matter was about the quota of the average provincial newspaper.

The Post Office is only a carrier of news, and not a purveyor, as the companies were. In their days the supply was poor as to quality, mean as to quantity, and exorbitant as to charge. Scudamore, to whose commanding genius we owe the system of State telegraphy, undertook to establish "free trade in the collection of news for the press, with low rates for the transmission of such news, no matter by what or how many agencies it might be collected." This undertaking led to the creation of such agencies as the Press Association and the Central News, to which the public, and especially the provincial public, owe so much. These agencies have intimate relations with the Post Office, and the two together have placed the news service of the country on a footing which was wholly unattainable under the system obtaining prior to 1870, and which is probably not excelled by the much-vaunted system in operation in America, where State telegraphy has not yet been introduced. The service has only one drawback: it does not pay-i.e. it does not pay the Post Office. The rates are low, and the distances are long; and although the bulk of the news is sent at night, when the wires would otherwise be idle, the staff charges are high, as night work is expensive and mostly falls to experienced men. Probably the service is looked upon as a gift to education, just as the carriage of newspapers by post, also unremunerative, is looked upon. Be that as it may, the telegraphic service of the press has come to be regarded as part of our national life. But the press help themselves as well as are helped by the news agencies and the Post Office.

Most of the leading provincial newspapers have London offices and London editors, who are *en rapport* with the offices of publication by means of special wires hired from the Post Office between 6 P.M. and 6 A.M. Over these wires, of which some newspapers have two, a large quantity of matter is telegraphed, quite apart from the services of the news agencies, which is another feature of State telegraphy undreamt of a quarter of a century ago. We may not pry too closely into the secrets of the prison houses of Fleet Street and the Strand; but a curious story has come to us, illustrating how the telegraph annihilates distance and is a veritable "open sesame." A Fleet Street editor was locked out of his sanctum one night and could not make the telegraph clerk hear, although he bombarded the street door in the most violent manner. He bethought him of the telegraph, and walking down to the Central Office begged them to wire to Glasgow to ask Fleet Street to open the door. When he returned the telegraph clerk received him smilingly on the door-step, the message having travelled from St. Martin's-le-Grand to Glasgow and back to Fleet Street in much less time than it took the editor to travel the short half-mile from the post office to the newspaper office!

Passers along St. Martin's-le-Grand have little idea of the contents, other than human beings, of the "G.P.O. West." From basement to roof it is stored with the appliances of telegraphy of the most costly and complicated character. In the basement is contained the "motive power" of the whole establishment, in the shape of the batteries used to actuate the wires, and the steam engines used to create pressure and vacuum for the pneumatic tubes. The batteries are contained in 27,000 cells, ranged on shelves three and a half miles in length. Probably half a mile of shelving was sufficient twentyfive years ago What an innocent-looking thing a battery cell is! a glass or earthenware jar, filled with a dirty-looking liquid, in which a metal plate is immersed, the upper side, or rather the "top end," joined to a copper wire. And yet there may be hatching there treasons, stratagems, swindles, life, death, joy, sorrow, or any of the emotions which constitute the pain or the pleasure of living. press a knob on the top floor of the building, and, with the quickness of thought, some of that liquid is taken up, and a signal is recorded in Birmingham or a letter is printed in Berlin. The countryman was not so far wrong when, unable to see the messages passing along the wires, and wondering how they got past the posts, he concluded that they must be sent in a "fluid state"! Batteries will not work without "refreshment" any more than barristers; hence the operations constantly going on for renewing the liquid and adding

to the constituents by which chemical action is set up and maintained. Simple as the batteries of to-day appear, they have an immediate and a sustaining power far beyond those of a quarter of a century ago. and incomparably greater than that of the sand and sulphuric acid battery associated with the introduction of telegraphy fifty or more years ago. The other motive power of which we spoke—the steam engines—is not so obvious a necessity in telegraphy as the battery Strictly speaking it is not used for telegraphing, but as an adjunct to the wire. Telegraphing over short distances—as within towns, for instance—is a very costly operation. It requires the same number of operators—one at each end—and the same number of instruments as for the longest distances. But compressed air will blow a telegraph form through a metal tube as far as two or three miles in as many minutes; and the steam engines are used to compress the air by means of which the pneumatic tubes are worked. The engine room at the Central Office resembles nothing so much as the engine room of a great steamship, except that the engines are on the "beam" principle, as being best suited to the peculiar work in which they are engaged. They are magnificent specimens of the engineer's craft, and have a stately appearance, due in large measure to their leisurely stroke as compared with the hurried action of the marine or electric light engine. Night and day these engines are employed in pumping air into, or exhausting it out of, huge "containers," which are connected with the tube room overhead. There are no fewer than thirty-six pneumatic tubes radiating throughout the Metropolis, buried under the pavement amongst the gas and water pipes, and every now and then crossing the path of the telegraph wire, whose handmaid they are. It is desired, say, to send a message from St. Martin's-le-Grand to Charing Cross. Here is a tube-like felt-covered box which will contain one or a dozen message forms at pleasure. Place the form inside; secure the open end of the box, or "carrier," as it is called, by means of an elastic band; insert the box in the mouth of the tube; admit the compressed air, and away it goes across Newgate Street, along Paternoster Row, down Ludgate Hill, up Fleet Street, and along the Strand, where, at No. 448, it projects itself under the nose of the attendant with a thud and a rebound, in almost shorter time than it takes to describe the operation. All the air is stored at the Central Office, so that if it be desired to reverse the operation—i.e. to send a message from the West End to the City—it is only necessary to transmit an electric signal, when vacuum is turned on, and the "carrier" is sucked in, which a minute before had been blown out. The tubes

are, in fact, gigantic pea-shooters! What may be called the working gear of the tubes is in itself a most interesting sight. It has been mostly designed by officials of the Telegraph department, and is unique of its kind. Indeed, the whole pneumatic system of the Central Office is an "exhibit" of the most interesting kind, and an object of just pride with those who have it in charge.

Half a century ago there was only one telegraph instrument in use for practical purposes in these islands, if not in the world. day their number is legion, and this is nowhere more apparent than in the Central Office at St. Martin's-le-Grand. Cooke and Wheatstone's "double-needle" telegraph of fifty years ago is not to be found there, except, perhaps, in the museum. But its lineal descendant, the "single-needle," is strongly in evidence, and still holds its own over short distances and to small towns where the messages are few and the skill of the operator is not great. The signals are both visual and aural, the messages being sometimes read off by sight and sometimes by sound, the latter created by the beating of the needle against the ivory pins or "stops" which keep it in position. In this respect it is a useful apparatus at small country offices, where the eve of the postmaster or postmistress cannot always be spared to watch the needle. The arbitrary or "call" signal is just as often as not heard when the eye of the postmaster, it may be, is engaged scanning the signature to a money order or in deciphering the obscure address of a letter he is trying to sort. Next in importance above the single-needle telegraph is the Morse system, which, in common with a good many succeeding improvements in telegraphy, we owe to America. Here, again, we have an instrument which lends itself both to sound and sight reading. The Morse alphabet, as most people know, is composed of short and long marks, or "dots" and "dashes," as they are telegraphically called; thus: .-A.-. . . B. -. -. C, and so on. These signs are either imprinted on a riband of paper and read by sight, or they are impressed by magnetic attraction on a metal stud and read by the ear. The instrument which performs the first-mentioned operation is called the "recorder" and the latter the "sounder." Twenty-five years ago it was the exception for telegrams to be read off by sound, except on an instrument known as "Bright's bell," which has been long since disused. Now it is the exception when messages are not read by sound, unless in the case of the fast-speed instruments, which, of course, signal too rapidly for the ear to follow. Sound reading denotes a great advance in telegraphy, for it not only enables the paper riband to be dispensed with, but it implies the use of a aculty-that of hearing-which is more to be depended on than that

of sight; and it admits of a more concentrated effort on the part of the operator.

A quarter of a century ago wires and instruments were only worked on what is called the "simplex" principle—i.e. they only carried a single message in one direction at one time. It was not unlike a single line of railway, where trains cannot pass each other except at a crossing station—the crossing station in the case of the telegraph being the point where the wire is divided and a transmitting station set up. The first advance upon the simplex, or oneway, system was the duplex, or two-way, system, which was introduced some time after the telegraphs were acquired by the Post Office. One Gintl. an Austrian, was the first to discover the principle of the duplex method, and one Stearns, an American, was the first to apply it practically. It is now very extensively used, and has, indeed, become almost an everyday method of telegraphy, much as it was marvelled at when first introduced. It can hardly be popularly described in these pages; but, to fall back on the single line of railway analogy, it would hardly be too much to say that two separate trains of thought can now be got past each other on the same line of telegraph, without the aid of a crossing station. In fact, up and down trains can be started continuously from either end of the wire, without the least risk of their coming into collision, or even of their contents becoming "mixed up" in any way. Here, then, the carrying capacity of a telegraph wire was doubled by simply adjusting the instruments at either end—a result equivalent to doubling a railway without laying down another set of rails! But, in telegraphy, the wonder of to-day becomes the commonplace of to-morrow, and hardly had the duplex system been fairly established when the quadruplex system was evolved from the fertile brains of our electricians. This, as its name implies, is a four-way system, capable of doubling the result obtained from the duplex, and being in turn outdone by the sextuplex, or the multiplex, as it is sometimes called. which gives a sixfold result of the original simplex of twenty-five years ago. One may reasonably ask whether the wires are not more rapidly used up under all this pressure of electricity forced through them, so to speak. In practice, we believe, this is not so, although it will probably be found that a better class of wire-perhaps even copper itself—has been introduced in recent years, in order to meet the demand for high-speed telegraphy, just as steel rails have superseded iron ones. It is not altogether correct, perhaps, to speak of the duplex, the quadruplex, and the sextuplex as separate systems of telegraphy. They are, in reality, methods which have been grafted

on the Morse system, which is the basis of all of them, and which seems likely to be the subject of many more improvements and adjustments. An instrument of a totally different kind from those already described is to be found in the Hughes type-printer, which records Roman characters on a riband of paper, not wholly unlike that on which the dots and dashes of the Morse system are recorded. The Hughes may be called the international instrument, because it is largely, if not exclusively, used for maintaining communication with the Continent, and was taken over by the Post Office from the late Submarine Telegraph Company. Perhaps this is the cleverest, as it certainly is the most interesting, of all the forms of telegraphic apparatus. The operator "plays" on keys, not unlike those of a piano, and in doing so he produces the printed message at his own end of the wire as well as at the distant end. He is able, therefore, to check himself, so to speak, as he goes along, and he can file away the printed slip as an evidence of the correctness of his work. And yet not wholly so, because the underlying principle of the Hughes system is the perfect synchronism of the instruments at either end of the wire. This instrument is a perfect masterpiece of mechanical ingenuity—a triumph of skill which, again, we owe to our friends across the Atlantic, where, strange to say, it is not so much in use as in this country and on the Continent. A key is pressed at St. Martin's-le-Grand, and a letter is jerked out in Berlin, or Vienna, or, it may be, in St. Petersburg; while, under certain combinations, as many as five letters may be produced during a single revolution of the type wheel. The Hughes is emphatically an instrument of which it may be said that "he who runs may read"; but the "keying" process is by no means so simple as it looks, for a certain "touch" is required which not every telegraphist is able to bring into play, and there is a "iar" which is disconcerting to some. But it is a noble instrument, standing quite apart from all its competitors, and not likely to be beaten by any of them as a "single" system. Yet another instrument, or apparatus, claims our attention ere we quit the "galleries" of the great Central Office. It is none other than the "National Timekeeper," the apparatus that transmits the Greenwich time current throughout the kingdom, and fires time guns at several places, including that which is fired daily at one o'clock from the grand old castle of Edinburgh. This apparatus is called the "Chronofer"—the "time-maker," literally. It does not lend itself readily to popular description, but it is none the less interesting on that account. All the wires over which it is desired to transmit the time current are connected with the chronofer, and when it is brought into action the instruments usually connected with the

wires are "cut out," as it is called, so that there is free scope for the instantaneous transmission of the current. The action of the chronofer is automatic, so that the errors incidental to human intervention are shut out from its operations. The chronofer probably dates back to the time when Cromwell Fleetwood Varley was electrician to the late Electric and International Telegraph Company-a man of unbounded genius as well as unbounded enthusiasm in his profession, to whom many improvements in early telegraphy are due. It is hardly to be wondered at that the Central Telegraph Office, with so many interesting objects under its roof, should have become one of the show places of the Metropolis. It has been visited, during the last twenty-five years, by most of the royal and distinguished personages who have come to England from abroad. and by nearly all the notabilities in our own country. One of the most recent visits was that of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who, accompanied by a numerous suite, were conducted over the building by the Postmaster-General and a numerous following of secretaries and other officials. This will probably be known as the semi-jubilee roval visit.

Outside the Central Office the evidences of progress during twentyfive years are not less striking than they are within. Three thousand telegraph offices existing in 1869 have increased to nearly ten thousand in 1894, while the instruments connecting them have increased from little more than four thousand to considerably more than twenty-six thousand. The mileage of land lines of telegraph has increased from less than fifteen thousand to more than thirty-two thousand; while the mileage of single wires has increased from less than sixty thousand to more than two hundred thousand. A curious calculation arises here as to the number of poles, arms, and insulators required to support this enormous mileage of wire carried along roads, railways, and canals—up the steep hill-side, down the smiling valley, and across the level plain. But published statistics are silent on the point, and only an expert in telegraph engineering could work the figures out for us. Submarine cables have increased in number from twenty in 1869 to one hundred and thirty-six in 1894, and their mileage of wire from less than seven hundred to more than eight thousand. Nowhere, perhaps, are the beneficent results of State telegraphy more apparent than in this increase of submarine communication within the United Kingdom. Not only has Ireland benefited very largely in this respect, but the remote parts of Scotland have been brought within the pale of civilisation, so to speak. and the fishing industry especially has received a stimulus which it sadly needed twenty-five years ago. The early produce of the

Channel and the Scilly Islands can be "placed" on the London and other markets "by wire" at a cost which would have been deemed impossible in the days of the telegraph companies; while the bare fact that a telegram may be sent from Jersey to John o'Groat's, or from Scilly to Shetland, for sixpence, creates a kind of spasm in the writer, who remembers when the charge from Edinburgh to London was something like twelve shillings! Another beneficent result of submarine telegraphy under the Post Office is the connecting of lighthouses and lightships with the shore, so that ships may be signalled when in safety or succoured when in straits. paratively recently the State did not own the submarine cables to the Continent, but since the termination of the concessions held by the late Submarine Telegraph Company the Post Office has stepped into its place, and become the joint owner with the other Governments of the Continental lines, with the best results to the public both as regards tariff and service. The Post Office not only lays, but repairs and maintains its own cables, and for this purpose it is the owner of two handsome cable ships, one of which is stationed at Dover, and the other at Woolwich, and both of which are manned by permanent officers of the department.

The grand result of all these appliances in the shape of wires. cables, instruments, offices, and so forth, is that more than seventy millions of telegrams were forwarded in 1894, as compared with less than seven millions in 1869. That is to say, the work has increased tenfold, while, roughly speaking, the appliances have only increased five- or six-fold. So much for concentration, uniformity, and greatly improved methods of transmission. What the increase in telegraphy means to the nation at large cannot be adequately measured in a brief notice in these pages. The telegraph companies never pretended that their system was co-extensive with national requirements; they rather boasted that the wires were only used by persons engaged in speculative businesses, where the "turn of the market" was all-important, and by the general public only in matters of life and death. And they boasted truly, for what may be called social or friendly telegraphy was practically unknown, and it would have been deemed a gross extravagance in those days to announce a birth or to acclaim a birthday over the wire. This was not simply because the charges were high-prohibitive, in fact-but because there was no attempt to "educate" the general public to the use of the telegraph, and because of the uncertainty which always prevailed whether a telegram prepaid according to the tariff of the company accepting it would not become a further charge on the person to whom it was to be delivered. The Post Office has changed all this.

It has brought the telegraph to the doors of the people by opening nearly ten thousand offices throughout the country; it has introduced a low, uniform, and intelligible tariff; and it has established such accuracy, swiftness, and precision in the transmission of telegrams that people are no longer afraid to trust either their secrets or their sentiments to the wire. In 1869 the average charge for an inland telegram was 2s. 2d. To-day it is a trifle under 8d., or less than one-third, with a minimum of 6d. The poor, therefore, are no longer debarred from using the telegraph, and the rich are encouraged to use it more and more, with the result that life is made, if not happier, at least freer from care and \*anxiety than in the days when people had to depend on the slow post for news of distant relatives.

The Post Office did well to celebrate the semi-jubilee of State telegraphy at the end of January last, and Mr. Arnold Morley never spoke to better purpose, or more happily, than, when proposing the toast of the Queen, he pointed out that the reign of her Majesty had witnessed both the commencement and the rapid development of the telegraphic system of the country. How rapid that development has been was well illustrated by an extract from Mr. Greville's diary under date 1836, in which he mentioned that the King's Speech had been delivered in Paris within twenty-nine hours of its delivery in London—"a rapidity of transmission that was almost incredible." That is not yet sixty years ago, and to-day you may step into the Central Office at St. Martin's-le-Grand and hold instantaneous communication with your friend in Paris by means of the telephone! At the celebration referred to the Marquis of Ripon and the Earl of Kimberley alluded to the colonial and international advantages arising from the use of the telegraph, the latter looking forward to the time when "the whole Empire would act for all great purposes as one body, and when we might exercise an influence on the whole world which had probably never been equalled in the past."

At the moment in which these pages receive their final touch there comes the announcement that the Prince of Wales has just sent an autograph telegram from the Royal United Service Institution to the Duke of Connaught at Aldershot. This was accomplished by means of the "Telautograph" of Mr. Elisha Gray—an apparatus requiring as many as four wires, and representing, in its present condition, rather the luxury than the liberty of telegraphing. But who can tell what it may have accomplished when the jubilee, or, still more, the centenary, of State Telegraphy comes to be celebrated, and when Mr. Preece's dream of telegraphing without wires shall have been realised?

### A SUN-MYTH.

"THOU hast burned up our cornfields and vineyards, with drought not a river can run:

We must bind thee with cords in the heavens, we must stay thee from rising, O sun."

And they gathered the storm-clouds around him, sent the mists to deprive him of light,

But Samson, the sun in his glory, burst asunder their bonds with his might. He waved o'er the earth his bright tresses of fire till it drooped at his feet, And men fell in myriads before him consumed by the merciless heat. "We are smitten, we perish," they cried, "our lives fade away in an hour! O Delilah, fair queen of the night, thou alone canst diminish his power; We beseech thee, we pray, for he loves thee, discover what gives him his force, That at last we may hold him in bondage, and stay the fierce sun in his course." Then Delilah caressed him and whispered, "Oh, tell me wherein thy strength

And he answered, "When bound with green willows, my glory fades from me and dies."

So they wound them about him while sleeping, and stood round his couch in a ring, And Delilah cried, "Waken, my sun-god—thy foes be upon thee, O king!" And Samson leapt up from his slumber—the withes shrivelled up as with fire, His foemen he smote as they scattered away from the heat of his ire.

"Thou hast mocked me, thou terrible sun-god; now tell me in truth of thy strength!"

And three times he told and deceived her, till a-weary he yielded at length,
And lay down on Night's knee, exclaiming, "My secret at last thou shalt share—
The power of thy sun-god exists in the long golden locks of his hair;—
If reft of my rays strength will fail me, and I shall grow feeble and old;"
And so sank into sleep, and Delilah shore off his bright tresses of gold.
Then the clouds gathered round him and jeered him, bereft him of glory and sight;
No more could his bright rays break through them—no more rose the sun in his might.

And they placed him afar in the heavens, bound him firmly with fetters of brass, Where no help, they imagined, could reach him, where they knew that no radiance could pass.

Then he cried to the Kuler of all things, "O Thou that beholdest my woes, Grant me strength, ere I die, to avenge me upon my base, treacherous foes!" And his locks grew afresh in their splendour—his might came upon him again, As he stood 'twixt two pillars of cloud which supported the tempest and rain; And he clasped them, and drew them together, and lightning flashed forth from the sky,

And Samson, the sun-god triumphant, sank down with his foemen to die.

W, E. WINDUS.

## TABLE TALK.

"Books Fatal to their Authors."

THIS is the piquant and attractive, though not quite accurate or defensible title bestowed by Mr. P. H. Ditchfield upon the latest contribution to Mr. Wheatley's Book-lover's Library. I look in the New English Dictionary, which has just reached "Fatal," and I find among seven meanings advanced one that lends some show of excuse for Mr. Ditchfield's employment of the word in the sense it bears in the title of the book. Under head No. 7 appears the following: "The hyperbolical use of the word . . . . gives rise to a weakened sense: causing serious harm, disastrous, gravely mischievous." In burlesques or light composition this use is serviceable and pardonable. Pope speaks of the shears as fatal which effected the severance of the lock from the fair head of Belinda in "The Rape of the Lock," and with happy audacity styles them a "fatal engine"; and Dryden, in "Absalom and Achitophel," is even bolder, speaking of "fatal mercy." Books fatal to their authors should, however, I opine, mean books that have brought their writers to death, and not those that have driven them into exile or involved them in troubles and afflictions. There are plenty of books that have been in the true sense fatal to their authors. Take as an instance the translation by Etienne Dolet of a dialogue erroneously assigned to Plato, "The Axiochus." In this Dolet was indiscreet or unscholarly enough to render "after death thou shalt be nothing," rien, into rien du tout, nothing at all. This sufficed for his enemies, who had long been on the look-out for a chance of burning him, and burned he was, his books being condemned in the unchastened language of the sixteenth century as containing "damnable, pernicious, and heretical doctrines."

#### CALAMITIES OF AUTHORS.

AM not finding great fault with Mr. Ditchfield for his title. His book has given me much amusement, and revived some half-forgotten memories. Had he, moreover, used what is decidedly

the best title for his work, "Books which have proved Calamitous to their Authors," he would have suggested the "Calamities of Authors" of the elder Disraeli, in whose wake he is compelled to sail. Still, fatal is fatal, and some of the vicissitudes experienced by those with whom Mr. Ditchfield deals are much too slight to justify the application of the word. In the case of poor Prynne, whose "Histriomastix, or the Player's Scourge" cost him the loss of his ears and a fine of  $\pm$ ,5,000, caused him to be branded on the cheeks with "S. L." (systematic libeller), and condemned to perpetual imprisonment, the punishment awarded might almost justify the use of the word. Ovid died unhappily in exile, but the cause of his banishment is not known to have been, and probably was not, his books. Bonaventure Despériers, the author of the "Cymbalum Mundi," though the valet de chambre to the Queen of Navarre, was compelled to fly for his life, and after years of poverty and wandering committed suicide through fear of starvation. To him then, indirectly at least, his satire, for such the "Cymbalum Mundi" is, did prove fatal. He, however, escapes mention in Mr. Ditchfield's volume. Nobody now seriously believes that the death of John Keats, who comes into Mr. Ditchfield's list, is attributable to the articles in "Blackwood's" or the "Quarterly." Not all the eloquence and poetry of Shelley, nor the banter of Byron, can win acceptance for such an idea.

#### THE PURGATORY OF WRITERS.

I N the heterogeneous collection of names which he supplies, Mr. Ditchfield includes very many concerning which he must himself have doubts. Dr. Dee, the necromancer, died in poverty and misery, "his downfall being brought about by his works, but mainly by his practices." Bishop Virgil is advanced as a man excommunicated by the Church for his errors. He was subsequently, however, canonised, and died in the odour of sanctity. incurred imprisonment at the hands of the Inquisition for his scientific "heresies," but he, too, was set free, and died in his bed at an advanced age. Roger Bacon's works may have been indirectly fatal to him, by weakening him; but he survived his long imprisonment in Paris, and died in his beloved Oxford, where he is buried. Samuel Johnson, the author of "Julian the Apostate," also underwent imprisonment, was pilloried, and publicly whipped. With change of times, however, he got a pension, and was offered a deanery. If imprisonment constitutes fatality, George Wither, whose best poems were written in the Marshalsea, and whose "caged notes" have been

said to be sweeter than those of his unimprisoned brethren, should be included. I seriously wish that Mr. Ditchfield had confined his book to a real martyrology of men of letters, and had given us, perhaps, in a second volume, those whose books have brought them into serious conflict with the authorities, and consequent personal suffering.

#### WHAT IS THE FIRST BOOK PRINTED IN ENGLAND?

THE question, What is the first book printed in England, and who is the first English printer? would, by most people acquainted with books, be glibly and, in all probability, accurately answered. In the year 1476, says Mr. Sidney Lee, in the "Dictionary of National Biography," "William Caxton left Bruges to practise his newly acquired art in his native country, and on November 18, 1477, he printed at Westminster a book called the 'Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers.' This work contains a colophon, giving for the first time the name of printer, the place of publication and date; Lord Spencer's copy at Althorp [now in Manchester] supplies the day of the month. 'The Dictes' is undoubtedly the first book printed in England." I have put in italics the word 'undoubtedly,' which generally, when used, means that there is a great deal of doubt, but means in this case that there is very little doubt. In the utterance of Mr. Lee, which conveys also that of Blades, the biographer of Caxton, we have, in short and adequate utterance, the opinion of the best English bibliographers, and that also which the merest tyro in such matters would unhesitatingly advance. In the "Bibliographer's Manual" of Lowndes, many earlier works printed by Caxton abroad are named, the "Recueil des Histoires de Troye" being assigned to 1465-67. Two reprints of this have been given recently, one of which is before me. The more probable date for this, Mr. Lee holds, is 1474. To the same date, or a year later, is assigned the "Game and Playe of the Chesse," which, during many years, was regarded as the first English book printed, and as such has fetched a formidable price. This also has been reprinted in facsimile.

#### THE OXFORD TYRANNIUS RUFINUS.

I HAVE no wish to burden the reader with superfluous and accessible erudition, for which he has only to consult the authorities mentioned. I recur, however, to the word *undoubtedly*, and I say that there is a doubt. It is, perhaps, a little one, but it has been long entertained by men some of whom, until the present genera-

tion, ranked as authorities, and as such are not even yet wholly displaced. There still exists in many copies an English printed book, the colophon of which runs as follows (I must premise, for the advantage of any readers unacquainted with such matters, that titlepages are not employed in the earliest "incunabula," as it is the fashion to call fifteenth-century books, until a comparatively late period, though the work I am about to mention had what may be regarded as a rudimentary title). The colophon, then, is "Explicit exposicio sancti Ieronomi in | simbolo apostolorum ad papam lauren | cium Impressa Oxonie Et finita An | no domini .M. cecc. lxviij xvij. die | decembris." It is of little importance to say that the work thus claimed for St. Jerome comes from another source, being, in fact, by Tyrannius Rufinus, his friend and subsequent antagonist, one of the first to introduce to Occidental readers the works of the Fathers of the Eastern Church.

CLAIM OF ONFORD TO BE THE HOME OF PRINTING IN ENGLAND.

OW, does the reader see what follows the acceptance of the date assigned this volume by its colorbon? of the claim to be the home of printing in England, and robs Caxton of some of the greenest and most conspicuous of his laurels. if this date is correct, becomes the true home of English printing, anticipating London by something like nine years. It is not only over English towns that Oxford, accepting the date as accurate, triumphs. Oxford ranks level with Basle, and takes precedence of Paris, where printing began in 1470, Beromünster, otherwise Beronis Villa, or Ergovia=Munster in Ergau 1470, Utrecht 1471-3, Buda-Pesth 1473, Valencia 1474, Saragossa and Trient 1475, St. Albans 1479, and all places except Mainz 1454, Strasbourg 1460, Subjaco 1465, Cologne 1466, and Rome 1467. These dates, many of them approximate rather than exact, I take, as I take most though not all of the facts with which I deal, from the recently published and very interesting "Early Oxford Press" of Mr. Falconer Madan, M.A., 1 the sub-librarian of the Bodleian, one of the ripest and most exact of bibliographical scholars. It would indeed be a triumph for England in general, and for Oxford in particular, if this record could be accepted. It has won, as I have said, the adhesion of men eminent in their day, including among them Henry Cotton, D.C.L., the author of that valuable work "The Typographical Gazetteer," on which, during very many years, I was wont constantly to rely, and the predecessor of

<sup>1</sup> Oxford: Clarendon Press; London, Henry Frowde.

Mr. Madan in the office of sub-librarian of the Bodleian. Without definitely saying that the date is correct, Dr. Cotton says that his mind has long been made up, and seems to show in what direction, when he says that the proofs he advances will abundantly substantiate the claim of Oxford "to the honour of being at least the second place in England which obtained the advantages of this art" of printing.

#### IS THE DATE ERRONEOUS?

ODERN bibliographers have stripped Oxford of her laurels, and have assumed that an X has dropped out of the and have assumed that an X has dropped out of the colophon, which should, they hold, run MD LXXVIII, instead of MD LXVIII. Against this assumption one thing strongly militates. Turning once more to Cotton and to Dibdin, I find that eight copies existed in this country in 1831 in the following libraries: the Bodleian, the Archives of Oxford, All Souls' College, the public library of Cambridge, the King's (George IV.), Lord Spencer's, Lord Pembroke's, the Marquis of Blandford's, and Sir Henry Dryden's, this last incomplete and inaccurate. Mr. Madan swells out the list to twelve. most of them perfect, together with a few fragments. In none of these copies has the date been altered. Here is an argument of considerable strength, and one not to be lightly dismissed. Clerical possessors of early books, and to such they were almost confined, would be apt to alter a date did they know it to be inaccurate, or to query it if they supposed it so. Failing this, the rubricator was accustomed to supply dates, and, when necessary, to correct them. I have before me now a copy of "Cicero's de Senectute," from the press of Ulrich Zell, the date of which has been until now conjecturally assigned. In this the date 1474 is inserted at the close by the rubricator, and is doubtless correct. This discovery I have naturally intrusted to the bibliographers, by some of whom it is accepted as conclusive. No testimony of this class is obtainable in the present instance, and the date can only be contradicted on internal evidence or the evidence of probabilities.

Arguments against the Position claimed for Oxford.

I WILL not trouble my readers at any length with the *pros* and *cons* of a discussion in which they will probably take a very moderate interest. The date of a book is a matter of concern to a few only. Many pulses would beat high, however, could we really put Oxford before Paris, and claim for it to rank sixth or seventh in

the list of towns in which printing was practised in its infancy. There is no inherent improbability in the idea that some working printer, the owner of a press, should have come over to Oxford and established it there. Oxford was at that time even a great centre of thought, and its reputation as such might easily have won over some assistant of one of the early printers. Assuming this to be true, we are faced with the difficulty that eleven years were to clapse before a second publication saw the light. Such cases, however, as Mr. Madan allows, are not unknown. At Cadomum (Caen), an edition of Horace's Epistles, of which a copy on vellum was in Lord Spencer's library, printed in 1480, is the only volume traceable during the century. Similarly wide intervals are mentioned by Mr. Madan in the case of Brussels, 1484-1500; Saragossa, 1475-1485? and other places. No valid argument is indeed to be advanced from without why Oxford should not claim its place all but foremost on the strength of this solitary issue.

#### THE CLAIM HAS TO BE ABANDONED.

YET the date of 1468 will no longer be accepted. The first to throw a doubt upon it was Common to the first to throw a doubt upon it was Conyers Middleton, in his "Dissertation on the Art of Printing." Since his time the most eminent authorities have fallen into line in opposing it. The Rev. William Dunn Macray, in the latest edition of his valuable "Annals of the Bodleian," in the manuscript department of which he is engaged, gives in one case the date as 1468, but, in another part, follows it with ? 1478. Henry Bradshaw, Blades, and Mr. Duff hold the matter as settled, and Bradshaw, Mr. Madan assures us, was in the habit of regarding the views on the subject held by a man a test of his intelligence and acumen. S. W. Singer even, who early in the century published privately, in a limited edition, a book defending the authenticity of the earlier date, repented, and sought afterwards to call it in. I have not the slightest pretence to be myself an authority, and should not care, if I had, to run a tilt against champions so doughty as are in the field. I own, however, that it is with some reluctance that I yield what I rather desired to believe than to prove, that among her innumerable claims upon the affections of her sons Oxford might boast that of being one of the first places to welcome printing.

# GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

June 1895.

JAMIE.

By HENRY VINCENT BROWN.

I.

J AMIE got home at dusk. All the day long he had been wandering hither and thither seeking his father; and it was only when the dark wings of night began to spread over the silent land that his heart failed him for further search. So Jamie came home with the wood-pigeons.

He was a boy of twelve, but looked older than his years. Jamie had only one arm, and only one brother, and no friend at all that had ever tried to get near his heart. The laddie lived a lonely life. of whizzing machinery in a harvest-field had snipped off his left arm very neatly and expeditiously when he was a child of six; but this was so long ago, and the trick had been done so suddenly and so cleverly, that Jamie remembered hardly anything about it. He was not a boy to harbour ill-will even against a piece of fizzing, hissing machinery that had done him an irreparable wrong. Jamie, you will perceive, must have been a somewhat spiritless sort of laddie. for his brother-well, nobody had ever accused Zack of being deficient in spirit. In Zack's scornful strong eyes Jamie appeared as a gawky-eyed milksop, afraid of his own shadow (to say nothing of the darker and much more awe-inspiring shadow of Zack). Zack could not find it in his contemptuous heart to forgive Jamie for having such a big, such a ridiculously shaped head, and the expression of Jamie's wonderful eyes—especially when Zack chanced to be committing murder on some bird or beast—occasionally aroused in Zack a scorn that was not less than vehement. In Zack's opinion Tamie ought by

rights to have been a girl; a fact from which you may get some idea of the immense superiority of Zack's mental attitude.

As, in this time of dusk, Jamie got back to the secluded cottage in which he had been born, and opened the garden gate, the wind, which had been rising since sunset, swirled violently down the garden and banged the gate on his wrist; and as he had no other hand with which to try to free himself, and felt rather stunned by the sudden surprise, he waited quietly, uncomplainingly for freedom till the force of the blast had spent itself. The pain was acute: but Jamie uttered no cry at all; and when at last he got his hand out he breathed on the injured part as he dragged his tired limbs through the garden to the rear of the cottage. It was a low one-storeyed building, damp, bleakly situate, with old-fashioned picturesque windows that wouldn't open. Jamie, going into the kitchen in the manner of a homeless wanderer who half expected to be turned out with scant ceremony, found there, crouching by the fire, old Kersty, his sad mother's sad friend; and Kersty said to him:

"Jamie, you bad boy, where've you been all this blessed day?" And Jamie replied: "Looking for father, Kersty."

"Well, and have you found him?"

"No, Kersty. I've been for miles and miles, lookin' everywhere, but can't find him. Has he come home yet, Kersty?"

Kersty's head rolled a lugubrious No. Jamie sat half-suffocated in the meshes of tragic awe.

"I wish father'd come home, Kersty," his sigh-soaked small voice said.

"Hum!" the old woman groaned. She doubled herself up till her chin almost touched her knees: in that gloomy corner she sat like some huge moulting bird stricken with mortal sickness. "Nor never will, it's my belief—nor never will come home no more," she said to herself. "It's oft and oft he's said he'd make away wi' himself, and if he's done it at last—O!—O!——"

"What did you say, Kersty?"

"Nothin', Jamie. I was only mumblin' silly to myself."

"Where's muzza, Kersty?"

"Your mother's lyin' down on her bed. She's wore out wi' frettin' an' anxious thoughts for your father. Jamie, Jamie, your poor father 'll have a deal to answer for when he comes to hear the Judgment Book opened afore him."

"Is muzza unwell, Kersty?"

"Yes, very unwell indeed, and you mustn't go near her."

He was a big boy to say "muzza," but he had always said it, and

only Zack had ever tried to break him of the habit, and, with all his strident self-assertion, Zack had really made little or no impression on the essentials of Jamie's life. Neither, indeed, for that matter, had anybody. There seemed to be something unspoilable in Jamie. He was the product of generations of earth sorrow; but, with this heavy and incomprehensible burthen upon him, he was yet saved from commonplace unhappiness by the beautiful gift of gratitude. God knows there was little in the boy's environment to arouse gratitude in him! Yet very grateful he did feel, he knew not why. As Kersty laboriously rose from the fender, Jamie said:

"Where's Zack, Kersty?"

"He's in the stokehole—the last time I saw him. He's hardly ever stirred out of that dirty place since your father went away." She went to the cupboard, pulled the top off a loaf of bread, and brought it to Jamie. "Now take off your boots and go to bed," said she; "you may eat your supper in bed, if you like." She moved towards the door. "I'm going into the garden to get a stick of celery, to tempt your poor mother's appetite."

As her bent figure passed before the kitchen window, Jamie, nibbling his dry bread, said to himself: "I wish father'd come home." Suddenly, pocketing his bread, he got up and crept into the passage which went down the middle of the cottage. The soles of his boots were so pulpy with wet, and so stuck over with the mud accumulated in his prolonged wanderings, that he scarce made any noise as he moved in the darkness to his mother's bedroom. The door stood ajar, and Jamie, pushing it farther open, peered with a strange timidity into the room. The boy was more than half afraid of this cold, sorrowful, silent mother of his. Pray believe this: it seems incredible, yet is terribly true—Jamie had no recollection of his mother having ever kissed him. He lived in a state of starvation for her love, yet dared not ask it. There was no light in the room, but he could see his mother's body faintly outlined on the bed.

"Muzza," he murmured, "you 'sleep, muzza?"

His mother did not answer; no sign was given that she heard her boy's voice.

"Muzza!... muzza!" As Jamie's brown, dirty hand moved over the door, the hinges creaked, and the shadow-like form on the bed stirred.

"Who's there?" a passionless voice asked.

"It's me, muzza."

"Oh, you, Jamie. Where have you been all day? You're a wicked, bad boy to go away from home for sich a long while."

"I've been lookin' for father, muzza."

He caught a faint glimpse of his mother's hand pulling the bedclothes about her shoulders. "You needn't have took the trouble, Jamie. Your father's gone away.... You've no father now." She moved again on the bed: her face became dimly visible to him for a moment; then she turned from him and lay still with her face to the wall.

"Muzza! Muzza!---"

"Run away, Jamie. It's time you was in bed. Your mother's very tired, and wants to be alone."

And then Jamie timidly pulled-to the door and stole away. Wet footmarks were left on the place where he had stood in this atmosphere of sighs. No mortal eye saw them—but the wet footmarks were there.

#### IT.

JAMIE did not go to bed. He went into the garden (eluding Kersty), gathered an armful of cabbage-leaves—with these fed his rabbits, fed Zack's also; then went into an old wooden outhouse, used for keeping garden tools, barrows, and other things, and groped his way in the darkness to a wicker cage that hung on the wall at just Jamie's own height from the ground. He took the piece of bread from his pocket, and holding this between his teeth, for lack of a second hand to hold it by, opened the cage door. Suddenly his heart thumped, thumped, and the bread fell from his mouth. His beloved blackbird was gone. Jamie thrust his hand into the cage and felt all round it. Dismay deluged him: he was flushed and excited. "Cats!" he said. "It's cats!" His eyes wandered about the outhouse: over the barrows and potato creels, the spades and hoes and fruit-baskets (Jamie's father was a marketgardener in a small way), along the walls and the roof—everywhere; seeing nothing, or next to nothing, for the darkness; then, saying to himself, "I'll go and tell Zack!" he took down the empty cage from its nail and quitted the outhouse.

In what was supposed to be the sunniest corner of the garden there stood a tattered old greenhouse that had more of its glass broken than seemed needful for ventilation in this late autumn season, and close to the greenhouse was what had the appearance of being a large box. This latter was the stokehole to which Jamie's elder brother was wont to betake himself on occasions of much disturbance at home. The stove, sunk in the ground, was altogether a very heathenish sort of thing; it was merely one end of the brick

flue, without a door, and having a cracked iron slab on the top—this slab, on this particular night, being red-hot, and surmounted by a grimy lidless pot, in which Zack was cooking some savoury mess for his supper. The stokehole was innocent of furniture, but the earth on either side by the stove had been baked hard, and seating accommodation was here provided. The stokehole was without a door, a piece of sacking, nailed at the top, doing duty in this regard. As Jamie excitedly drew aside this sacking, and looked in, he found Zack huddled in an amazing attitude, reading a pennyworth of enthralling literature, which Zack had compressed almost into the palm of his hand, the easier to get rid of it on a sudden surprise. Zack looked half roasted, and was in a glorious state of dirt. Having recognised Jamie's step, he did not condescend to raise his eyes.

"Zack!"

"Shut up!"

"Zack !-Blacky's been stole!"

Zack's eyes (and very fine eyes they were) took stock of Jamie contemptuously.

"'Zif I didn't know!"

Zack resumed his cramped reading. Jamie came into the stokehole and sat on the baked and dusty earth, holding the cage on his knees.

" Cats?" Jamie said.

"Cats !-No."

"Rats?" Jamie said.

"Rats!—No." Zack's lips curled very proudly. "There's no rats or cats left; I've killed 'em all!"

"What took it then, Zack?"

Zack made a visual inventory of Jamie from head to foot, including the cage, the undulating bars of which rose before Jamie's face.

"Look here, Jamie, it won't do !—you needn't pretend it wasn't you that told."

"Me-tell-what have I been tellin'?"

"About me makin' a boat of the wash-tub."

" Me!"

"Yes—you. 'Zif I donno! 'Zif I can't find things out!—and if you glare at me with them saucer eyes I'll kick you!"

"Well, it wasn't me that told."

"Then if it wasn't you, I'd like to know how father got to know."

Jamie, regarding Zack sympathetically through the bars of the cage, said; "Was that why he gave you the stick, Zack?"

Now this instantly roused many evil spirits in Zack. He gave Jamie a kick that made him whip in his legs and yell.

"I didn't tell, Zack—I didn't tell!"

Jamie was no coward; but Zack's style of using his right foot was lively.

"If it wasn't because you've only one arm I'd give you what for!" Then, with red-hot scorn, Zack repeated deliberately three times the terrible word, "Sneak!—Sneak!—Sneak!" and, as if this were not enough, he added melodramatically: "You've been the curse of my existence!" Considering that Zack was just four years older than Jamie, the cursing must have begun early. "Where've you been all day?"

"Lookin' for father, Zack."

"Oh! have you?" Zack sneered. "I suppose you wanted to tell him something else about me. But you never found him?"

"No." Then, very softly, "I wish father 'd come home, Zack."

"Well, it's more'n I do!" Here Zack started to stir the mess in the pot, and just then a dog near at hand began a deep-mouthed baying. "There's that brute again!" Zack growled. "If I go to her, she'll know about it."

"Zack," Jamie said, forgetting even Blacky in his profound anxiety for his father, "will he ever come home again?"

"I don't know and don't care," Zack said. "If he never does—a good job too!" He said this almost to himself. Jamie sat all eyes and ears.

"Do you know where father is, Zack?"

"Never mind if I do."

"But, Zack---"

"Shut up! Can't you see I've burnt my hand? Hang the thing!—it's you that's to blame for this."

But Jamie could not be silent. "I wish father was home again," he muttered.

Zack, still stirring the pot, screwed round his eyes and said defiantly: "Mark my words, you'll never see father alive again—nor dead neither," words which became dread inhabitants of the chambers of Jamie's memory.

"Zack! you know where father is?"

"Well, I don't. But I know where your Blacky is!"

"Where, Zack?"

"In my pocket."

"Then it's you that's took it."

"You idyat!—if I've got it in my pocket, of course it's me that's took it. D'ye think I'd let anybody else go into my pocket?"

"I want my Blacky!" Jamie cried.

"You're likely to want it. I'll teach you to sneak on me."

"What are you goin' to do with it?"

"Eat it. It'll be in this pot afore it's much older."

"Zack!" Jamie screamed.

"Look here, you one-armed scarecrow. If you begin to make a row in this place you'll precious soon find yourself outside."

But Jamie was deaf to threats. "I want my Blacky!" he cried. Then, as Zack began disdainfully to read: "If it should fly out of your pocket!" poor Jamie said.

"Well, it can't, because its wings got broke when I was gettin'

it out of the cage." He slapped his left-hand jacket pocket.

Jamie, panting, half rose: "It'll be smothered to death, Zack!"

"What do I care? I tell you I'm going to wring its neck and put it in the pot, only it's best to keep things starved awhile before eatin' 'em."

Now Jamie was only too well aware that when Zack made a threat he kept his word, especially when the keeping of it involved the joy of shedding blood. A kind of desperation seized him.

"Thief! thief!" he screamed through the bars of the cage. And then Zack, scowling fearfully, an awful silence upon him, dragged the wildly fluttering bird from his pocket by its head, forthwith wrung its neck, and flung it at Jamie's feet.

"There-I told you !---"

Jamie seemed beside himself. A pitiful contortion came in his face; his eyes appeared to dilate to twice their normal size. His legs worked convulsively; he uttered sounds like the barking of a dog.

"Well, I told you!" Zack said again.

Jamie, stooping to pick up the bird, let fall the cage, and immediately Zack kicked it out of the stokehole. Blacky gave its last gasp as Jamie held it in his hand.

"Zack, I'll never speak to you again!"

"Zif I care!" Zack said. He made a sudden grab at the bird, but Jamie was too quick for him, and rammed Blacky into his pocket.

"You sha'n't eat it!... Thief! thief! thief!" he burst forth.

That was all he had time to say. Zack got up, gripped hold of him, and pitched him headforemost out of the stokehole.

#### III.

And there and then Jamie was caught up in a gale of emotions, and carried he knew not whither. He understood that he was being swept across the bosom of the Great Mother: so Jamie had no fear. The face of man was occasionally a little terrifying to this tiny worshipper of sorrow, but the face of Nature never. Not even a thunderstorm had terrors for Jamie; although he had looked rather scared on one occasion when Zack held him down in the middle of a field and kept a piece of cold steel (otherwise the blade of Zack's famous white-handled knife) to his nose while the lightning made horrid mincemeat of the air all round. Jamie was always haunted with a suspicion that Zack had thought to murder him by that terrible experiment. Yet he had been far less excited then than he was now over the death of Blacky.

"I'll never speak to him again," Jamie kept saying to himself as he wandered and wandered out into the lonely country. His heart had so swollen that his chest seemed too small to hold it. He kept his hand in his pocket, tightened on Blacky's cooling corpse. "Never—never—even if he makes me."

When at last the moon came bouncing out through the clouds, and the night became suddenly like a white day, Jamie, who had got out of the fields and plantations and on to a high-road by this time, took Blacky from his pocket and stood to examine it by the light of the moon. Zack had done the work of slaughter effectually: poor Blacky's head was almost hauled off its neck. Jamie drew in his underlip over his teeth, as brave boys will when they want to cry and won't. But for all that something shining crept out of his eye, and trickled down his nose, and Jamie wiped this off on Blacky's breast. A feather stuck on his lips, and he drew it into his mouth and rolled it about on his tongue. "I'll never speak to him again—never even if he hits me and hits me and kills me." There was blood on Blacky's bill, and Jamie wiped this off on his trousers, and went on along the silent moonlit road. He did not think but that he had the road to himself; but he was mistaken. Suddenly a tramp burst through the hedge and confronted him.

"What's that you've got in your pocket?" the tramp said. He was a very odious tramp: a squat, loathsome creature with a hump back and round, horrible eyes that jumped about in his head like the eyes of a waxwork figure Jamie had once seen at a fair. Jamie uttered one of his bark-like cries and got ready to bolt. "Gosh! you've only one arm!" the tramp said. He advanced a step. "What's that I saw you put in your pocket?"

But Jamie listened no longer. He made a rush for the opposite hedge, squeezed through it, and ran across a fallow field. He ran like a boy bewitched. On getting to the other side of the field he looked back and saw that the tramp was following. He was a good way behind, but Jamie had an imagination for possibilities. Jamie, looking ahead, saw a wood. "I'll get there first and hide," he said to himself, and ran faster and faster. He was very tired, and the soil stuck to his feet; but the thought of Blacky's falling into the clutches of this wretch winged his flight.

When he got into the wood the verdurous gloom speedily soothed him. He moved quite slowly among the trees, a beautiful vision of friendship encompassing him, the moonbeams fitfully falling upon him through the bare branches. He forgot all about the goggle-eyed tramp, and Zack, and even the murdered Blacky was forgotten in this sweet companionship of sighing trees.

But a great surprise was in store for Jamie. On a sudden his foot struck against something lying on the loamy soil, and stooping, he picked up Zack's favourite pocket-knife, the monstrous great thing with the white handle and the shining big blade that had been held feloniously to Jamie's nose in the thunderstorm. The knife was open, and there was light enough for Jamie to see that there was a dark stain on the blade. "Blood!" Jamie said. "Zack's been in the wood killin' somethin', and forgot his knife. I wonder if it was a rabbit, or only a squirrel. Zack knows how to catch squirrels. He has five tails, all killed by himself." Jamie shut the knife and put it in his pocket beside Blacky. "I've a good mind not to give it to him for a long while," he reflected severely, "because for what he's done to Blacky—and it would serve him worse still if I gave it to father when he comes home." Jamie felt like a judge sentencing a wicked prisoner at that moment. Then, as he wandered, apparently in a half-stupefied state, about the wood, another picture presented itself to his mind, and he saw again his mother lying desolate on her bed in the darkness. "I wonder why muzza likes Zack and not me. She lets Zack have everythin' he asts, and me nothin' . . . because I never asts for nothin' . . . but when I do ast she says she wants it. Kersty likes Zack better than me too . . . But I don't think father does."

Not many minutes after this Jamie was filled with curiosity on coming upon what appeared to be a shallow trench dug in a small cleared space in the wood. "It's like a black mark when you look at it first," Jamie said to himself, and he approached the black mark cautiously. It might be a hole, after all, and he might fall in. All

of a sudden Jamie's legs doubled up under him in a strange fashion, a peculiar noise like "Hck! hck!" came from his throat—it was as though the poor laddie was choking—and then he fell forward on his hand and his knees on the ground. In this position he remained almost motionless for a few seconds, staring at the dark object with crazy eyes. It was Jamie's father lying on the ground—Jamie's father—dead!

The boy drew near to the corpse. He grovelled abjectly on the soft wet earth. After that singular "Hck! Hck!" sound he was for some minutes held silent in the grip of horror. It was only when he touched—just touched—his father's upturned cold face with the tips of his fingers that the power of utterance returned to him.

"It's Zack that's done this! . . . First father . . . then Blacky . . . father as well!"

He took Zack's white-handled knife from his pocket, opened it with his teeth, and peered at the dark stain on the blade.

"It's Zack that's done it," he said again.

Jamie's father lay on his back with a gaping red-black wound in his temple. His eyes were wide open, dull, glazed—the eyes of the dead. A wafer of moonlight disclosed a bright brass button on his corduroy coat, and Jamie, noticing this button, watched and watched till the white wafer, with a sort of shivering movement, passed along to his father's iron-grey beard and became a mass of shapeless white light there. Yellow leaves were strewn thick all round. Some stirred jerkily as though possessed of life: others lay still as Jamie's father. And the wind sighed—sighed in the naked trees.

"Zack's done this to father . . . Zack's done this . . . because father's gave him the stick so often . . ."

This was Jamie's fixed idea; it is doubtful if he could have got it out of his head even had he seen the revolver (now lying close at hand, covered with leaves) with which his father had shot himself.

For an hour at least Jamie kept watch by his father's body. Then, with his one poor hand, and with a wondrous patience and beautiful reverence, he began to cover the body with leaves. It took him a long while to do this, for Jamie's father was a big man, and Jamie's fingers were stiff with the cold, and the leaves had a way of eluding his grasp; again and again, indeed, imagining that he had put leaves here or there, and looking, he could not see any, and had to put more in the same place. This was not because of his tears; no, not that, for no tear came to his eyes. But there was a star overhead, a white, wonderful star, shining down

through the trees, and Jamie kept looking up so often at this that he sometimes forgot to be careful in making his father's leafy shroud. When at last the body was completely covered, and what looked like a long mound of leaves lay on the ground, a new fancy awoke in Jamie's brain, and, gently removing a few of the leaves, he looked once more on his father's face. But too many leaves had been taken away, and the boy covered the face again, leaving only his dead father's eyes visible.

"Kersty says there's angels about in the night," Jamie said to himself, "and if his eyes was covered up, father wouldn't see them when they come through the wood."

#### IV.

THE night became very calm. When midnight startled the cold air from Fittleworth Church steeple Jamie was standing in the moonlight by the old gibbet on Hangman's Field. The boy had often stood here, gazing up at this sinister terrible thing, but never before at the midnight hour. He seemed more dead than alive; but his mind was very busy.

"If they was to hang Zack up there, muzza'd fret, an' fret . . . and Kersty too . . . Kersty's fonder of Zack than me . . . But if I was never to tell what Zack's done to father, and hide his white-handled knife what he done it with . . . they'd never know . . ."

So Jamie resolved to tread the winepress alone.

It was two o'clock in the morning when he got home. He had not seen a living soul. The door was unfastened, and he stole into the kitchen, took off his boots and stockings (putting these inside the fender to dry), and went to bed. As he passed the door of his mother's room he stopped a moment in the dark passage. That familiar swelling of the heart set in, and Jamie's hand went out pitifully, as if he yearned to caress, to be caressed. But there was no caress, no word, no look of love for Jamie. "I'll never tell, muzza. . . . I'll never tell what Zack's done," he murmured; and then he crept silently into the little room in which he and Zack slept.

A faint moonlight shine was on the floor, and Jamie could see as soon as he entered the room that Zack was in bed asleep. He crawled up to the bed, looked at his brother's face, then sank exhausted on the floor, and fell asleep there in his clothes.

Jamie was lying on the bed, but still dressed, when he awoke. Sunshine was scattering itself prodigally in the clear air without. The house was full of confused sounds of lamentation. As Jamie got off the bed Kersty came into the room. Her eyes were red with weeping, and she seemed more bent than ever. "Oh, Jamie, Jamie," she cried, "your poor father's home at last, and a sad home-coming it is for your broken-hearted mother!" That was all Kersty said; but Jamie understood that his father's body had been found and brought home. The boy had nothing to say. Kersty took him into the kitchen, and made him put on his stockings and boots; then she gave him a big piece of bread, spread with dripping, and a cup of warmed milk and water; and as soon as he had finished his breakfast he was sent out to "play."

Tamie did not return home all that day. In that house where Sorrow sat he was not missed; no one seemed to care what had become of him. As for Zack, he stuck to his stokehole, sulking gloomily, turning Kersty out when she came to comfort him, and never going near his mother. The day after the finding of the body a coroner's jury came readily to the conclusion that Jamie's father had destroyed himself; and on the day following this the body was quietly lowered into a grave in the lovely little churchyard in the Fittleworth valley. Zack, although everyone could see that he was deeply grieved at his father's death, refused stubbornly to attend the funeral, confiding at last to Kersty that his reason for not going was because he had "no close." He sat in his stokehole sobbing bitterly as the coffin was being carried on the shoulders of six men from the house; then, taking a spade, Zack strode down to the celery trenches, and slaved there tremendously till nightfall. "There's only me to look after mother now," he had said to Kersty.

Still Jamie returned not. On the fourth day of his absence Kersty (who had kept from Jamie's mother that he had been away so long) became anxious, and made inquiries. But all she could learn was that Jamie had kept the sexton company during the digging of his father's grave, chatting to the man in the strangest way, and apparently taking much interest in the proceedings. When all was in readiness, Jamie, standing on the brink of the grave and looking down, had said very seriously, very quietly: "You've made it more deeper than I thought. Will you dig as deep as this for me?" "I hope I'll never live to dig for you, Jamie," the grave-maker replied. And Jamie next startled him with this saying: "Because, when the trumpet blows on the Last Day, if I was too deep down I mightn't hear it." "Hey !-Eh, Jamie; but you're a queer lad to be sure." quoth the sexton. "But never fear for that-never fear but what you'll hear that right enough!" "Yes, I 'spose it'll be loud," Jamie said. "So father'll hear when it comes."

#### V.

Another day passed. In the late evening of the fifth day of Jamie's absence from home the Fittleworth constable came upon what at first he took to be a bundle of muddy rags lying at the foot of the gibbet on Hangman's Field. The constable touched the rags with his foot, and they moved.

"Jamie! why, what are you doin' here at this hour of the night?—and Kersty that anxious she's been seekin' for you high and low!"

Jamie appeared to be too exhausted to rise, or even to speak. The constable, stooping, made him drink from his flask of warm coffee.

"Where have you been hidin' all this while, Jamie? You're all over mud."

The coffee revived Jamie, and with the constable's assistance he got upon his knees. "I want my muzza," he murmured. "Where's my muzza?"

"Why, your mother's at home, Jamie, where you ought to be."
Jamie, looking about him, caught sight of the gibbet standing gaunt in the grey light. His eyes wandered up to the arm, from which hung a piece of rope, thrown over by children while at play. His head fell again, and his hips went to his heels: he seemed to be in a state of physical collapse.

"Are you hungry, Jamie?" the constable said. "Will you have a piece of my supper?"

"I want my múzza," Jamie whispered.

The constable took the boy in his arms. "I'll carry you a bit of the way home, anyhow," he said, "though I can't go wi' you all the way." He carried him across the field of the dead. Jamie offered no resistance, but he felt a little afraid.

"I'm heavy for you, policeman," he said.

"No, no, Jamie; you're as light's a feather. I'll set you down on the other side of the bridge, and you must be brave and get home then by yourself."

They got to the bridge, and crossed it. The constable put the boy down.

"Now keep straight on, Jamie-it's not far; and mind you keep in the middle of the road."

"Yes, policeman."

"Right in the middle!"

"Yes, policeman. I'll remember to keep in the middle . . . 'Sanks you, policeman, for givin' me a long carry."

And this lonesome fragment of humanity crawled away.

"It's most pitiful," the constable said to himself. "Mind! the middle of the road, Jamie," he called out once more.

Jamie could not have kept to the middle of the road, he could not have kept straight on; for the midnight hour was close at hand when, more like a spiritualised presence than a boy of flesh and blood, he dragged himself to the door of his home, opened it, and went into the kitchen. He had been to his rabbit-hutch before going in. Jamie had two rabbits in those days, white small creatures with bright pink eyes; and he had taken them from their hutch and buttoned them up inside the breast of his jacket, just leaving their noses out so that they should not be smothered.

He did not take off his boots in the kitchen. He stayed there a few minutes, listening to the crickets, till sleep began to creep upon him; then he roused himself, breathing feebly, sighingly, and stole into the passage, and stood outside the door of his mother's room. All was very silent and dark, and Jamie was very silent too. He was going to sleep here again, and again had to rouse himself. He put his hand on the door of his mother's room, and softly pushed it open. Not wide open; just a little way, timidly, furtively, like a thief in the night (and in truth Jamie would fain have stolen his mother's love), just far enough to let him see into the room—see his mother's face. Yes, she was there, lying on her bed in the wan light that came in from the stars and the cloud-strangled moon, like a marble figure on a tomb in a dark cathedral corner.

"Muzza!... you 'sleep, muzza?" Jamie whispered, standing by the door. But his mother made no sign; and Jamie, after waiting a minute or so, slid into the room, and silently moved across to the bed, his hand on his rabbits' noses to keep them from coming out, though the pink-eyed things seemed quiet enough.

As he stood by the bed, "You 'sleep to-night, muzza?" Jamie said again with the same most exquisite tenderness.

But still his mother slept, her face of sorrow upturned to the ceiling, her left arm lying out over the coverlet. But for her slow, regular breathing she would have been as a woman dead. And Jamie was as a child dead.

"Muzza," Jamie whispered, "I've never told what Zack's done to father . . . I'll never tell, Muzza, . . . for your sake . . ."

But the little martyr martyred himself to deaf ears.

It was now that Jamie made a strange offering—his last unavailing peace-offering—to his mother. Leaning over the bed, he unbuttoned his jacket, and let his two rabbits drop onto the bed.

This was down near his mother's feet. The rabbits began to move about, yet quietly enough, and Jamie, thinking that they might fall off the bed, lifted the coverlet and pulled it over them. He watched the place, but the rabbits lay still now; and Jamie, moving like a shadow, crept up again to the place where his mother's hand lay.

"Muzza, I've give you my rabbits to keep . . . a present from Jamie . . . Blacky's been buried in the wood . . . where Zack killed father . . . an' Zack's white-handled knife as well . . . both in one grave, what I dug. . . . An' I've never told, muzza . . . what Zack's done . . ."

After that Jamie grew so weak that he could no longer stand. Yet he tried bravely to keep on his feet: he had it in his mind even to go away again—to go away for ever—so that he might never be tempted to tell what Zack had done. But all of a sudden he fell forward, his chest striking on the edge of the bed, his face being for a moment hidden on the coverlet, within an inch of his mother's hand. Gradually he sank lower and lower, till he rolled, with hardly any noise at all, on to the floor on his armless side. His hand moved a little, his eyes closed, there was a feeble sigh . . .

There was no more than the shell of Jamie for Kersty to weep over in the morning. His mother wept not at all. "How like he is to his father," she said, as she stood looking at her dead boy with desolate eyes.

# THE FIRST WOOING OF MARY STUART.

TEVER did unhappy Scotland seem to lie more hopelessly at the mercy of any possible invader than when James the Fifth's gallant heart broke at Falkland Palace on December 18, 1542, and the thorny crown of the Stuarts passed to the small helpless head of a baby-girl ten days old.1 He was the last of those splendid young Stuart kings who had, one after the other, so valiantly sprung into the breach where his father had fallen before him, ready, unflinching, to confront the Gordian coils, the hydra-headed dangers presented to him who was called to rule the wild northern kingdom. No race that ever reigned can show such a record of glories as radiate upon the Scottish throne from that line of heroes. Differing one from another only as tastes and talents differed of degree, one prince excelling in statesmanship, others in generalship or knightly skill, in love of literature, of art, or of mechanical science; all were alike brave and chivalrous, simple-minded, warm-hearted, wise in council, fervently patriotic, of stainless truth and honour, gracious, cultivated gentlemen. From the hour when, as mere boys, they took the reins of government into their hands they devoted themselves to the task of bringing their country to peace and order-devoted themselves even to death. And what a task of Hercules it was! Within their borders, a host of proud unruly nobles, each in himself a power to match against the Crown; fiercely jealous of royal authority, fiercely jealous of each other; never at rest; ceasing from feud and foray only to band in common cause against their king. Beyond the southern barriers of mountain and flood, a mighty foe for ever lying in wait to devour; watching for every opportunity made by weakness of disloyalty and division; fanning the flames of discontent; tricking, wheedling, or bullying as best served the purpose of the hour.

And now Scotland was smarting under the shame of treason-brought defeat—shame that was death to her high-hearted king. It was the last and keenest of the many griefs that had stricken the unfortunate,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Tytler gives December 7 for Mary's birth, December 13 for the king's death. Froude gives the dates as above.

tender-souled prince, whose spirit was so great, but whose body was so weak. He had lost the bride of his first love, he had lost the two sons of his second marriage, and was at the moment childless. He had been harassed past endurance by the alternations of casuistry, affectionate entreaty, and bullying threats employed by his uncle, King Henry VIII. of England, to win him from alliance with France and loyalty to the Catholic Church. James was no bigot. He had listened with large-minded attention to the representatives of the first Reformers; he had not winked at the abuses and scandals in the Scottish Church, but had encouraged and protected Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, and the famous scholar George Buchanan, in their showing-up and scathing satire of those shortcomings. he never dreamt of severing himself and his kingdom from the Church, and he assured his English uncle that he would neither enrich himself by robbing that Church nor by accepting a pension from ever so kind a relative as the price of his independent action. In spite of some laxities among them which he would not fail to punish severely, he found in the clergy his best and wisest counsellors, far better able to assist him in governing his kingdom than the turbulent, unlettered nobles. So while with the warm affectionateness inherent in Stuart nature he kept up his boyhood's friendship with Lindsay and Buchanan, he selected for his Prime Minister the clever, resolute Archbishop of St. Andrews, David Beaton, afterwards cardinal.

So because the King of Scotland refused to change his religious faith and his policy at the dictation of his imperious and powerful relative, Henry declared war upon him and sent his army to the Border under the Duke of Norfolk. The ruin and devastation that followed was terrible, though the savage invaders could not at first bring the Scots to a general engagement. At last, success in a small skirmish having raised James's drooping spirits, he gathered a large army together and marched from Edinburgh to Fala. There news met him that the English general had retired beyond the Border.

Thereupon the Scottish nobles refused to follow his standard further. They remembered Flodden, and the old superstition, that was as strongly alive 200 years later, held them immovable. It ever boded ill that a Scottish host should cross the English Border. Only Scott of Thirlstane, of all the chiefs, declared himself "Ready, aye, ready," to follow his king wherever he should lead. But James's spirit could not recover from the shock of such a cruel humiliation. It was the beginning of his end, his real death-blow. In deep depression he returned to Edinburgh, his dejection terribly augmented

by waning bodily health. The Stuart spirit, that could endure so much hardness in action, seems always to have been too finely strung to stand the strain of disappointment, the sudden overthrow of high hope, the ache of wounded pride.

But yet once more he made an effort to wipe out shame. He sent an army of ten thousand men to the Border-men chiefly of the people devoted to him whose best title was the "Commons' King." His nobles, the natural leaders, having proved untrustworthy, he placed the expedition under the command of his dear friend, Oliver Sinclair, who was peculiarly obnoxious to the nobles as a man of inferior birth and as one of that well-hated class called "royal favourites." Desperately ill in mind and body, James wandered restlessly from palace to palace, awaiting news from the seat of war; awaiting, too, news of his queen's confinement, which was daily expected to take place at Linlithgow Palace. At Lochmaben fell the last stroke-tidings brought of the utter rout of his troops at Solway Moss. He hastened to Falkland Palace, to shut himself up alone with his misery and shame—alone to die. His tender conscience vied with wounded honour to trouble his last hours. ghost of fierce Hamilton of Draphane haunted him-a man who for numerous deeds of ferocity had deserved a thousand deaths, but whom James had finally caused to be executed for treason on insufficient evidence.

Then came the news that his wife had given him a daughter; he was no longer childless. But it seemed to his stricken heart that here was but one more evil omen. With a lass the crown had come to his house; with a lass it would doubtless pass from it. Ten days later he sighed his young life away. He was not thirty-one years old. He had done his best for Scotland; he himself had brought no dishonour to her or to his name: yet Scotland lay stricken at the feet of the enemy; disgrace darkling over her, darkening his dying bed; and the burden of unmerited woe and shame had crushed his spirit out from its frail frame.

Henry was on the point of invading Scotland in person when news came that the king was dead, and the Scottish sceptre had passed to the tiny hand of his infant daughter. Here was opportunity indeed for the "auld enemy." The ancient kingdoms should become an English province, not by conquest of arms, which had so often been proved utterly ineffectual, but by the simpler method of uniting the crowns by marriage. It was not a new idea. It was probably five hundred years old, conceived first when Malcolm Canmore led the heiress of the Æthelings from the storm-swept

shores of Forth to reign with him at Dunfermline. The last infant heiress of the Scottish crown, the Maid of Norway, had been sought in marriage by Edward I. of England for his son and heir; but this scheme of peaceful annexation was defeated by the princess's death. Henry VIII. himself, when trying to convert James V. to Protestantism, had offered him, with other bribes, the hand of his daughter Mary. His father is credited with great sagacity and foresight as having had in view the ultimate union of the crowns when he married his eldest daughter to James IV.; but this is rather being wise after the fact, for at the time of that marriage Henry VII. had two sons, both of whom might be expected to provide the English throne with heirs sufficient to maintain the Tudor succession, and save England from the necessity of seeking a king in Scotland.

Now Henry had a son four years old, after whom in the sucession came two princesses of doubtful birth, and next the infant Queen of Scots herself. What more natural and more advantageous to both kingdoms than the marriage of the future King of England to the reigning Queen of Scots, and the consequent gain of still obstinately Catholic Scotland to the cause of the Reformation?

Strange as it must have seemed to the arrogant English king, the Scots were not in the least sensible of the great honour done them by the offer of such an alliance, and instead of seeing in the matter their great advantage, they saw but one more attempt at the old hated interference with their independence on the part of England. Had it again been the matter of marrying an English princess to a Scottish king, it would have been less dangerous to Scotland; but then it would have been less desirable for England. "If your lad were a las and our las were a lad," said Sir Adam Otterburne, Provost of Edinburgh, to the English ambassador, "would you then be so earnest in this matter; and could you be content that our lad should marry your las and so be King of England? . . . . If you had the las and we the lad, we could be well content with it; but I cannot beleve that your nacyon could agree to have a Scott to be Kyng of England. And likewise I assure you . . . . that our nacyon, being a stout nacyon, will never agree to have an Englishman to be King of Scotland. And though the hale nobilitie of the realme wolde consent unto it, zet our comen people and the stenes in the strete wolde ryse and rebelle against it." 1

Indeed the Scottish people of every rank were almost unanimous in their hatred and fear of the scheme, though Henry tried to win to his mind the nobles who had been taken prisoner at Solway Moss;

<sup>1</sup> Sir Ralph Sadler's State Papers and Letters.

liberating them on parole that they might push the project in Scotland. With these prisoners two notable exiles returned to their native land—Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, and his brother George, who had been banished fifteen years before by James V. They had been treated with marked distinction and kindness at the English Court, chiefly to spite the King of Scots, and they felt bound to repay the debt of gratitude by furthering Henry's scheme to the utmost in their power.

But Henry's violent temper and uncontrollable greed carried him too far for diplomacy to guide and shape his rough-hewn ends. demanded that the little queen should be placed at once in his care to be educated as an Englishwoman; that the impregnable castles of Edinburgh, Stirling, and Dumbarton should be held by English garrisons as earnest of good faith in carrying out the treaty when the persons directly concerned should be old enough; that there should be no Scottish Regent during the queen's minority and absence, but a Council of Regency of the nation, partly nominated by himself; and that the alliance with France should be abandoned. terms could not be considered for a moment by a proud nation. glorving in its independence, though the growing Protestant party rather leant towards the alliance, even on such outrageously insulting conditions; and Angus and the Solway prisoners, among whom was the Earl of Glencairn, felt bound to do their best for Henry, who had released them from captivity and exile. George Douglas, however, protested against such aggression: "I assure you," he said, "it it impossible to be done at this time; for there is not so little a boy but he will hurl stones against it, and the wives will handle their distaffs, and the commons universally will rather die in it, and many noblemen and all the clergy be fully against it."

Though the clergy were formidable opponents as yet in Catholic Scotland, Henry was encouraged in believing that they were comparatively harmless by reason of the overthrow and imprisonment of their. leader, the greatest obstacle in the way of his ambition, Cardinal Beaton. At King James' death Beaton had endeavoured to seize upon the Regency, showing for authority the signed will of the king. John Knox declared the will to be a fraud; that Beaton had written the signature with the dead hand of the king. The more probable story is that Beaton guided the king's dying hand, for James thoroughly trusted Beaton, and would naturally have chosen him to act with his widow in the government. The cardinal, however, was unpopular with both nobles and populace. The former dreaded his talents and ambition; the latter hated him for his severity towards

the reformed party, in whose leaders he met antagonists as hard as himself, "whom he could burn but could not melt" (Froude). was he who had counselled James to undertake that disastrous war with England; he who was suspected of being privy to the murder of a herald sent by the English king—a crime universally reckoned as sacrilege and intolerable shame, and which was made the pretext of the invasion Henry meditated at the time of James' death. murderers were tried, with the result that Beaton was driven from power and imprisoned in Blackness Castle, and Hamilton, Earl of Arran, who stood next to the infant Queen Mary in the succession, was appointed Regent. He was a man so weak, so timid, and so foolish as to be hardly better than imbecile, but he professed himself to be delighted at the suggested marriage, as did the Queenmother, Mary of Guise. They dared not needlessly offend their imperious neighbour, though one desired the marriage as little as the other. Arran intended his own son for the place of king-consort and Mary of Guise, the pillar of Catholicism, would never really consent to give her child and her kingdom to a heretic prince. But the bride was only a babe in arms. Many years must elapse before she reached marriageable age, during which, as Sir George Douglas represented in parable, many things might happen. King Henry might die; Prince Edward might die; the child-queen herself might die. There was no question of immediate call to meet liabilities contracted under pressure so severe, in necessity so urgent. Scotland was weak, and could only match herself against England's strength by statecraft—weak especially now her sovereigns were a babe and her mother, who was of the faith Henry of England had set himself to destroy.

But the whole nation had risen in furious protest against Henry's attempt to kidnap its queen and annihilate its independence. It was the old story—Edward I.'s old design newly disguised, of making himself master of the kingdom. France fanned the flame of wrath, being wildly alarmed at the prospect of peace so closely cemented between her old ally and her natural enemy. French knights rushed forward to champion Mary of Guise and her daughter, whose throne was so craftily threatened. The French Court rang with indignation, as if it were the independence of France that Henry designed to crush. Ships and barges were made ready to bring over the Duke of Guise with troops and arms, or to carry the queens to France out of reach of Tudor aggression. In a frenzy of fervour the Scottish nation clung to the time-honoured French

alliance, and indignantly flouted Henry's suggestion that she should be ruled by any regent but a born Scot.

Negotiations, nevertheless, went on, though the people refused absolutely to give up their queen. The Regent Arran wavered between the English and the Scottish parties, but at length made a compromise, and agreed to the marriage, offering to send four nobles to live at the English Court as hostages for the bride until she should be old enough to marry. Scotland must, of course, remain for ever independent, governed according to her own laws, under a governor born of the realm—himself for choice. Mary of Guise, graceful and clever, possessed of all the irresistible charm of her house, "got round" the English ambassador and brought him to her mind. condescended to take the royal babe out of her cradle for his admiration, and showed him how healthy and how lovely she was. She warned him against Arran, who was not the true friend but a deceiving hypocrite who wanted to marry the queen to no one but his own son, and she bade him trust Beaton. Sadler trusted nobody, and complained that he lived in an atmosphere of treachery. Mary of Guise was undoubtedly as wise and prudent as she was charming and sincerely religious. Henry VIII. himself believed in her, and he was the most astute of politicians, and far too well experienced in women to be hoodwinked by them. He yielded so far as the immediate delivery of the queen went, and consented that she should remain in her mother's care until she was ten years old. A parliament, packed by the Regent, drew up the treaty of marriage. Scotland should give up the French alliance. Six nobles should be sent to England as securities. The two kingdoms should live at peace in close alliance; though if one should be invaded, no matter by whom, the other should be compelled to give assistance. debatable land of the Border should no longer be an Alsatia to which felons might escape from justice. So all seemed to go smoothly. Henry and Arran reckoned without their host.

Cardinal Beaton, from his prison, could let his power be terribly felt. He laid the country under an interdict—a burden too intolerable to be borne. The people implored, and through the offices of Sir George Douglas he was permitted to retire to his own castle of St. Andrews, where only a nominal imprisonment was kept up. He refused to acknowledge any treaty to be legal without consent of the clergy, and appealed to the King of France to save Scotland from peril of slavery and apostacy. Answer came in the shape of sixteen ships of war. The cardinal called a council at St. Andrews, denounced Arran as a heretic and a traitor, and appealed from the Parliament

to the nation whose liberty was being made a plaything between princes, whose faith was placed in peril.

The nation answered to the cry, on fire with patriotism and devotion to the Church. The English ambassador was shot at and compelled to seek protection within the strong walls of Tantallon, bitterly complaining again that "such malicious and despiteful people live not in the world as the common people of this realm, especially toward England." Then, while Henry and Arran explained and bargained, Beaton executed a coup d'état. He carried off the babyqueen to the strong palace fortress of Stirling, and crowned her there on September 11.

This bold stroke drove Henry frantic. He threatened to march upon Scotland, possess himself of the territory south of the Forth, and establish Arran as his crowned puppet in the Highlands, as Edward I. established Balliol. He urged Arran to surprise and take Stirling, with the queens and the "insolent Churchman" who had dared to defy him. But Arran, whose weakness, trickiness, and ambition were at the bottom of all the difficulty, changed his foolish mind, and went over to the queen-mother's party and to Beaton. The cardinal returned in triumph to the capital, sent for Sir Ralph Sadler in his hiding-place at Tantallon, received him with all courtesy, which the English ambassador preferred to call duplicity, and sent him about his business back to Tantallon, and then across the Border, with a message to his master that he might have his Solway prisoners back instead of the hostages required, for the marriage was all off.

So Henry was once more defied. He exchanged with his ambassador a few unflattering criticisms of Scottish character; he declared the lords were wild beasts, excepting, naturally, his friends, the few Protestant nobles. Sadler agreed with him heartily. The Scots were "unreasonable, rude, inconstant, and beastly." Then the king ordered 10,000 men to Berwick.

But though it was only September the weather had been bad, and the roads were unpleasantly wet. The campaign was put off until spring.

The enthusiasm of the Scots grew like fire for Beaton and liberty. Parliament was called, and the treaties with England annulled. The French alliance was renewed more closely and eagerly than ever. Henry was confounded, and knew not how to move against such a mighty force of national constancy as was kindled by his rapacity and arrogance. He tried to get Beaton assassinated; then he tried conciliation mingled with reproach. He declared he had had nothing but the welfare of Scotland at heart; that he had acted as the kindest

and most forgiving of friends. He was answered by the trumpet-call to arms.

The commons of Scotland, strong themselves in stout loyalty to their country, were still to suffer from the traitorous weakness of great nobles. Arran might have carried his tremulous allegiance to the popular and patriotic party, but the mighty Douglas, Earl of Angus, was Henry's brother-in-law, anxious to gain all possible benefits from such high alliance by assisting Henry's policy at the expense of Scottish liberty. Matthew Stewart, Earl of Lenox, proposed to marry Margaret Douglas, King Henry's niece, daughter of Angus and Oueen Margaret Tudor. To obtain the consent of her royal uncle he invited him again to invade Scotland. Henry was greatly pleased at the proposal, and seized upon this new offer of a monkey to help him to the Scottish chestnuts. Angus was not to be fully trusted, being anxious to combine the service of Beaton, which was Scotland's, with the service of Scotland's mortal foe. Henry consented to the marriage of Lenox and Margaret, subject, he pretended politely, to the lady's inclination; promised to recognise Lenox as King of Scotland in preference to Arran should Queen Mary die in infancy, and prepared a great army to invade the country under the command of his brotherin-law, Seymour, Earl of Hertford.

Hertford had orders to proclaim King Henry guardian of the queen and protector of the realm, to nail up placards in all public places, asserting that Scotland owed all her recent sufferings to the ambition of Cardinal Beaton; not to the English king, who only desired and designed her peace and greatness!

Alarmed at the news of another host of invaders, his nobles reverted to their old traitorous tactics of conciliation—those false, self seeking nobles, with whom every Scottish king had been doomed in turn to struggle for his country's freedom, for his own freedom, for his very life. Each was ever for himself, and none were for the State. They were neither united nor disinterested enough to form a party.

Then there fell upon the brave, guiltless country such a visitation as can only be compared with the scourging of the Roman Empire by Attila, the storm and stress of Cromwell's rule in Ireland, the butchery after Culloden. On May 3, 1544, the English fleet sailed up the Forth, and next day, Sunday, landed the army. To the cardinal at Holyrood, who refused to believe in danger, came Hertford's imperious message, announcing due chastisement upon the Scots, who had broken plighted word, and refusing to make conditions of truce. By his command the gates of Edinburgh were blown up and her citizens, who bravely tried to defend her, were cut

down in the streets. The mighty Maiden Castle, as of old and after, could not be taken, but all the houses were fired and the country wasted for seven miles round. Holyrood was pillaged, and every house of importance near, except Dalkeith Palace, which belonged then to the Douglases. Leith, too, was sacked and destroyed, the pier torn up for fuel to set the streets ablaze. The English ships in the Forth were laden with the plunder.

The effect of this "rough wooing," far from answering Henry's expectation of impressing Scotland with the necessity of submitting to the might of England, was naturally to excite to a still higher pitch of fury her hatred of England, of Henry and all his works, especially the marriage he was so eager to bring about. The public indignation made the country unsafe for Lenox, who took refuge at the English court and married the Lady Margaret Douglas. This wedding, conceived in treason and blood, had its fruits in murder and ruin, for of Lenox and Margaret was born Henry, Lord Darnley, who afterwards married the very princess just now in such hot request. Did no prophetic ear hear, amid the peal of wedding bells, the distant thunder of the Kirk of Field, the knell of Fotheringay?

All the winter through Lord Evers¹ continued the devastation begun by Hertford in the Lowlands. Henry promised to him and to Sir Brian Layton all the country they could conquer between Cheviot and Forth. So they swept fair Merse and Teviotdale with fire and sword, slaughtering women and children, carrying desolation wherever the English leopards flew. Scotland, all glowing with righteous wrath and patriotism, determined never to yield, was powerless against the hordes of her oppressor. Even the Douglases, deeply as they had been interested in Henry's success, now remembered they were Scots, and renounced the unholy alliance.

Stratagem must be matched against overwhelming force. Angus, still wearing the mask of friendship, induced Evers to attempt surprising the Regent at Melrose. Arran had timely warning and retired. The English general, to avenge his disappointment, seized upon Melrose Abbey and desecrated the graves of the brave, dead Douglases who were buried there. Here was pretext enough, were pretext wanted, for Angus to throw himself into the arms of his outraged country. Had Henry granted the Borderland to the sacrilegious invaders? Then the Douglas would write the instrument of possession upon their own bodies, with sharp pens and in blood-red ink, because they desecrated the tombs of his ancestors. He prevailed upon the ever irresolute Arran to advance with his five hundred men upon the five thousand English now encamped under Evers at Jedburgh.

<sup>1</sup> Tytler gives his name as Sir Ralph Eure.

Recruits of influence hurried to the Scottish standard; among them Norman Leslie of Rothes, with three hundred men of Fise behind him, and the "bold Buccleuch" with his gallant Scots. By his advice, on February 27, 1545, the Scottish army was led to Ancram Muir, which the English were crossing. Suddenly, as if they sprang from the very morasses on all sides, the ambushed Scots charged the English, who stood amazed, confused, the wind in their faces, the sun in their eyes. They broke and fled in complete disorder. The Scottish volunteers in their ranks, finding treason unlikely to pay just then, turned upon their allies and slaughtered them without mercy. This battle of Ancram Muir is also known as Lillyard's Edge, whereby hangs a more than Homeric tale.

Lillyard, a Scottish woman, followed her lover thither, and, when she saw him fall, rushed herself into the thick of the fray, and was killed after doing much destruction. "The old people point out her monument, now broken and defaced. The inscription is said to have been legible within this century, and to have run thus:—

Fair maiden Lillyard lies under this stone:
Little was her stature, but great was her fame;
Upon the English louns she laid mony thumps,
And when her legs were cutted off, she fought upon her stumps.

So "Ancram Muir ran red with English blood," to the high displeasure of England's monarch. He threatened Angus with vengeance, who defied him and all his hosts from the inassailable skirts of Cairntable. The Scotch horror grew yet fiercer for any sort of alliance with England, their ardour more enthusiastic for the long-tried friendship of France. Henry had not a friend left in Scotland except Lenox. France sent troops and money, and helped the Scots to terrible retaliation upon the English border, and without the consent of France the marriage on which Henry was still so obstinately determined was impossible. Angus, heedless of the beam in his own eye, appealed to Arran to purge himself from stain of cowardice by deeds, not painted speeches. Henry increased his army to 30,000 men, and "the heavy hand of Hertford was again laid on Scotland" (Froude). The list of continued ravages is truly appalling: in one foray before Ancram, 192 towers of defence were burnt or razed; 403 Scots slain and 816 made prisoners; 10,386 cattle, 12,496 sheep, 1,296 horses, and 850 bolls of corn were driven away as spoil. To these were now added 7 abbeys, 16 fortresses, 3 hospitals, 5 market towns, 243 villages, and 13 mills pillaged and burnt, before the lust of destruction blazed down. At last, on

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Tales of a Grandfather, note.

June 7, 1546, peace was signed between England, France, and Scotland; the way thereto being smoothed by the murder of the great Cardinal-Chancellor, who had been the chief force that held up Scottish independence against English aggression.

Under the fostering wing of Henry VIII. Protestantism had been steadily, though slowly, gaining ground in Scotland. himself as firmly against its advances within as he set himself against its promulgation from without by means of English swords and firebrands. The means he employed, the torture and the stake, seem cruel enough in our tolerant nineteenth-century eyes-most easily tolerant in respect of religious innovations. His was an age of simple faith, religious and political, of strong measures and stern punishments. When on March 1, 1546, the most prominent and popular of the reformers, George Wishart, was executed under his auspices—a man not only eloquent and earnest, but pious and wise a pretext was found for compassing the death of the statesman who was the mainstay of the Catholic faith in Scotland, and who had so successfully thwarted the designs of that ungentle and not wholly disinterested Protestant evangelist, Henry of England. On May 29 a party of young Protestant nobles, led by Norman Leslie of Rothes, surprised Beaton in his castle of St. Andrews, stabbed him to death, and hung his body over his castle wall "by the tane arm and the tane foot." His death was the death-wound of the Catholic cause in Scotland.

It may now be pronounced, without fear of contradiction, that the assassination of Beaton was no sudden event, arising simply out of indignation for the fate of Wishart, but an act of long-projected murder, encouraged, if not originated, by the English monarch, and, so far as the principal conspirators were concerned, committed from private and mercenary considerations. <sup>1</sup>

The peace of June 1546 followed. Seven months later, in January 1547, died the last English sovereign who openly with sword and cannon set himself to master Scotland. He died, as his great predecessor Edward Plantagenet had died, implacable towards the nation whose dauntless spirit had defied his brutal might, urging the continuance of war à outrance upon his successor. This was the ferocious Hertford, who as Duke of Somerset assumed the government of England in the name of his nine-year-old nephew, now King Edward VI. The marriage treaty was still uncancelled. The Scots must be compelled at the sword's point to submit to the yoke of England in the guise of a marriage ring.

The murderers of Beaton, subsidised by King Henry, had fortified themselves in his strong castle of St. Andrews, where they were

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Tytler, vol. v. p. 430.

joined by many zealous Protestants, among whom was the famous John Knox. But all the rest of the nation had become united at last in one common bond of intense hatred of England and the English marriage. The brave and loyal Earl of Huntly was appointed chancellor in the room of Beaton. Arran formally renounced on behalf of his son all pretensions to the hand of the infant queen. All disloyal "bands" were annulled—those that bound the nobles to Arran's scheme, and those that bound their opponents to Henry's. The rebel castle of St. Andrews was besieged by the Regent's troops, and held out month after month, partly by means of its vast strength and abundant provisions, partly by means of trickery and countertrickery between besiegers and besieged, supported considerably by English sympathy.

Somerset was resolved on glorifying his protectorate by adding Scotland to the English dominions, and treated at once with Norman Leslie and his fellow-conspirators in the beleaguered fortress. Though the peace signed between England and France included Scotland, Somerset insisted upon treating the Scots as rebels, who had violated their part of the compact by refusing to carry out the marriage treaty. Again the Borders were ravaged, the French being haughtily requested to hold aloof from interference. France, however, refused to hear of pretensions to a suzerainty that had lain two centuries in abevance, and sent a fleet to Scotland. Protector was just then too busy reforming the Church of England to answer the appeal for help from St. Andrews, which, weakened by famine and pestilence, surrendered to the French fleet after a six weeks' siege. The castle, accursed as the scene of a legate's murder, was razed to the ground. This unexpected reverse fell heavily on the Scottish Protestants, who blamed Somerset's faithless indifference Thus he lost their confidence and affection, for their misfortune. and knew that the last hope was gone of a peaceable settlement of the marriage treaty. Nothing remained but force, and he resolved on such a mighty invasion as had not been attempted before.

His first idea was to transport his army by sea, but, mindful of grim possibilities of havoc on march, he elected to send it by land direct to Edinburgh. Froude declares, and perhaps believed, that Somerset was artlessly innocent of all schemes of annexation; that he meant nothing worse than the punishment and humiliation of a perfidious nation, by doing as much mischief as he could in three weeks or a month. His troops were victualled for twenty-eight days, the fleet of thirty-four ships of war and thirty transports accompanying the march with baggage and provisions: the latter, according to

extant records, being quite uncommonly abundant. The land force numbered 14,200 men, according to Tytler—Scott says 18,000. Lord Grey of Milton commanded the cavalry; the vanguard was led by the Earl of Warwick, the rear by Lord Dacres of the North, the centre by the Lord Protector. Beaton was gone, the Regent was hardly worth reckoning. Surely he had only to go in and win.

But once more, for the last time in his glorious history, the unicorn rose in his wrath and shook the whole island with his neigh of defiance. Protestants rushed to the field, side by side with priests. The nation was in danger of slavery: what were theological disputes now to divide blood-brethren whose one strength must be in union? The fiery cross flew over mountain and moor, and gathered Highlanders and Lowlanders, Hamilton and Douglas, prelate and preacher, Irish archers and kernes from the far isles, to the banner of the afflicted Catholic Church, which accompanied the lion rampant to the last death-grapple with the "auld enemy."

Somerset reached Berwick at the end of August, and, like Rabshakeh of old, sent a blustering message of command and threat to the Scottish lords encamped with their army at Musselburgh, 36,000 strong, protesting that he had come, not to rob Scotland of her independence, but to insist upon fulfilment of her obligations.

He waited two more days, until Sunday, which was his lucky day, as Tuesday was to St. Thomas à Becket, and Wednesday to Caroline of Anspach. So on Sunday, September 4th, he crossed the Tweed and went on his devastating way. On the 7th he passed Dunbar, so famous in Edward's old wars of aggression, and on the following day came in sight of the enemy on the links of Musselburgh. He halted at Prestonpans, to become so famous two centuries later in the story of Scotland's last armed struggle for the right.

The Scottish army lay by Pinkie Cleugh, on the long ridge that rises from the sea, on whose slopes Prince Charlie was to sleep, pillowed on pease-straw. From that strong position next morning their cavalry came forth under Lord Home to attack the English vanguard. Regardless of Somerset's orders to the contrary, Lord Gray charged them, and after three hours' conflict the lightly armed and poorly mounted Scots were compelled to fly before the heavily-armed English horse. The victory was small, but savage out of all proportion to the numbers engaged; 1,300 dead were left on the ground, quarter being refused on both sides. Lord Home was wounded, his son taken prisoner, and the Scottish cavalry all but annihilated.

Somerset, aflush with triumph, set forth to view the enemy's position. This seemed well-nigh impregnable. The great Scottish army lay between the sea on the left and a deep impassable marsh on their right—the very situation so prudently chosen in time to come by Sir John Cope. They were protected on the east by the river Esk and its precipitous banks, beyond which lay the English host. The Esk was spanned by Musselburgh bridge, on which the Scottish cannon were posted; over the bridge ran a road thirty feet wide, between turf hedges. The one chance presented to the enemy was in the hill of Inveresk, which partially commanded the camp. Here English cannon must be set to sweep them from their entrenchment into the sea.

Then came forth from the Scottish ranks a herald with tabard and trumpet, proclaiming the Regent's desire to save bloodshed. and promising the invaders a safe return to England upon honourable conditions, stipulating only for exchange of prisoners. alternative the Earl of Huntly offered to meet the Lord Protector in hand-to-hand conflict, twenty to twenty, ten to ten, or man to man, so that time and life might be spared. Somerset replied that, though his mission to the North had been all for peace and justice, and the weal of both countries, the Regent had refused his too generous conditions, and only the ordeal of battle could now decide the cause. He rebuked the presumption of Huntly, who had thought to measure swords with the guardian of a king and protector of his realm. Here the Earl of Warwick cried that he would accept the challenge, and give the herald a hundred marks if he brought back his chief's But Somerset, athirst for carnage, would not admit Huntly to equality with Warwick, and dismissed the herald and his trumpeter, with impatient demand that he should be kept waiting no longer, but be met in fair field.

One more effort was made at settling the quarrel by diplomacy. Somerset, after taking counsel with his officers, sent a letter to the Regent, offering to withdraw in peace if the Scots would undertake to keep their young queen in her own country, beyond the sphere of French influence, until she should be old enough to take upon herself the fulfilment of the marriage treaty. But the Scottish leaders, who knew their Somerset, saw in this proposal only the Lord Protector's fear of their overwhelming force of numbers, and refused to entertain it. The quarrel must be fought out.

In the early morning of September 10, 1547, Somerset commenced hostilities by taking up position with his artillery on the hill of Inveresk. This movement was perceived by the Scots, who

imagined the enemy to be in retreat towards the fleet. In spite of the urgent entreaties of his experienced officers, the fatally infatuated Arran gave up his strong position, and ordered the army to cross the river, that he might throw himself between the English and their Angus knew better, and refused to follow, until commanded under pain of high treason. He led the van through the Esk waters. followed presently by Arran and Huntly and their men, 10,000 in all; while Somerset looked on with amazement and glee. Let the tale of terror be told by those who saw: how the English horse charged the Scottish pikemen in front, and were thrown off by that impenetrable wall of steel; how the triumph of that success lost the Lowlanders their heads, and by their disorderly rush forward to meet the fire of Somerset's Italian musketeers broke in victory the line no assault could have broken—that serried rank of pikes, the brunt of which were as easy to encounter as for a bare finger to pierce the skin of an angry hedgehog. In vain two hundred English horses almost instantly were made riderless; in vain many valiant officers fell, leaving the staff of the English standard behind them. though they managed to save the colours. Had Angus been loyally followed, that day's story had been told far otherwise. Warwick was quick to take advantage of the ground lost by the Scots. He rallied his men, and charged the Scottish infantry with his splendid Spanish carabineers. Hackbuters and archers followed up. and the artillery was made to bear upon Angus, who fell back. At the sight of this retrograde movement panic seized the illtrained, undisciplined reserves of Lowlanders. They threw away their weapons and fled. Arran shouted "Treason!" but the English, panting to avenge Ancram Muir, charged on. It was more of a massacre than a battle. The Highlanders alone retreated in some sort of order. The ground was strewn with swords, pikes, and lances, "thick as rushes in a chamber," with the bodies of the slain for five miles round. No quarter was given, save in such cases where there was a chance of costly ransom. Four thousand priests were killed, fifteen hundred prisoners taken, amongst whom was the Earl of Huntly. It was a tremendous defeat. The English shout of triumph rang to Edinburgh Castle. They took their victory like wolves or savages drunk for blood. A party of Scots in a small fort spiked their guns and hid, but were found and massacred, and the place set on fire.

The blow struck reached as far as France, though the French ambassador, De Selve, tried to belittle it, writing to his master from London, September 17th, 1547:—

Sire, -Master Paget is come to inform me that a week to-day there took place in Scotland an encounter between the Scottish and English. The former numbered 9,000 foot and 4,000 horse; the English 4,000 foot and 6,000 horse; who were attacked first by the said Scottish, who in fine have been defeated, as he tells me, to the number of 15,000 men, the greater part killed. . . . That of the English not more than 400 were killed, the said Scots having lost their artillery and the baggage they had with them. That certain news thereof has come to-day by a gentleman who was present at the defeat, who commissioned the said Paget to report the matter to me in greater detail and privacy when he should see me. But if he tells his story in this fashion, Sire, I have made up my mind to answer that 15,000 Scottish were too many to be killed by the English out of a total of 13,000. You see, Sire, how the said Paget has informed me. As for me, I have taken the trouble to hear something of it elsewhere, and have found that the said gentleman who is come admits there were English killed to the number of 2,000 or 3,000, the best and most experienced soldiers of the English army. The greater number of those who were killed were from the garrisons beyond the sea. says that the Earl of Huntly has been taken among them, who was in command of that troop of defeated Scots. The chief praise of the defeat belongs to the Earl of Warwick, by whom is said to have been taken the artillery of the said Scots, who had the better, it is said, except for that mishap, and had begun by driving back the English, and even their cavalry; the Scottish cavalry dismounting to fight upon their feet, as is said to be their custom.

He also says, Sire, that at sea the said Scots have been compelled to retire with their ships from before the English army, by whom has been taken two Scottish ships, with the loss of an English ship sent to the bottom by the said There was a rumour here yesterday and the day before that the Regent of Scotland is taken, but there is nothing in it, and no prisoner of distinction is spoken of except the said Lord Huntly. It is certainly true that some say Lord Home and his eldest son were killed. . . . . . A thousand rumours are affoat. Some say the city of Edinburgh is besieged, others that the army is already before Stirling Castle, and others that the Queen and the Earl of Argyll have fled with the little queen far into the Highlands, and that they will pursue them thither, and that the Protector will not return until he has captured them. may be, it does not seem to me that there is much triumph or public rejoicing over this victory. And, for my part, I cannot think it can have been won except with great loss; and that the army of Scotland, numbering, they say, altogether 40,000 men, the remainder who were not present at this defeat, will not plan and attempt something. Which is all, Sire, that I can tell you for the present, unless it is true that 6,000 men are being levied in this country, said to be for Scotland; but I do not believe it, unless it is true that they have lost more men than they admit.

London, September 22. Sire,—There is not at this moment any other news except that last Tuesday there was a public procession here, according to the new fashion of this country [alluding to the religious revolution accomplished at the accession of Edward VI.], and feux de joie all over the city, on account of the victory said to have been gained in Scotland, which the preacher at the public sermon which took place in the great church of this city exalted highly, saying that there had been 15,000 Scots killed and 2,000 taken, with the loss of about a hundred English; asserting, so that his declaration might be believed, that he was in the pulpit of Moses, which was the pulpit of truth, where he would rather die than lie. All the same, Sire, there are many people

who think all this fine farce is only played by the great to please the poor by a little good cheer at their expense, seeing that already news of a contrary nature is going about. And, for my part, Sire, I shall be of this opinion until I have good evidence to the contrary, for, to tell the truth, I cannot but see, by careful scrutiny of the countenances of the leaders, that they have not won a great victory as cheaply as they said; added to this, new levies to the number of 5,000 or 6,000, as I have been told lately, and now 10,000, are spoken of These are poor commentaries on good news. . . . . . It is said here that the English army was marshalled in three divisions, and the Scottish army likewise, and thus only one of the divisions having been engaged, the two others remain entire; and at the same time they boast of having gained a complete victory and of being masters of Scotland. Besides this, it has been told me that the English arquebusiers for the most part held back from the engagement, and a great number of the finest of their cavalry, and that the English and Scottish were so much mixed together that the artillery was useless, and that had it not been for the Protector, whom some say was wounded, the English would have fled. These things are said even by those who praise and magnify the victory: if which things, Sire, are true, it seems to me impossible, speaking as one skilled in arms, that there has not been a heavy loss on that side. For the rest, Sire, some say it is true that the little queen has been carried to the Highlands, which, if it is true, is something to cast down the hearts of the English, and show them that the Scots are resolved to defend themselves.

London, September 27. Sire,—Seeing that none of those whom I sent to Scotland on your service have returned, I cannot believe but that they have been arrested somewhere by the English, and if so, it is probable that their affairs are not going so prosperously as they pretend. In fact, Sire, I have been secretly warned that the division of the English army before Edinburgh is really hemmed in by the Scots to landward, so that from that side neither provisions nor news can pass to the said English. It is probable that the other part of the said army is at Leith, and can give assistance to the rest, and furnish provisions, but only by water, and I am assured that the said English declare they can have news from Scotland only by sea, by way of Leith. And, from what I hear, there have been already three great battles between the said Scots and English, in all of which the English boast of having had the better. . . . In short, Sire, this Scottish campaign costs them dear. . . . .

Later the ambassador gives the French king the story of the captive Earl of Huntly:—

London, October 18. Sire,—Since the departure of M. de Gordes there is arrived in this town the Scottish Earl of Huntly, taken by the English in this last battle: who has not been placed in the Tower, nor in any other prison, but, on the contrary, is treated and favoured as graciously and kindly as possible, having liberty to come and go wherever it seems good to him, always accompanied by an English knight, whose prisoner he is. I have caused a Scotchman, Master John Hay, to speak to him, to learn his news, who was formerly ambassador to the late king your father, and was taken in the ship Scottish Lion, and since has not stirred from here, having always, at my request, been granted liberty to go about this town. He put himself at 500 crowns ransom, which on his behalf I have guaranteed he shall pay before leaving here. Therefore he goes and comes without any guard. And because, Sire, I had heard that last Sunday the said Earl of Huntly had been summoned to the king's court, I have greatly wished to find

out what he did there, by means of the said Hay, who has come to me to-day with the account. He informs me, Sire, that he had been to visit the said Lord Huntly at supper, when he met the Lord William, brother of the Duke of Norfolk. and the Lord Thomas, son of the said duke, and other lords of this realm, making good cheer together, and that after Lord Huntly talked with him apart for a long time, relating to him the history of that battle and of his capture. He lays the blame of that mischance upon the Governor, who had been of opinion that they should attack the English; that he himself had not been at all of that opinion, but rather that they should keep within the fort and temporise a while; and that if they had done this, and he had been trusted, the Scotch would infallibly have had the victory in their hands. But the said Governor had not chosen to believe him, and had taunted him with cowardice-an accusation whose falseness he thoroughly proved. He was taken prisoner there with many others, while nearly 4,000 gentlemen were killed, and about 2,000 common soldiers and fighting men, numbering in all nearly 6,000 slain of the flower of the Scottish army, which he declares did not amount to more than 22,000 or 23,000.

After this, Sire, he was informed of several proposals made to him on behalf of the Lord Protector on the same day, Sunday last, when he was at Court. These were in substance, Sire, as far as I can understand, strong and specious arguments for enlisting his faithful service in the cause of this King, to do what he could in furtherance of the marriage of the same prince with

the Queen of Scots. . . . .

De Selve also gives at length the account of John Ribauld, also returned from the Scottish campaign. After confirmatory report of the killed and wounded, he says that—

The said defeat had been by incredible misfortune . . . . . . no man living could give good reason how it came about. He himself had never seen finer men, better armed, better doing their duty than the Scots at the beginning . . . . . that for the full space of an hour victory was in the hands of the Scots. There was not an English horseman who did not fly before them. . . . The English need not praise themselves . . . for he had never seen men do their duty worse; even the cavalry . . . fled in the most cowardly way . . . until they saw the Scots take fright and fly themselves.

He goes on to say that, as so often happened, the Scottish soldiers and their horses were exhausted by hunger, and blames them severely, as all others do—first, for the fatal mistake they made by charging uphill, and then for their panic-urged flight.

So needlessly and completely was the battle of Pinkie lost; yet, strange to say, it was as fruitless of result as all other victories England had gained in that long struggle for independence. The marriage that had caused so much bloodshed was further off than ever. Smarting from defeat, the Scots turned with the more passionate affection to France; and to bind themselves still more closely to that faithful friend, they consented to give their little queen in marriage to the Dauphin. In the teeth of English force and strategy they sent the royal child across the seas, escorted by a French fleet. The duke-

dom of Châtelherault was conferred by the French king upon Arran, who resigned the regency in favour of the queen-mother, Mary of Guise, the bitterest enemy of the Reformation, the closest link with France. Tudor schemes had failed in spite of brutal force, cruelty, cunning, and success in the field. Scotland was free; bound only by chains of friendship to England's mightiest foe—free till the son of that baby-queen

Should rule all Britain to the sea.

ALISON BUCKLER.

## NIGHT SCENES IN CHINATOWN, SAN FRANCISCO.

If there be one characteristic more strongly developed in the Chinaman than another—more prominent even than his rapacity—it is his exclusiveness. No matter in what part of the globe it be, wherever the wandering Celestials manage, in any numbers, to secure a firm foothold, so surely do they raise up for themselves, within certain prescribed limits, a miniature China exclusively sacred to themselves. From this area all personages owning and acknowledging allegiance to any power other than the ruler of the "Flowery Land" are rigidly excluded. It could hardly be expected, therefore, that San Francisco, the Metropolis of the Pacific Coast and the El Dorado of the Asiatic, should be exempt from this characteristic of "the Plague," as Chinese immigration is euphemistically called in the Western States of America; for there, despite the most stringent efforts at repression, the epidemic continues to make ever-increasing headway.

Many places there are in this miniature China of San Francisco, it is said, to which no European has ever been admitted, or, if admitted, he has never survived to return to the world with the story of the scenes and inhuman sights which rumour accredits to these underground dens. But there are certain parts which, at his own risk, the white man is free to traverse, though in no case is it prudent to visit even these without the escort of a properly armed police officer well known on the Chinatown beat. The reason of this immunity enjoyed by certain police officials in the Chinese Quarter is not far to seek, for it is an open secret that after an officer has been for a few years on a Chinatown beat he is in a position to retire on a comfortable independence, and it is considered no disgrace that a man receiving the dollars of the State for the express purpose of aiding in the suppression of vice and the enforcement of sanitary laws should be the man openly entrusted with the duty of exhibiting to the stranger the very worst vices and passions which it is possible to conceive in full and unhindered play.

For the seeker after the unusual, night—and the darker the better—is undoubtedly the best time to inspect a "Celestial" Quarter. The night chosen for my visit to the Chinatown of San Francisco was an ideal one for the purpose, the darkness being almost Stygian when, at eight o'clock, our small party, headed by a trusted police-officer, set out on its tour of exploration.

Taking the car as far as practicable on our way, we alighted, and, passing by way of a short street exclusively devoted to the habitations of Western "marchandeuses d'amour "-who drove their trade in the most open manner, and clad in the lightest of garbs, although they are strictly confined by the authorities to their houses—we found ourselves within the Chinese boundary and in the principal thorough-Dupont Street was by this time a blaze of fare of the Quarter. colour from the myriads of paper lanterns of every conceivable shape, size, and hue with which it was illuminated. Now, indeed, we began to feel ourselves in a foreign land. All trace of the presence of the white man appeared to be lost, and the Mongol, in the monotony of his blue breeches gathered tight round the ankles, black smock, yellow parchment-like skin, almond eyes, shaven forehead, and long black pigtail, held undisputed sway. Here they congregated from floor to ceiling, and no great stretch of imagination was required to fancy oneself in Pekin or Canton. An interminable parrot-like chatter arose from all sides, and the same stony, unemotional gaze met our eyes wherever we looked. Pendent to the eaves of the houses hung gaudy signs in the vernacular, and on the lintels and door-posts were displayed similar scrolls of red paper and black hieroglyphics, whilst everywhere there was that unmistakable sheen of Oriental tawdriness which irresistibly strikes the Western eye when viewing an Eastern scene for the first time. Here and there a trader more enterprising than his neighbours had added his name of Shun Wo, Hang Ki, or Hop Wik, in Roman characters, to his signboard, but this was the extremest concession which could be made to Western civilisation.

After visiting some of the principal stores, jewellers' shops, dealers in fancy goods, &c., and watching barbers dress the pigtails of various of the Faithful (all the shops hung round with the eternal red scrolls and black characters), we were conducted by our guide to a mammoth restaurant, and attracted by the confused babel of noise proceeding from an upper room, we made our way thither, but all the time keeping carefully in touch with our leader. Here we found ourselves in a large square room, in the midst of a mixed crowd of Chinese men and women, all chattering and shouting at one and the

same time, and busily engaged on their evening meal. The majority were seated round a table, in the centre of which stood a huge bowl. Chop-sticks were being dipped into and withdrawn from this receptacle from all corners with rare despatch, each trying to get in twice to his neighbour's once, as though a recognised rivalry existed in this respect. The chop-sticks were used with marvellous dexterity, but the system was not one which commended itself to the eyes of the "untutored Barbarian." In another room some were discussing with evident relish a brew of exceptionally strong tea, whilst in a third several lay about in listless nonchalance enjoying their favourite drug. We walked about quite unchallenged, and apparently quite unremarked, without arousing the slightest expression of curiosity or concern, as though our presence there was nobody's business but our own.

From material to spiritual was an apt transition, and so our next halt was made at the principal Joss-house of the Quarter, where the ritual was duly explained for our benefit by an English-speaking The first image to which our attention was directed was pointed out as "Rich man god." "Got gold in hand," carefully explained the attendant, and on a closer inspection we observed that there really was some gilded stuff in the right hand of this hideously ugly incarnation of greed, which still retained remnants of former grandeur in the way of elaborate decoration. One of the party, not in a very reverent frame of mind, asked: "Will rich man go to hell?" "Oh no!" replied the priestly hanger-on, as though the very idea were preposterous; "no rich man go to hell. Him have plenty money!" We went on to the next image. "Him good debbel," explained the man of Faith, but why he should be a good one we "School-teacher man" came next, and were unable to ascertain. beside him was "Medicine-man." Before this latter stood a jar containing sticks of various lengths. Every stick was numbered, and when a Chinaman is sick he speeds to the feet of this image, pays a certain sum, and draws a stick from the jar. With this he proceeds to a certain man who mixes drugs, by whom he is furnished with a mixture, according to the number on his stick, with the result that, according to our informant, "he is nebber sick no more!" Probably for the good reason that he is dead.

The Chinese are evidently deeply impressed with the value of education, but more especially it seemed to us in the case of women, for the place of honour was accorded to three images of females, those on each flank being provided with crowns. These were described to us as "All same school-teacher woman and two queens. School-teacher woman got small feet, all same good woman;

woman got small feet, all same good woman; woman hab big feet, all same bad woman!" Our sceptical friend, still exercised about the future state, inquired: "Will a woman with big feet go to hell?" "Oh yes," was the emphatic reply, "woman hab big feet, bad woman, all same go to hell!" Which we decided was a curious way of measuring one's virtues, and, if correct, was rather a bad look-out for many of our sisters in more civilised lands. And so we went through the catalogue of the deities, with their powers and virtues, before all of whom incense and small oil-lamps were kept continually burning night and day. Our attention was particularly attracted by three very small saucers also carefully placed before each image, and these the attendant, in reply to our inquiries, informed us were—with a keen eve to material wants—religiously filled each evening with whisky for the refreshment of the god. "Come here eight o'clock to-morrow morning," he said, "whisky all gone. Spirit come down, drink it up!" This was rather a large order on our credulity, but, after much time lost in cross-questioning, the only admission we could get from the man was that he was not quite sure that it was the spirit that did the drinking. Before quitting the Toss-house we were shown a superb piece of native carving, some twenty feet long by five feet high, all done in one piece, and said to represent all the battles ever fought-more probably ever won-by the Chinese. This piece of work, we were credibly informed, cost 40,000 dollars, and was brought all the way from the Flowery Kingdom itself, with a special blessing.

We were not sorry to get once more into the open air, for the smell of incense pervading the temple was very sickening; but the end of overpowering odours was not yet. Through some narrow and dirty back streets we were now carefully piloted, and our eyes opened to some of the ways and customs of Chinese low life, sights which would hardly bear repetition here. On one occasion we stopped at the head of some rickety old wooden stairs, and the officer said: "Now, if you would really wish to see how some of the lower class of the Chinese live, this is not a bad place for the purpose. Go down that stair, push open the door at the foot, and walk right in. You will be quite safe, and I'll wait here till you come back, for the place has no attractions for me. My curiosity was satisfied long ago, and the smell is not pleasant." Cautiously feeling our way we proceeded as directed, and pushing open the door, without meeting with any opposition, we found ourselves in a small square, low-roofed room, in which we were just able to stand upright. With the exception of a stove in one corner, the place was quite destitute of furniture. A piece of tough straw

matting was stretched horizontally across the room, midway between the ceiling and the floor, thus dividing the apartment into two compartments. The matting also answered the purpose of a bed, for at one end crouched a man, whilst a woman sat in the centre, and a wretched little cur grovelled between them. The odour which met us as we stepped inside could almost have been felt, and how any human being could exist in the loathsome squalor of that cellar was a marvel to us. "Who lives here?" we asked after a general survey. "Me, wife, and little dog!" replied the man. The woman now began to mumble something which we could not understand, for both were evidently under the influence of opium, and apparently just recovering from its effects. But we did not wait to make many inquiries, and congratulated the detective on his good sense, when we once more joined him in the open.

From here we went by way of some narrow, dark, and evilsmelling entries-past numerous closed doors, in the centre panels of which were narrow slits, through which came cautious hisses to attract our attention-to a mammoth lodging-house, where, by some means or another, some thousands of Chinese were nightly stowed away. The bulk of the clients of the house had already retired to rest, packed like sardines in a box, side by side and tier over tier, one a few inches above another, from cellar to skylight; in fact, we had to pick our way very carefully and stoop considerably in our tour of inspection for fear of knocking against or walking over some of the lodgers as they slept. The beds were each some twelve inches apart, and were composed of a simple piece of straw matting or canvas stretched over poles. The building itself formed four sides of a square, and in the centre was a courtyard. In this yard, in spite of all sanitary laws, all the offal and refuse collected in and about the establishment was deposited, so that the very potent "Celestial" odour, offal and opium combined, caused us to cut our visit to this establishment as short as possible.

And now we stopped at one of the "superior" opium dens. In a large cellar-room, without the slightest attempt at any sort of ventilation, a number of Chinamen lay stretched in various attitudes in the several stages of somnolence produced by this drug. Some were already sound asleep; some, just going off, gazed on us with lacklustre eyes; others were rapidly drifting into the land of dreams; whilst others were still in the first stages. The arrangements for the reception of the victim were sufficiently luxurious, but when once he had succumbed to the baneful influence of the drug he was apparently treated with but scant courtesy. When the smoker—we saw

no women smokers-first enters the den for the purpose of indulging his pet vice, he quietly stretches himself on a slanting hammockcouch, his head resting on a small square and fairly hard pillow. On a low table beside this lounge stands a small round table, on which are placed an oil-lamp in miniature, a pipe, and a small quantity of opium in an ivory receptacle resembling a thimble-box, along with the necessary implements for the manipulation of the drug. About thirteen pipes full are necessary to reduce an old and experienced hand to a state of coma, but five would be ample to settle the account of a novice. As we entered a smoker was just commencing operations. Quietly composing himself in a comfortable posture on one of several couches, he drew his table beside him, and, after trimming his lamp, took up the long wooden pipe provided by the establishment and carefully examined it. or bowl, consisted of a small square piece of hard material, in the centre of which a very small hole was drilled for the reception of the drug. Then, taking up a long needle-like piece of steel, the smoker inserted it in the ivory box and drew therefrom a small quantity of prepared opium, bearing a remarkably close resemblance to very thick molasses. He now held this over the flame of the lamp-for the drug must be dried before it can be inhaled—carefully twisting and turning it about until the heat had frizzled it up. All this time he had been apparently quite oblivious of our presence, but now, carelessly turning round, he handed his preparation up to us to smell. To our unaccustomed nerves the heavy odour-more potent than sweet—was even worse than the incense of the Toss-house. The preparatory process had taken almost four minutes. The dried substance the smoker, by means of the steel probe, deposited in the hole in the pipe-head, and the smoke commenced. The pipe-stem was placed to the man's lips, and the head was held close over the flame of the lamp. Almost immediately a low gurgling sound was heard, and continued for the space of one minute; one tremendously long inhalation, with the exhalation of a perfect cloud of smoke through the nostrils, and the pipe was finished.

After watching this performance for a short time we began ourselves to feel the effects of the opium-laden atmosphere, and although we were much pressed to try a pipe ourselves, we unanimously declined, deterred as much, I think, by the fear of our surroundings as by the sight of the white, sickly faces and glassy eyes of the smokers around us, forcibly telling their own tales of the prostrating effects of the fatal drug on both system and intellect. Two sides of the den were lined with deep wooden shelves, each but a few inches above the other, and as soon as the smoker became thoroughly insensible he was roughly lifted by the attendants and thrust into one of these cavities. Each sleeper was pushed close up against his neighbour, and the most was made of every available inch of space. From these shelves rose a regular cadence of heavy breathing, like the sough of the wind amidst the trees of the forest; but we were unable to satisfy ourselves how the sleepers managed to extricate themselves from their positions when they regained consciousness, for those farthest back must naturally awake the first. The sickening odour of the place, which was gradually gaining on us, prevented us, however, from making too close an inquiry into insignificant details.

One of the most interesting places visited during the progress of our tour of the Quarter was the native theatre. Naturally fond of high-sounding titles, the Chinese imagination is drawn on to its fullest extent when called upon to christen the places devoted to its amusement. Such prosaic names as "Drury Lane," "Strand," or "Haymarket," would be treated with the contempt they deserve by Oriental minds. Here we have instead "The Newest Phoenix," or "The Ascending Luminous Dragon," and such-like—names to conjure with.

In the Chinese Quarter of San Francisco the theatres are situated principally on the north and south sides of Jackson Street, between Kearny and Dupont Streets, and form one of the most curious sights of a curious city.

We entered the building assigned to "The Ascending Luminous Dragon" by a small side door, and proceeding for some distance along a very narrow whitewashed passage, and down a flight of steep and narrow wooden steps, we arrived at the kitchen of the establishment, where "Celestial" cooks were busily employed preparing sayoury (?) dishes for the performing company. Our place, however, was not there, so on we went, up two more flights of equally steep, dark, and uninviting stairs. Through a door at the top we walked unceremoniously into the "holy of holies," otherwise the "green room." Here the actors were in various stages of personal adornment, some applying cosmetics, others dressing, whilst many more, smoking and chattering, were rehearsing their particular parts, which, to our untutored eyes, seemed to be composed of the most absurd and extravagant antics. Here and there were scattered small tables, around and upon which those of the performers whose parts were over listlessly reclined. Habiliments and garments of wonderful cut hung around the walls, and were scattered about the floor and tables

in reckless profusion, whilst huge chests containing "property" were deposited at intervals around the room. From here was the direct approach on to the stage.

The artistes were exclusively Chinese, and, despite the deceptive make-up, all men. No woman is allowed on the stage of a Chinese theatre in any capacity whatever. Strange as it may sound, the omission is, however, hardly noticeable, for the get-up of the men impersonating female characters is so perfect that it is with difficulty one can really be convinced that the unalterable law on the subject has not been infringed. Nevertheless, in its stern rigidity it is as unalterable as a law of the Medes and Persians.

The plays themselves are purely Oriental, and at times appear more than ludicrous to the uninitiated observer. pendent scrolls, on which, in the vernacular, are quotations from the classics of Mencius and Confucius, no scenery is affected; whilst the entire theatre is void of ornamentation or decoration of the simplest kind. No saving of a play there owing to the external effects produced by scene-painter or metteur-en-scène. No mechanical sceneshifting, no "fly" secrets, but everything done in the full view of the audience. The house is divided into a pit and two galleries. the occasion of our visit the former was packed with male spectators only, and all standing. Up to the very footlights the sea of yellow faces came, and as, in the light of distinguished strangers, we looked down from the stage on this mass of upturned Celestial "parchments," we found the panorama stretched out before us to the full as interesting as the performance going on beside us. The left half of the first or lower gallery was appropriated solely to the women, whilst the right was partitioned off into boxes, in which the more affluent merchants of the district reclined at length, and, in the quiet enjoyment of a pipe or cigar, followed the performance in luxurious The upper gallery was also partitioned off for the use of the men, but, excepting by the absence of the pigtail, it was often difficult to distinguish either by their dress or physiognomy between the sexes. We had the distinguished honour of being the only Europeans in the whole of the vast assemblage.

We took up our stand on the left-hand side of the stage, and remained there during a considerable portion of the performance without arousing the slightest mark of either curiosity or resentment on the part of either artistes or spectators.

The orchestra—heaven save the mark !—was placed on stools and chairs in an alcove at the rear of the stage, but the music discoursed was not of a nature to appeal to Western ears. The instruments

used were principally gongs, discordant banjoes, and bones. All were kept going at once without heed to either time or tune, each musician apparently vying with his brother as to who could produce the most racket and din, and their combined efforts were truly awful. The piece under performance was, we were told, an historical one, but beyond a great deal of slaughtering we were unable to grasp much of the plot.

Of course there was no curtain, and if a man had the ill-luck to be slain, he lay on the floor for awhile, and then unconcernedly got up and walked away. The costumes were, however, both gorgeous and grotesque, and the whole performance seemed to be of absorbing interest to the audience, which listened with strained attention throughout, although indulging in no noisy manifestations of delight.

Space will not allow me to deal with the underground "tripots," or gambling-dens, with which, though out of sight, this quarter of San Francisco is honeycombed, but of these I hope to say something in a future paper. I may say here, however, that as, in the early hours of the morning, we turned our weary steps homeward we came to the unanimous conclusion, after seeing the Chinaman at home, that his moral maxims are considerably in advance of the conduct and general character of the bulk of the people. dominant vices, with which all seem to be more or less deeply bitten, are gambling and opium-smoking, and to such an excess has this latter habit been carried, that another branch of trade has sprung up, and does a profitable business in what is known as "No. 2 opium." This "No. 2" is composed of the scrapings from the pipes of the more affluent victims after use, and is then sold to those poor wretches who cannot afford to buy the fresh article. This fact of itself proves what a strong and apparently irresistible hold the use of the drug acquires over its votaries. For the Oriental opium-smoker, however, there is always hope of reclamation, but when once the white man is seized with the opium-hunger he is irredeemably lost, and his degradation becomes infinitely more pitiful and complete than that of the most abject "Celestial."

## CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

A MONG the writers of the second-class in French literature of the seventeenth century, none holds a higher rank than the eccentric and versatile Cyrano de Bergerac. A man from whose writings Molière borrowed wholesale, who furnished hints to Fontenelle, Voltaire, and Swift, who, at a time when the wearisome romances of D'Urfé and Mademoiselle de Scudéri were the delight of novel-readers, as they were the model of novel-writers, wrote a couple of stories which are as interesting reading at the present day as the latest novel of adventure, does not deserve to be dismissed in two lines, as he is in most histories of French literature.

Moreover, Cyrano's life, although there is no writer of this period about whose personal circumstances we know less, is as interesting as his work. It is an agreeable change to come across a French writer of the seventeenth century who was neither an alcôviste of the Hôtel Rambouillet, nor a poète crotté of the type of Saint-Amant and his school. Savinien Cyrano (the de Bergerac was a distinguishing title which he assumed late in life, just as his elder brother signed himself Cyrano de Mauvières), was born in Paris in 1620. He spent his boyhood in the provinces, where, says Le Bret, the friend to whose short biographical sketch of Cyrano we owe what little we know of him, "the education which we had together in the house of a worthy country priest made us friends at a very tender age. Thinking that our teacher had a touch of pedantry in his character, he believed him incapable of instructing him, and consequently took such little pains with his lessons that his father, a worthy old country gentleman somewhat indifferent as to the education of his children, suddenly took him away from the school, and, without considering whether his son would do better elsewhere, sent him to Paris, where he left him, trusting to his word of honour, till the age of nineteen."

Although Cyrano was thus early his own master, he did not neglect his studies, as, with Molière for fellow-pupil, he sat at the feet of the learned and fantastic head of the College of Beauvais, Jean Grangier, whom he subsequently burlesqued in his comedy the "Pédant Joué." However, he seems to have devoted a certain amount of his time to the pleasures of Paris, as we find Le Bret, in a letter written about this time to Cyrano's father, excusing his friend for some scrape into which he had got: "We must not be surprised that a young man with wit, money, good looks, and good health should follow his youthful inclinations rather than those natural to your age and ill-health." However, the escapades to which his father objected were solely due to high spirits; for Cyrano, like a famous contemporary of his, Voiture, was both a water-drinker and, unlike Voiture, "remarkable for his reserve towards the fair sex." "He rarely," says Le Bret, "drank wine, because of its degrading influence, and used to say that people ought to be as careful in taking it as in taking arsenic. He was equally abstemious in what he ate, believing that the simplest and the plainest diet was the best."

His father must have been rather hard to please, for no one could have been more studious than his son. At this time Gassendi, the popular philosopher of the day, was acting as tutor to Chapelle (best known from his popular "Voyage en Provence," which he wrote in collaboration with Bachaumont), Bernier, afterwards celebrated for his travels, and Molière. Cyrano seems to have rather forced his company upon Gassendi and his pupils, but "they soon perceived," says Niceron, "that he was not unworthy of the honour of their society." He also, when studying under Gassendi, made the acquaintance of Campanella, an exile from Italy, where his philosophical and political tenets had got him into trouble.

Shortly after this date, at the instigation of Le Bret, he joined the company of M. Castel de Carbon Jaloux, and straightway proceeded to show more of the Gascon spirit than any of the Gascons of whom the troop almost entirely consisted. He was nicknamed "the demon of valour," and, acting up to the title, became one of the greatest duellists of the day. His motto throughout his life was, as he says in one of his letters, "A stain on a man's honour can only be washed out with blood." The possessor of an enormous nose (to which the wonder-struck Théophile Gautier devoted two pages in his essay on Cyrano), he was ever ready to draw his sword on the slightest allusion to this prominent feature. According to an anecdote in the "Ménagiana," "it was the cause of his killing more than ten people. He could not bear anyone even to look at it." In a letter written about this time to a friend, Cyrano remarks, " I should have forgotten what paper is like were it not that challenges are written on it. You are quite wrong in calling me the first of men, for I protest that during the last month I have been second to everybody. Your departure must have made a desert of Paris, and caused the grass to grow in the streets; for wherever I go I find myself on a field of battle (sur le pré)."

But he did not confine his energy to single combats. A friend of his, the poet Linière, having lampooned some great man, learnt that a body of cut-throats were waiting in ambush for him. Cyrano, who happened to be present, no sooner heard this than he rushed forward (accompanied at a discreet distance by the poet), killed two of the would-be assassins on the spot, wounded seven, and put the rest to flight. In real warfare he was less fortunate. He was severely wounded at Mouzon in 1639, and again in the following year at the siege of Arras. This, and his insatiable appetite for learning, caused him to retire in 1641 from the army, and to devote himself entirely to his beloved books. How he spent his time from this date can only be conjectured from allusions in his writings, from which it appears that he travelled in Poland, Italy, and England, where he met a kindred spirit, Tristan L'Hermite, a poet attached to the circle of the Duke of Orleans, and a descendant of the character of the same name who plays a prominent part in "Quentin Durward."

What we do know for certain, however, is that Cyrano had a series of violent quarrels which made him the talk of Paris. The first was with Scarron. When the Fronde broke out, Cyrano was foremost among the lampoon-writers of the Pont Neuf, and published in 1649 a violent attack on Mazarin, entitled "Le Ministre d'État Flambé." It is amusing to note that the unfortunate Cardinal, after being charged with most crimes under the sun, is told, by way of a climax,

La Seine et le Rhin par vos lois Vont aussi mal que la Tamise.

But it was the fashion to attack Mazarin, and consequently Cyrano, whose chief ambition it was to be the exact opposite of the vulgar herd, promptly turned his coat, and indited a violent letter "against the Frondeurs." This naturally brought him into collision with Scarron, the chief of the poets who amused themselves (as well as Mazarin, who laughed at their attacks) by trying who could say the nastiest things about the Cardinal. But Cyrano had another grudge against Scarron. If there was one thing on which the former prided himself as a writer, it was his punning powers. Scarron apparently had criticised his partiality for puns, with the result that the enraged author published a violent letter against "Ronscar" (an obvious anagram of Scarron), in which he angrily remarks, "Ronscar has actually arrived at this pitch of bestiality that he has banished all puns from

his works." It is not to Cyrano's credit that he then proceeds to attack the deformed person of his opponent as violently as the heroes of the "Dunciad" attacked the equally deformed Pope.

His second quarrel was with Dassoucy, a facetious writer of some eminence, with whom he had been on the best of terms, and whom he had christened the "Emperor of Burlesque." Why they quarrelled is unknown; but Cyrano's invective against "Soucidas" (another anagram) was even more violent than that against "Ronscar." In this instance Cyrano met his match, and Dassoucy took a horrible revenge. There lived at this time on the Pont Neuf—the rendezvous of all the strolling players, perambulating dentists, compounders of orvietan and Venice treacle; in short, of all the charlatans of the day—a certain Italian, Jean Briocchi, the proprietor of a troupe of marionettes. His principal performer, however, was an intelligent ape, Fagotin by name. Dassoucy persuaded Briocchi to dress up Fagotin in exact imitation of Cyrano. and, to complete the resemblance to the famous duellist, to teach him to wear and brandish a sword. The performance was a huge success, and the idlers of the Pont Neuf talked of nothing else. Cyrano got wind of the matter, and went off at full speed to the booth in which he was being burlesqued. What followed is vividly set forth in a curious tract entitled, "Combat de Cyrano de Bergerac avec le singe de Brioché ":-

At Bergerac's appearance the motley troop there assembled burst into sardonic laughter. One of them seized the author's hat and twirled it round and round. Another merry rascal, dealing him a fillip in the face, cried, "Is that the nose you wear every day? What a devil of a nose! Be good enough to stand back; it's in my way." Our friend, on receiving this affront to his nose, braver than Don Quixote de la Mancha, whipped out his sword against twenty or thirty of his opponents, all of whom were armed. . The ape, inspired with an apish courage, watching, sword in hand, our warrior, advanced to make a thrust at him. Bergerac was so excited that, taking him for one of the crowd, he spitted him. O unhappy Brioché! "Incomparable animal," he cried, weeping like a calf, "was it that you should be trussed like this that I taught you so many playful tricks? O worthy entertainer of the vulgar herd, Fagotin, the leading spirit of my most lucrative performances, you who were my useful and facetious livelihood, animal less animal than such a man as he, ape of apes, to what a pass have you reduced me!"

It is sad to have to relate that Briocchi lost the action which he brought against Cyrano, the defendant offering, however, with characteristic assurance, to compensate him with an "epitaph worthy of Apollo."

But Dassoucy's practical joke cost him almost as dear as it did the unfortunate Fagotin. Cyrano vowed to have summary ven-

geance, and the burlesque writer actually found it necessary to fly from Paris without having time, as he slyly remarks, "to say goodbye to my friends, or even to pay my debts." In his "Avantures" (1677) he relates, with the certain amount of exaggeration to be expected in a burlesque artist, how, "after Cyrano's death, as I was travelling one night by moonlight on my way from Paris to Turin, I actually threw myself into a river under the impression that my own shadow was the shade of this furious soldier."

A third person who was unlucky enough to offend Cyrano was the actor Jacob Montfleury, a member of the Hôtel de Bourgogne Company. As was usual with Cyrano, he started by inditing a violent letter which he entitled "against a fat man," for Montfleury was not so remarkable for his acting as for his size. He begins, in his usual grandiloquent way: "Fat fellow, I assure you that if blows could be sent by letter, you would read this with your shoulders. Do you suppose because a man could not chastise you thoroughly in twenty-four hours, that I am going to wait until the executioner has done his work on you? No, no, I myself will be your destiny. . . . Rest assured that you will soon receive orders from me forbidding you to live." Montfleury appears to have disregarded this rather vague threat, and, meeting Cyrano shortly afterwards, was summarily forbidden by him to appear on the stage for the space of a month. After this formal warning the actor cannot have been surprised when, while in the middle of a performance, he was interrupted by a furious voice from the pit: "You scoundrel! did not I forbid you to act for a month?" He fled from the stage, and for the rest of the play there was no Montfleury.

To turn from Cyrano's enemies to his friends, Le Bret gives a list in his preface to Cyrano's works of "those who loved him up to the date of his death, and his memory after that." Among these were the poets De Prade and Linière, the worthy Abbé Michel de Marolles, the Duke d'Arpajon, Rohault, a great admirer of Descartes, the Marshal de Gassion, and, finally, his first and best friend, Henri Le Bret himself. Of his friends, all who had not known him from his youth up were fellow-soldiers of his; for Cyrano avoided the cultivated literary society of the day as sedulously as he did the less cultivated, but equally literary, society which, with the jovial Saint-Amant as the master of the ceremonies, made the cabaret their salon.

In 1653 he attached himself to the Duke d'Arpajon, although he had previously, "from his great love of liberty," rejected the advances of the Marshal de Gassion, who had offered to be his patron. He

remained, however, but a short time in the service, as the expression then was, of the Duke d'Arpajon. As he was entering the Duke's hôtel one evening, a plank fell from an upper storey upon his head and brought on a serious illness. The Duke, with the kindest intentions, advised him to leave Paris for the country. For some reason or other Cyrano took this for a dismissal, departed in a huff, and accepted the invitation of a M. Tanneguy Regnault des Bois-Clairs, in whose house he stayed for over a year, getting worse and worse, but occupying himself in revising his works with a view to publishing a complete edition of them. With a longing to see the country once more-for Cyrano, as is evident from numerous passages in his works, though born in Paris, was no true Parisian at heart—he was moved to the house of a cousin, where in September 1655 he died, having in his short life of thirty-five years seen more of the world and fought more duels, both with the sword and the pen, than any of his contemporaries, not even excepting the swaggering Georges de Scudéri, to whom, indeed, he bears a certain resemblance.

Those of his writings which have come down to us consist of a number of letters, two plays, a short series of "Entretiens Pointus," some fragments of a book on physics, a Mazarinade, and—the best work he did—a "Histoire Comique, ou Voyage dans la Lune," with a companion book, a "Histoire Comique des États et Empires du Soleil." His so-called "Letters" are rather essays than letters, on such subjects as "An Attack upon Winter," "A Defence of Summer," "Description of a Tempest," "On Behalf of a Red-haired Lady," "The Duellist," and "Dreams." The following extract, taken from an excellent English translation of his "Œuvres Diverses" "by a Person of Honour," published in 1658, gives a good idea of Cyrano's style, and at the same time shows how keen an admirer he was of Nature, a trait in his character which is not to be found in many of his contemporaries:—

Sir,—I have found the Paradise of Eden, I have found the golden Age; I have found the perpetual spring: In fine I have found Nature in swadling clouts; one laufs here with all ones heart; the Country Cow-keeper and I are cozengermanes, and the whole Parish makes me believe that one day with a little paines taking, I shall be able to teach Robin Good-fellow to whistle. O Good Sir, how can such a Philosopher as you, prefer the vanity, the troubles, and the confusions of a Court, to such a quiet Retirement? Ah, Sir, if you knew that a Country Gentleman is a disguised Prince, that hears the King spoke of but once a yeare, and knowes him not, but by some old Cousenship; and if, from that Court where you are your eyes were good enough to discerne here the fat-fellow that keeps your Pigs, on his belly lying in the Grasse, quietly snoring

a nap of ten houres all of one piece, cure himself of a burning fever by eating a quarter of Rusty bacon, you would confesse that the sweetnesse of a quiet life cannot be injoyed under a guilded sieling.

The above extract is from a letter written "from a country-house." Two other letters, those "against sorcerers" and "in defence of sorcerers" (for Cyrano would readily undertake to prove that black was white and white black), are interesting as showing that his favourite reading was in the works of Cornelius Agrippa, Johann Tritheim, Faust, Nostradamus, and other writers on the supernatural. His "satirical letters" consist chiefly of attacks on the various persons with whom he had quarrelled.

The "Person of Honour," who translated his letters with the made-up title of "Satyricall Characters and Handsome Descriptions," remarks in his preface, "I believe you'll confesse he may with some allowance passe for a French Cleveland, and indeed if our Author were not ignorant of this tongue I should think he endeavoured to imitate that great satyrist." The truth of this observation will be evident to anyone who compares John Cleveland's curious pamphlet entitled "Midsummer Moon, or Lunacy Rampant: being an University Character," with the following extract (to quote again from the version of the "Person of Honour") from Cyrano's letter "against the Frondeurs":—

Seditious people! come and see an object worthy of God's judgments, 'tis the monstrous Scarron, that is given you for an example of the punishment, that the ungratefull, the traitors, and the slanderers of their Prince are to suffer in Hell: consider in him with what scourges Heaven punishes calumny, sedition and detraction? Come, Burlesque writers, and see a compleat Hospitall in the body of your Apollo; when you see the King's Evill that devours him confesse, that he is not only the Queen's sick-man¹ (as he calls himself) but the King's likewise; he dies every day in some member, and his tongue staies till the last, that his howling may tell you the torments he endures.

The rest of Cyrano's letters consist of "amorous epistles," and are written in imitation of Voiture, who for more than a century was the acknowledged model of all lovers who found difficulty in expressing their feelings.

His "Entretiens Pointus," which is, perhaps, no worse than Swift's and Dr. Sheridan's "Art of Punning," might well have been omitted from the complete edition of his works. Both his plays, the "Pédant Joué" and the "Mort d'Agrippine," are interesting for several reasons. The "Pédant Joué" (first acted in 1645) is

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Scarron, who could jest even about his own misfortunes, had asked and obtained permission from the Queen to style himself "le malade de la reine."

written in the affected and bombastic style which spoils much of Cyrano's work, and, curiously enough, is not free from that pedantry, not merely in the part of the pedant, which he was never weary of attacking.

The pedant, Granger, is the Grangier of Cyrano's youth; the swaggering Captain Châteaufort (who is a close relation of Ben Jonson's Bobadil) bears a suspicious resemblance to Cyrano himself: the valet, Corbinelli, is of the Scapin type; and the peasant, Mathieu Gareau, furnishes the first instance of a "dialect part" on the French stage. But the "Pédant Joué" is chiefly remarkable from the fact that Molière borrowed freely from it. The most remarkable of these plagiarisms is the famous "Turkish galley" scene in the "Fourberies de Scapin," which, including the famous catchword "Oue diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?" is taken almost word for word from the "Pédant Joué." In this connection it is only fair to state that the "Pédant Joué" was written when Cyrano was studying under Jean Grangier, with Molière as fellow-pupil. possible that Molière collaborated with him-a fact which, if it be a fact, would throw a light on the great dramatist's somewhat enigmatic retort, when charged with plagiarising Cyrano, "I retake my property where I find it!"1

It is curious that Cyrano, from whom Molière borrowed thus freely, and whose "Agrippine" was certainly studied to some purpose by Corneille, held very decided views with regard to plagiarism. One of his bitterest satirical letters is directed against a "thief of thoughts" (un pilleur de pensées), a certain Beaulieu. Le Bret, too, has recorded Cyrano's views on plagiarism:—"He used to say that many of the moderns seemed to him merely the echoes of the ancients, and that many people nowadays pass as very learned who would be considered very ignorant if certain persons had not lived before them. So that, when I asked him why he read other people's works, he would reply that it was to find out other people's thefts, and that, had he been judge of this kind of crime, he would have made the punishment for plagiarism more severe than that for highway robbery."

His other play, the "Mort d'Agrippine," first acted and published in 1654, was received with howls of indignation, while its author was pronounced a dangerous atheist. Cyrano's critics seem to have acted on much the same lines as the Independent Tomkins, in

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Molière, according to Voltaire, said, "Je reprends mon bien où je le trouve," and not "je prends," which is, however, the ordinary version.

"Woodstock," who, after compiling an anthology of all the crimes mentioned by Shakespeare, proceeded to denounce him as responsible for every similar offence that had ever after taken place. The would-be virtuous indignation of the Parisians was aroused by the invective put in the mouth of Sejanus against the gods of antiquity, and by the same character's views on the immortality of the soul. In the "Ménagiana" there is an amusing anecdote of the action of certain worthy bourgeois who, having heard of the supposed blasphemies, attended in full force with the intention of hissing the play off the stage. Sejanus's remarks passed unnoticed, possibly because not understood, and nothing happened until some character cried, "Strike! there is our victim" (Frappons! voilà l'hostie), whereat the band of bourgeois, more pious than learned, rose like one man, crying, "Ah! the scoundrel! the atheist! What a way to speak of the Holy Sacrament!"

In spite, however, of the ill success of the play, it would seem to have been eminently suited "for the closet," as the phrase used to be. Tallemant des Réaux, in his single reference to Cyraro, writes: "A mad fellow, called Cyrano, wrote a play called the 'Mort d'Agrippine,' in which Sejanus says the most horrible things about the gods. The piece was pure rubbish. Sercy, who printed it, told Boisrobert that he sold out the edition almost immediately. 'I am astonished to hear it,' answered Boisrobert. 'Ah, sir,' answered the bookseller, 'it contains some beautiful blasphemies' (de belles impiétés)."

It should be added that "Agrippine" is written with a careful consideration of the unities—a curious fact, as Cyrano in his other works, a true follower of Descartes, was never weary of crying out against the tyranny of Aristotle.

But Cyrano's chief claim not to be forgotten rests, not on his letters or plays, but on his "Histoire Comique, ou Voyage dans la Lune," and the companion book, "Histoire Comique des États et Empires du Soleil." The exact date of the publication of the former is not known, but it was certainly brought out before its author's death, as it is mentioned by Michel de Marolles in his list of the books with which he was presented by their authors. It probably, too, circulated in manuscript, as the fashion then was, before being printed.

In 1638, by a curious coincidence, there were published in London two books on the same somewhat fanciful subject, the author in each case, to make the coincidence still more curious, being a bishop. The first was, "The Man in the Moone; or, A Discourse of a Voyage thither. By Domingo Gonsales, the Speedy Messenger"

(or rather by Francis Godwin, Bishop of Llandaff); the second, "A Discovery of a New World; or, A Discourse tending to prove that 'tis probable that there may be another Habitable World in the Moon." by John Wilkins, Bishop of Chester. The latter was translated into French in 1640, and again in 1655; the former, in 1648, by Jean Baudouin, the translator of Bacon. Cyrano evidently took the idea of his book from Godwin. The "Speedy Messenger" had reached the moon by means of a flight of wild swans. One of the characters in Cyrano's book, "a little man, a native of Old Castille, who had been transported to the world of the moon by means of birds," is evidently intended to be Domingo Gonsales. If further proof were wanting, we have it in the fact that both in the "Man in the Moone" and the "Voyage dans la Lune" the inhabitants converse with each other, not in words, but by means of music. Still, Cyrano cannot be said to have been guilty of the crime he most abhorred, plagiarism, any more than Fontenelle in his "Entretiens sur la Pluralité des Mondes." Voltaire in his "Micromegas," and Swift 1 in "Gulliver's Travels," can be said to have plagiarised Cyrano, although probably all three had read his book. But Godwin's book is a mere sketch, and was not written with any particular object, while Cyrano makes his a vehicle for expounding his philosophical views in a readable form, and for attacking many of the follies of the day.

The means he took to reach the moon are rather more scientific than Godwin's wild swans. "I attached," he writes, "to my person a quantity of phials, filled with dew, on which the sun darted its rays so violently, that the heat which attracted them raised me high in mid-air. But, as this attraction made me rise too speedily, and as the moon, the place to which I wished to go, seemed further off from me than when I started, I broke several of my phials, so that my weight counteracted the attraction of the sun, and I thus descended to earth."

He finds to his astonishment that, though he ascended in France, he is now in Canada—a fact which he explains by the motion of the earth, which was still a vexed question at the time Cyrano wrote. His second attempt is more happy. As a remedy for the bruises he had got by his fall, he anoints himself with marrow, with the pleasing result that, "the moon being in that particular quarter in which it draws towards it the marrow of animals, it began to drink in that with which I was smeared."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> In Lord Ossory's "Life of Swift" it is stated that the author of "Gulliver" was acquainted with the works of "Cyrano de Bergerac, a French author of a singular character."

He arrives by this means in the moon without any mishap, and is forthwith taken possession of by an enterprising inhabitant, who makes him dance at the end of a string. However, he makes friends with a stranger, who introduces himself as the dæmon of Socrates, and who rescues him from the clutches of his proprietor. Cyrano then partakes of his first dinner in the moon.

I followed my guide into a hall magnificently furnished, in which, however, I saw nothing whatever to eat. Struck by this remarkable absence of all food, I asked where the table was laid. As my companion was about to answer me, three or four of the host's children appeared and proceeded to undress me. This new ceremony astonished me so much that I did not dare ask the reason, and when my guide asked me what I should like to begin with, I faintly murmured "some soup." Scarcely had I spoken than I detected the most savoury odour that ever tickled a hungry man's appetite. I was about to rise to track it to its source when my companion cried, "Where are you going? We will go for a walk presently; finish your soup and then we will proceed to the next course." "And where the devil is this soup you talk about?" I asked angrily. thought," he answered, "that at the town which we have just left you must have seen your master have his meals, that is why I haven't mentioned to you the way in which we eat here. Know then that we live on odours. The art of cooking consists here in bottling up in vessels made expressly for this purpose the odours given forth by meat as it is cooked. When a quantity of different kinds has thus been collected, you merely uncork the vessels, one after the other, until everyone has had enough."

Cyrano, however, begs for something more substantial, and an obliging stranger, with Munchausen-like accuracy of aim, brings down at one shot "twenty or thirty larks ready cooked." Cyrano's astonishment is still further increased when his friend pays for the dinner with some lines of poetry, the current money of the men in the moon. "In our country," he cries feelingly, "I know many an honest poet who would live like a lord could he pay the score with this kind of coin."

The dæmon then takes him to the capital, where he is shut up with "the Queen's little animal," who turns out to be the native of Old Castille mentioned above. In his discussions with his new friend Cyrano takes the opportunity to explain, at some length, his philosophical theories, and certainly acts up to the maxim expressed in one of his letters, "Reason alone is my queen."

After long discussion as to the nature of the stranger, the learned men of the moon come to the conclusion, first, that he is a "parrot without feathers" (a hit at the "man is a featherless biped" definition), and, finally, that he is "by no means a man, but possibly a kind of ostrich." He is then taken in hand by a high dignitary, the Queen's Bird-catcher, who teaches him the language,

with the result that Cyrano gets into serious trouble for asserting that the moon is not a world, but simply a moon. For this he is tried and condemned, and, as a punishment, "dressed in the most magnificent costume, by way of disgrace, placed in a splendid chariot, and, with four princes in a yoke to draw me, compelled to proclaim in all the squares in the town, "People, I declare to you that this Moon here is not a Moon, but a World, and that that World down there is not a World, but a Moon. This it is that the Council has thought good that you should believe." After this ignominious exhibition he is set free, and the ever-friendly dæmon escorts him to the house of a friend, where there are more philosophical conversations, including an animated discussion as to the possibility of cabbages having souls.

The dæmon is now compelled to leave him, and, to amuse him in his absence, he presents Cyrano with the "Etats et Empires du Soleil, avec une Addition de l'Histoire de l'Étincelle," and-a book which would have delighted the heart of Sir Thomas Browne-the "Grand Œuvre des Philosophes," in which it is proved that black is white and white is black; that you can exist and not exist at the same time; that there can be a mountain without a valley; that nothing is something; and that all things which are are not. In his description of this work Cyrano anticipates the phonograph:-"Opening the box in which was the book, I found a kind of apparatus, something like the clocks of our world, consisting of divers springs and mechanical devices. It was indeed a book, but a book with neither leaves nor printed letters; in short, a book to read which you must use not your eyes, but your ears. When anyone wishes to read . . . he turns the hand to the chapter which he desires to hear, and straightway there issues from the box, as though from a man's mouth, or from a musical instrument, all the different sounds which make up the language of the inhabitants of the moon."

Cyrano does not lose an opportunity of discoursing on the advantages of a large nose. With conscious pride he writes: "In the moon a large nose is the mark of a witty, courteous, affable, noble, and liberal man, while a turned-up nose is the mark of every opposite quality."

Finally, he leaves the moon by the aid of the dæmon, who flies off with him to the earth, and, having deposited him in Italy, vanishes before he can be thanked. "As soon as I returned to France," he

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> This trial scene is evidently intended to be a satire on the trial and condemnation of Galileo for heresy in 1632.

writes in conclusion, "I arranged my memoirs as far as the sickness of which I was bedridden permitted me to. But, foreseeing what would be the end of my studies and of my work, in order to keep my promise to the Council of the moon that I would publish my notes, I have begged M. Le Bret, my dearest and most faithful friend, to give them to the public, together with the 'Histoire de la République du Soleil' and the 'Histoire de l'Etincelle,' and several other works of the same nature, if those who have robbed me of them will restore them to him, as I conjure them to with all my heart."

The incident here alluded to actually took place. Cyrano's papers were rifled during his last illness, possibly, it has been suggested, by friends who, knowing the somewhat advanced nature of his views, were anxious that he should not be attacked after his death, as he had been while alive. However, the manuscript of the "Histoire Comique des États et Empires du Soleil" fell into the hands of the bookseller Sercy, who published it, with this title, in a new edition of Cyrano's works in 1662. In certain ways it is more interesting than the companion work, as the extremely vivid description with which it opens of the persecution to which its author was subjected for the boldness of his views is supposed to be in the main a narrative of events that actually happened.

A summary of it is scarcely necessary, as, *mutatis mutandis*, Cyrano (or Dyrcona, as he calls himself) has much the same experiences in the sun as in the moon. One episode, the "History of the Birds," furnishes another proof of his love of Nature. The story is unfinished, and suffers, equally with the "Voyage dans la Lune," from the omissions which the prudent Sercy, following Le Bret's example, thought fit to make.

Both the "Voyages" seem to have been appreciated in England as much as Godwin's and Wilkins's works were in France. Thomas St. Serf (or Sydserf) published a translation in 1659, entitled "Σεληναρχία, or, the Government of the World in the Moon: a comical history written by that famous Wit and Cavaleer of France, Monsieur Cyrano Bergerac," which contains a curious frontispiece representing Cyrano in mid-air, clad in his costume of bottles, with a benevolent sun smiling at him from the top left-hand corner. There were also translations by A. Lovell and Samuel Derrick in 1687 and 1754.

It is a curious fact that there would seem to have been a conspiracy of silence to ignore Cyrano's work among his contemporaries. There is no writer of the period of whom one can learn so little from the literature of the time. Boileau, who generally has something unpleasant to

say of his immediate predecessors, has only one allusion to Cyrano, in which he compares his "audacious burlesque" favourably, it is true, with the chilling verse of Motin! But this is damning with faint praise, as Motin is only remembered from this allusion of Boileau's. With this exception, the only other mention of Cyrano occurs in Guéret's "Guerre des Auteurs anciens et modernes" (1671). This contains a spirited imaginary conversation between Balzac and Cyrano as to the respective merits of their works. Balzac twits Cyrano with his affectation and puns, to which Cyrano retorts, "When we are compared together, it will be said that occasionally I am somewhat sportive, but that you are hopelessly lost whenever you attempt to soar." However, Cyrano is finally condemned by Vaugelas and Malherbe as fantastic and grotesque, and is summarily dismissed. Indeed, this verdict is that which has been generally passed upon him. Boileau, the acknowledged critic of the day, considered him, as quoted above, a mere burlesque writer; Charles Nodier, though he thoroughly appreciated his peculiar genius, includes him in his "Bibliographie des Fous," and Gautier devotes an essay to him (and his nose) in "Les Grotesques."

This general consensus of opinion is scarcely fair on the whole, though probably Cyrano himself would have been delighted to know that he was, even thus, set apart from the ordinary ruck of ordinary writers. In spite of his somewhat Rabelaisian humour and partiality for the "equivocal," Cyrano was at times terribly in earnest. The philosophical passages of his two "Voyages" show that, although a pupil of Gassendi, who undertook to confound Descartes, he was a great admirer of the Cartesian philosophy; and the few pages which exist of his "Fragment de Physique" were incorporated by his friend Rohault in his "Traité de Physique." Having, however, throughout his life posed as something different from his fellow-men, and having been at small pains to conceal his contempt for their narrow-mindedness, it was perhaps his own fault if, after his death, he was either ignored altogether, or simply labelled "grotesque," "eccentric," and a "lunatic."

F. J. HUDLESTON.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> J'aime mieux Bergerac et sa burlesque audace Que ces vers où Motin se morfonde et nous glace.

## THE CURFEW: ITS ORIGIN AND HISTORY.

The shiv'ring wretches at the Curfew sound, Dejected, sunk into their sordid beds, And, through the mournful gloom of ancient times, Mus'd sad, or dreamt of better.

THESE lines of the poet Thomson doubtless summon familiar memories, for most of us as children have had our sympathies enlisted against the Norman Conqueror when reading of the unutterable wrongs tradition and legend assert he inflicted, malice prepense, on his Saxon subjects for their share in assisting Harold to call his crown his own. In the recital of our forebears' misfortunes, perhaps nothing touched the quick of our young susceptibilities so much as the command to put out all fires at the signal rung on a bell at a fixed hour every night. Even in later days than those of childhood, has it not revolted our instincts, desirous of doing justice though we might be, and viewing matters from the Norman standpoint?

Almost in vain have a few of the exacter among our historians, finding their researches fruitless, ventured to hint a doubt as to the worth of the legend. Was there not the word "Curfew," obviously derived from the French verb "couvrir," to cover, and substantive "feu," fire, still in the language; applied, it is true, to a bell, but that bell one commanded to be rung at a certain hour, the outward mark of the ordinance or edict, the name being transferred by a process grammarians were not ignorant of, and had a learned name for? Was not the Curfew-bell still rung in many an old city and borough, the inhabitants of which even yet had failed to throw off their hereditary lethargy, acquired, no doubt, by the perseverance of their ancestors in the enforced indulgence of sleep in those hapless days of old? And was there not mentioned in books—dictionaries, to wit—ay, and even pictured in some, the actual instrument with which the covering up of the fires was accomplished?

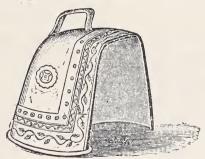
In the face of so much uncontroverted evidence, it is hardly a matter

of surprise that mere expressions of doubt, without real rebutting testimony, have failed to upset the story; and until upset, of what use to attempt, by urging the utility of such a regulation in woodenbuilt cities as a preventive of fires, to whitewash it? However useful it might be, surely a brand new meddlesome regulation like this, that the world had gone on very well without till then, was, in real intent, nothing but a piece of most inquisitorial tyranny. For was it not from the beginning of things the inalienable birthright of an Englishman that no foot, not even that of a myrmidon of the law, should obtrude itself across his threshold sans the prior ceremony of its owner humbly begging leave? Yet was this birthright snatched from the unfortunate Saxon and no mess of pottage given in return. Woe unto the wretch, be he never so affluent or never so degraded. if the Norman soldiery, paying surprise domiciliary visits in search of conspiracies and seditions, found the darkness and cold dispelled by the forbidden luxury of a cheerful hearth!

May the vivid imagination and kindly hearts of the schoolroom be thrilled for many a generation yet with the tale, in spite of this or any other attempt at elucidation, for a fund of traditional lore is the best groundwork for the science of history so to be reared upon that a true understanding of it may be attained. Men who have closed behind them the portals of mystery and belief, whose duty it is to weigh evidence, compare, and reason, then decide how much or how little to accept as true, find in the pictures of the past that written records afford the light and tradition the shadow. Without tradition they would repeatedly fail to perceive the proper relations of one event to another, and however much may succumb when they put a legend to the test of the philosopher's stone of the historical method, some truth stands out all the clearer, yielding to the modern alchemist a golden harvest. Let us mark, then, how plain a tale may put the common story of the "famous and misrepresented Curfew" down, and in doing so, try to divine the course to pursue to ascertain the cause of its existence and mode of its growth, winnowing the historical truth from the fabulous chaff. The ordinary description of the Curfew in the dictionaries reminds one of the old description of a lobster as "a red-fish which swims backward"—correct in all, I am told, save that the lobster is not red, nor a fish, and does not swim backward. The result of my researches leads me to believe that there never was anciently an instrument for covering fires called a Curfew; that there was never any ordinance or edict promulgated by the Conqueror, or any subsequent monarch, of such a character as to justify the appellation "Couvrefeu," and that however much the word

Curfew resembles Couvrefeu—and as now spelt it undoubtedly does—it is not derived from it, and has nothing to do with it. The task of proving or disproving so much is a rash one to undertake. However, I can but submit my evidence and the opinions formed from the collation of many authorities consulted, leaving the final judgment to the future. Some of the quotations given, notably that from William of Malmesbury, I have not had the opportunity of verifying myself, but the repute of the authors from whose works I have taken them will be a warranty of their correctness.

In the demolition of the fabulous chaff, first let us deal with the instrumental "fire-cover," given as a concrete secondary meaning to the word Curfew in the dictionaries, and generally backed up by a reference or two and a quotation. In 1849, Mr. Syer Cuming, an archæologist of distinction, read a paper on the Curfew before the Archæological Association, which the curious may find at length in the Journals, and therein Mr. Cuming says, "the first representation of a Couvrefeu is the illustration to a communication from Francis Grose, the antiquary, to the 'Antiquarian Reportory.'" Not being myself able to find any trace of an implement in any earlier work, French or English, or in any mediæval inventory of household effects (Sir John Fastolffe's, for instance, 1455, which gives a pretty complete list of kitchen things, including pokys, hokys, tongys, dogges, and schowles), I turned to the "Antiquarian Repertory," 2 and found at the beginning a drawing of a very sturdy Dutch-oven-looking affair minus a bottom, and under a lucus a non lucendo heading.



"An Account of the Curfew Bell," a letter from Grose introducing the article and its owner, and the owner's description of his cherished possession. Grose says: "The inclosed letter and drawing describe an ancient piece of household furniture which has hitherto escaped the notice of our antiquaries, or, at least, I believe,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Journal of British Archaelogical Association, 1849, Vol. IV. p. 133 et seq. <sup>2</sup> Old Edit. 1755, or Reprint 1807.

has not been before either engraved or mentioned by them. Perhaps some of your ingenious correspondents may favour the public with some further information on the subject." The letter then goes on to say that the implement belonged to the Rev. Mr. Gostling, of Canterbury, was 10 inches high, 16 inches wide, and 9 inches deep, made of copper, riveted together, as solder would not stand the heat, and bore on its outer surface a certain amount of ornament. The Gostlings said it had been in their family from time immemorial, and had always been called a Curfew. To use it the embers were first raked in a heap close to the back of the fireplace, and the copper coal-scuttle-bonnet arrangement set over them. At the end of the description is a note from a French correspondent. who said the sight of Gostling's discovery impelled him to search in France, with the result that he could trace no such instrument there, nor ascertain that the Curfew, or Couvrefeu, had ever been a recognised French institution. Now, Professor Skeat, in his valuable "Etymological Dictionary," giving "Fire-cover" as an obsolete concrete sense of Curfew, refers to the "English Cyclopædia" of 1837,1 and in this I find, instead of Gostling's implement being accepted and authority given to that sense, it is utterly discredited, being termed "in reality nothing more than an extempore oven lately, if not still, used in many parts of England for baking small viands. The hearth is first heated" (as old stone ovens used to be), "the viand placed upon it and then covered with this implement, the embers being raked round it." Finding the authority Professor Skeat quoted an adverse one, I referred to Dr. Murray's comprehensive Dictionary, now appearing, and found that, although he says the word Curfew early lost all reference to its supposed original meaning, and where used by early English writers simply meant a bell, or the time of ringing that bell, he, too, gives the concrete meaning, "fire cover, cover for a fire," and refers to the Gentleman's Magazine, 1779.2 Turning to that in the hope of getting on the scent of a bonâ fide ancient Curfew, I found a long letter from a writer, "T. Row," falling foul of Gostling's find in these terms: "The late Mr. Gostling, of Canterbury, was a worthy man, and well respected for his good nature and pleasantry, but at the same time he was very sanguine and not a little opinionated, insomuch that, when he had taken a thing into his head, it was not a very easy matter to drive it out. Amongst other matters, he had gotten a piece of household furniture of copper, which he was pleased to call a 'Curfew,' and his friends, on account of his

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> English Cyclop. 1837—Article, "Curfew."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Gentleman's Magazine, 1779, p. 405 et seq.

years and good humour, did not care to contradict him. . . . . Now ... authors . . . . call it the Corfeu hell, or the Corfeu, in which latter short expression either bell is understood or the time of night. or the injunction for putting out the fire is meant. However, not a word is said by any of them of any particular instrument made use of for the purpose of extinguishing the fire, nor do we meet with the name Corfeu as an implement in any ancient writer whatsoever, and thereupon I incline to think there was never any such. But you will ask, Of what use, then, could this old piece of household (sic) serve. I answer, you have heard of baking bread or cakes under embers. and the same is practised nowadays in most counties where they burn wood. They make clean a place in the hearth, lay the bread upon it, cover it with something to keep the ashes from it, and then rake a proper quantity of coals and ashes upon it. And . . . . to judge from its elegance in the draught, it does not appear to me to be of any such great antiquity as the practice of the Corfeu."

So much for the authority of the Gentleman's Magazine. was still a quotation from Bacon given in Murray which might afford something. This I found in the end was first given by Dr. Johnson in support of the concrete sense "fire cover, cover for a fire," which he was the first lexicographer to give. The quotation is from the "Physiological Remains," 1 and was found only after much search in the Temple Library with the kindly aid of the librarian, Mr. Hutchinson, Johnson merely giving the bare reference, "Bacon." I reproduce the quotation with its context: "To make proof of the incorporating of iron and brass. For the cheapness of the iron in comparison of the brass, if the uses may be served, doth promise profit. . . . The uses will be for such things as are now made of brass and might be as well served by the compound stuff. . . . now for pans, pots, curfews, counters, and the like, the beauty will not be so much respected, so as the compound stuff is like to pass." Now, until Johnson's time all uses of the word relate in clear terms to a bell or the time marked by a bell, and seeing that in Bacon the meaning is not defined by the context, ought not the word to have assigned to it the common meaning of his time? The sense, for instance, in which Shakespeare employs it in the "Tempest":

You whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn Curfew.

And Milton in "Il Penseroso":

Oft on a plat of rising ground I hear the far off Curfew sound.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Bacon's works, Montagu's Edition, 1827, Vol. VII. p. 190.

I think we may be certain Bacon had in mind the Curfew bell hung in every town belfry, a thing made for use not for ornament, and of brass, a more expensive metal than Bacon's suggested compound. Why Johnson attached the meaning "fire cover" to the word Curfew I fail to see, except on the supposition that he, or his assistants supplying the quotation, had heard of Gostling's implement, and took a liking to the novel sense; and it must be borne in mind that Johnson's Dictionary appeared in 1755, some time after the announcement of Gostling's find. In any case, remembering the known uses of the word in Bacon's time, it was an unwarrantable assumption, and unfortunately Johnson's meaning and quotation, both of which he was the first to give, seem to have been taken on trust by every succeeding lexicographer, the quotation not even being verified to the extent of naming the particular work of Bacon it was taken from. There still remained a sketch of a Curfew in Ogilvie's "Imperial Dictionary," said to be from Demmin's "Encyclopédie des Beaux Arts" (1873). Why Ogilvie should go so far afield as France to obtain authority for a thing "so English" as the Curfew seemed strange, but I followed it up by reference to the work itself, and there found the likeness of a relic in the Musée de Cluny described as a Couvrefeu of Flemish or Dutch origin, and probably dating from the beginning of the seventeenth century. As there is so much doubt as to its origin and age, it cannot settle the point, and we may question the propriety of dubbing it a Couvrefeu, and dismiss it without further notice. Other Curfews have turned up since Gostling's, all bearing a strong family likeness, but no mention of anything of the sort can be discovered before, and Gostling's Curfew is unquestionably an early Dutch oven, adapted to stone hearths and primitive modes of baking and cooking. with a bottom to hang in front of a kitchen-range, it would be simply the familiar Dutch oven or hastener of to-day. Grose, it will be observed, in his letter of introduction of the thing does not endorse Gostling's ideas, and remarks that the instrument had escaped prior notice or mention, which can be easily understood, as the Dutch oven would be then, doubtless, of comparatively recent introduction. I do not deny that in the Rev. Mr. Gostling's house the Curfew was used for covering up the fires, but stoutly assert the use of it for that purpose was not its intended use, and was a consequence of its being dubbed a Curfew.1 Not being able to get back further than Gostling's, I must in respect of the implement "fire cover," or "cover for a fire," endorse Row's scepticism as to the existence of such a

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Dr. Samuel Pegge, the learned Derbyshire antiquary, whose church at Whittington was lately burned down, also rejected Gostling's Dutch-oven arrangement.

thing in ancient times, especially as "MSS.1 serve to show," says Hudson Turner, "that fireplaces anciently were in the centre of kitchens and apartments, and the smoke escaped through a hole in the roof." After the introduction of fireplaces with chimneys the fender was used as a guard. The common way of extinguishing a fire in countries where wood is the fuel used is by heaping the ashes on the top, and, if needed, this would be the method pursued, as Polydore Vergil, the author or first recorder of the legend, indeed, says was required (tecto cineribus igne). Is it to be supposed that an oppressed people would aid the Conqueror-tyrant by improving on his instructions? I will now try to show that there is no evidence the need ever existed by command of the Norman or any other ruler.

Dr. Murray, in his Dictionary,3 says, "The statement that William the Conqueror introduced the custom has been current since the sixteenth century, but rests on no historical foundation"; and Professor Freeman says,4 "In the year after King Henry's death, in a synod held at Caen, it was ordered that a bell be rung every evening. prayers should be offered, and people get within their houses. This odd mixture of piety and police seems to be the origin of the famous and misrepresented Curfew." Blackstone 5 credits Henry I. with the abolition of the Curfew, and says, whatever it may once have referred to, it shortly became a mere name for a certain time. He affords us no evidence as to its introduction, and neglects to give the reference to the statute by which it was repealed. So far as I have succeeded in tracing it, the tradition of the Curfew seems to rest originally on the authority of Polydore Vergil, who, writing in 1533, invents or records it in the following passage referring to the Conqueror 6:-"Also, in order that he might allay the fierceness of the populace, he

Account of Domestic Architecture from the Conquest to Tudor Times (1853).

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> So also Gwilt in his Encyclopædia of Architecture (1842), p. 180. "The centre was occupied by a great open fireplace, directly over which, in the roof, was placed a turret, denominated a louvre, for conveying away the smoke." Also Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland, vol. viii., where it says: "The story in Bede of the earth taken from St. Oswald's grave not only shows us the village homestead, but reveals at least one important feature of primitive house life, namely, the situation of the fire in the middle of the room (lib. iii. cap. x.), an arrangement prevalent in Scotland in the latter part of last century."

Murray's Dict.: "Curfew." <sup>4</sup> Norman Conquest, vol. iii. p. 185.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup> Blackstone, vol. iv. 1876 edit.

<sup>6</sup> Polydore Vergil, Book IX. "Item ut ferociam populi ad otium perduceret, omnibus arma ademit. Statuitque ut quisque paterfamilias vesperi circiter horam octavam post meridiem, tecto cineribus igne, dormitum iret, et ad id signum vicatim dari voluit per campanas, id quod etiam nunc servatur et Normanice vulgo dicitus "Coverfeu."

deprived all men of their weapons and commanded each householder to cover up the fire with ashes about the eighth hour in the evening and go to bed, and to this end he appointed a signal to be given throughout the country by means of bells, that even yet is preserved and commonly called in Norman 'Coverfeu.'"

Lyttleton 1 quotes William of Malmesbury, who, speaking of Henry I. says: 2 "He restored the use of lights at night at Court which had been discontinued in the time of his brother," and then says: "This is the only passage in any historian before Polydore Vergil which seems to allude to the Curfew, and this alludes to some practice at Court ordered by William Rufus, not William the Conqueror, and as Polydore Vergil is too modern an authority, and all the ancient historians are silent about it, I think there is great reason to doubt whether the law or regulation he mentions was made by William I."

The researches of so many eminent historians and jurisprudents failing to bring anything to light, it is very certain that neither William the Conqueror nor any subsequent monarch introduced any such important measure as Polydore Vergil foisted on a credulous public; but it occurred to me that by collecting a variety of practices known to be connected with the ringing of the Curfew, and finding wherein they differed and agreed, separating out, as it might be, the jus commune or jus gentium, something less hazy than the vulgar legend might declare itself. To start with, that the custom of ringing a special bell at certain hours existed, and still exists, not only in England, but in other European countries, is beyond all doubt, and there must have been rhyme and reason for its introduction and widespread use. Now Rees<sup>3</sup> states that the Curfew was a signal of retreat, and cites Pasquier as authority. Pasquier,4 I find in a chapter, "Du couvrefeu, autrement appellé carfou, introduict en plusieurs villes de la France," mentions the use of the Couvreseu in fortified towns as a signal for the closing and opening of the gates at certain hours at night and in the morning, a special "beffroi" or town belfry bell being used. Pasquier seems somewhat disconcerted, finding less reliable information relating to so common a custom than he anticipated, and after saying that the earliest instance he can trace in France is of Philip of Valois ordering the Curfew to ring at Laon in 1331, refers to Polydore Vergil's account, and expresses strong

<sup>1</sup> History of Henry II., vol. i. p. 490 (1767).

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> William of Malmesbury, fol. 88, c. 20: "Lucernarum usum noctibus in curia restituit, qui fuerat tempore fratris intermissus."

<sup>3</sup> Rees' Encyclopædia, 1819: "Curfew."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Pasquier, Des Recherches de la France, chapitre viii.

doubts as to its introduction into England by William the Conqueror, or into France from England.

Saint-Laurent<sup>1</sup> says: "The Couvrefeu was formerly a signal of retreat, given at eight o'clock at night by sounding a bell, and after which it was not permitted to go out of doors."

Bescherelle<sup>2</sup> says: "Couvrefeu, a signal of retreat given in garrison towns for people to betake themselves home and stir out no more. During the last century the Couvrefeu of our fortresses did not indicate the extinction of lights, but simply announced the closing of the gates, and was equivalent to an order, on the contrary, not to go out into the streets without carrying a light, in order to be perceived and recognised by the watch.<sup>3</sup> This custom was established because towns were not as yet provided with lamps or alarms."

Larousse<sup>4</sup> says: "One meant in the Middle Ages by the name Couvrefeu a signal on a bell announcing the approach of night to the townsfolk and inviting them to sleep. The purpose of this signal does not appear to have been directed to the extinction of lights after a certain hour, as has been often wrongly asserted, but was a simple warning to take precautions to avoid nocturnal conflagrations. An extract from the statutes of the College of Justice (1358) informs us that at nightfall the gates were to be locked and the bell rung so as to be heard throughout Paris. This was the Couvrefeu.

A quotation from Rolland's Seuyn Sag, or Seven Wise Masters,

<sup>1</sup> Dictionnaire Encyclopédique, Paris, 1881. "C'était autrefois un signal de retraite qu'on donnait sur les huit heures du soir au son d'une cloche, et après lequel il n'était plus permis de sortir des maisons."

<sup>2</sup> Dictionnaire National, Paris, 1887. "Couvrefeu, signal de retraite qu'on donnait dans les villes de guerre pour se coucher, pour avertir qu'on ne devait plus sortir. Dans le siècle dernier le Couvrefeu de nos forteresses n'indiquait pas l'extinction des lumières, mais annonçait seulement la fermeture des portes, et équivalait au contraire à un ordre de ne plus sortir dans les rues sans porter du feu avec soi afin d'être aperçu et reconnu par les postes. Cette coutume s'était établie parce que les villes n'étaient pas encore pourvues de lanternes ou de réverbères."

<sup>3</sup> In this connection it may be mentioned that "no man [in Syria] of any position walks abroad at night without a lantern varying in height, according to his station, from one to three feet" (Six Months in a Syrian Monastery, by Oswald H. Parry 1895).

<sup>4</sup> Grand Dictionnaire Universel, 1864. "On désignait au moyen âge sous le nom de couvreseu une sonnerie de cloche annonçant la nuit close aux habitants d'une ville et les invitant au sommeil. Le but de cette sonnerie ne paraît pas avoir été ordonné, comme on l'a prétendu souvent à tort, à l'extinction des lumières après une certaine heure, mais une simple invitation de prendre des mesures de prudence pour éviter les incendies nocturnes. Un extrait des Statuts du Collège de Justice (1358) nous apprend qu'à la nuit tombée la porte devait être close à la clef et la cloche mise en branle de manière à être entendu de tout Paris. C'était le Couvreseu."

1320, shows, perhaps, the contemporary practice associated with the Curfew:

Than was the lawe in Rome toun, That, whether lord or garsoun, That after Corfu be found rominde, Faste men scholden hem nimen and binde.

Earlier still, in the Leges Burgorum of David I. of Scotland (1124-1152), the Curfew-bell marked the hour for the watch to turn out.

"In every house in which anyone dwells, one shall be bound on account of fear of perils to watch, and he shall perambulate from door to door with a staff and shall be of manly age. And he shall go out with two weapons when Curfew sounds, and shall watch carefully and solicitously until the dawn of day." Or, as an old translation puts it, "[He] sal gang til his wache wyth twa wapnys at ye ryngyng of ye Courfue." <sup>2</sup>

In the Liber Albus <sup>3</sup> occurs the passage, "Item: that no tavern-keeper or tailor shall keep open his shop after the hour of Curfew"; and Professor Freeman quotes a passage in support of his opinion as to the origin of the Curfew<sup>4</sup>: "That every night each person should be summoned by the striking of a bell to offer prayers, and warned that when the doors have been shut it is forbidden to wander outside of them any more." The reason given by the commentator, says Freeman, being "ut furtis nocturnis caveretur," "that provision might be made against burglary."

And in 1649 Drummond of Hawthornden, "Consid. Parl. Wks." (1711) 187, says: "That there shall be Coverfeu bells rung... after the ringing of which no man shall be found upon the streets."

These brief passages from the works of writers of the highest standing, who have themselves made independent researches and summed up the results, and from extant records and documents of different times and countries, sufficiently attest the widespread ring-

<sup>1</sup> Leg. Burg. V. per Dav. Reg. Scotiæ, c. 16. "De omni domo in qua aliquis habitat unus tenetur propter metum periculi vigilare, qui cum baculo ostiatim circuibit et erit de ætate virili. Qui etiam cum duabus armaturis exibit quando pulsatur ignitegium et sic vigilabit caute et sollicite usque ad diei auroram."

<sup>2</sup> The practice of ringing Curfew may have been introduced into Scotland by the Saxon refugees who fled before the successful progress of the Conqueror, but it is hardly likely that they would take it if it had been the badge of infamy and subjection. Polydore Vergil says it was. And David I., it must not be forgotten, married his *cousin* Matilda, daughter of Waltheof of Northumberland.

3 "Item quod nullus tabernarius seu braciator teneat tabernam suam apertam

post horam ignitegii."

<sup>4</sup> Bessin. Conc. Rot. Prov. 48, Pommeraye 72: "Ut quotidie sero signi pulsu ad preces Deo fundendas quisque invitaretur, atque occlusis foribus domorum ultra vagari amplius vetitum admoneretur."

ing of the Curfew bell night and morning in the early and middle ages. The practices associated with it range from the closing of the gates of fortified towns to the prohibition of courtesans plying their solicitations after certain hours, but in all the cases which have so far come to light there is not the slightest mention of any putting out of fires, a fact which may well excite wonder in view of the tradition and commonly accepted derivation. In the absence of any positive evidence that the nightly extinction of the domestic fire was ever a general, or even a local, practice connected with the ringing of the Curfew, the idea of any connection at all may be completely rejected.

Having got rid of any such thing as an implement Curfew, any Norman ordinance of Coverfeu, and any practice of extinguishing the household fires at Curfew, how comes it that a particular bell rung at the same hours throughout the country bears a name distinctly indicating relation to fires? The conclusion is inevitable that that relation is hypothetical, and, acting on this hypothesis, it behoves us to look along the line of the genealogy of the word to eliminate error. Soon we arrive again at Polydore Vergil, the first writer who told the story of the extinction of fires by order of William I. at the ringing of the Curfew-bell, and having established the worthlessness of his testimony as to the Conqueror's supposed ordinance and the practice of fire extinction, there will be no impropriety in assuming his appellation "Coverfeu" may also be wrong.1 Now Johnson gives old French spellings Carrefeu and Cerrefeu, and Pasquier "Carfou." Among other early forms, Dr. Murray gives Curfur, Corfour, Courfyre, Curfoyr, and Curfure (Skene), and Corphour (Bannatyne), the last two being Scottish variants, and supposes the termination in "r" arose from phonetic error. Now, it is noticeably curious that at early periods in the life of the word, when it might reasonably be expected to resemble its putative parent even more than at any other time, the likeness has almost reached vanishing point. Rees conjectured from Pasquier's Carfou that Garefou or Gardefou was the original; but so great a strain on the spelling as this may be avoided if we follow up the early forms and dismiss any idea of phonetic error in the terminations of the Scottish variants; we shall then arrive at something like carrefeur, cerrefeur, or carfour,2 in short the French word carrefour, meaning a town square, or junction formed by the crossing of two roads or "four

One of the very earliest forms in English is Corfour, 1320, Seuyn Sag (W.),

1479. "Corfour belle ringge gan,"

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Polydore Vergil has been repeatedly attacked for his want of veracity, and Caius (*De Antiq. Cantab.*) says it was *known*, not merely reported, that he burnt a waggon-load of MSS. to prevent discovery of faults in his history.

ane ends," and this, I argue, is the only word in French or English which satisfies the different orthographies, involves no stress on the nature and extent of the practices associated with the ringing of Curfew, and permits of a satisfactory explanation of much that has hitherto lain obscure. The nucleus of a town in ancient times was at the "crossways"; 1 enlarged, this junction became the market-place or town square, where the Guildhall, chief Municipal buildings, or church stood, around which the inhabitants built their dwellings, and in which they trafficked in their daily business. Here in the Guildhall tower as at Winchester, church steeple as at Oxford, "beffroi," or town belfry, as at Barking,2 was hung the bell which tolled forth the two chief periods of the ancient day to a people without public clocks, timepieces, or watches. On its sound at appointed hours, if a fortified town, the gates were thrown open and closed, the patrols mounted or relinquished guard, and the citizens, cut off at its nightly signal from the outer world, retired to their homes and rest, to be again aroused at dawn by its reverberations. At no other hours, for obvious reasons, would it be rung, save, perhaps, to alarm the citizens on an outbreak of fire—a serious affair in timber-built towns-to sound the tocsin of war, and to summon them to arms on the approach of an enemy.3 Wherever the Curfewbell was known it was invariably situated in the centre of civic life.

> Far fra the sound of Curphour Bell, To dwell thinks never me.<sup>4</sup>

I will now adduce some support to the correctness of my arguments and deductions, and first will refer again to the very early spelling, "Corfour," in the Seuyn Sag or Sevin Seages, circa 1320; and if it be objected that Rolland was a Scottish writer, it must also be borne in mind that, shortly after the Norman Conquest, Saxon English speech was introduced into Scotland by refugees escaping from the Normans (circa 1080), and Scottish variants of the word have preserved the final "r," perhaps because their early

<sup>1</sup> Coote, Romans of Great Britain.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> See also Kemble, The Saxons in England, vol. ii. p. 314, 1876 edit.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> In the Extracts from the Council Register of the Burgh of Aberdeen, published by the Spalding Club in 1844, it appears that in the early part of the fifteenth century everyone was required to keep the usual weapons of his rank at hand in his shop (sallet, habergeon and target, sword, axe, bow, and spear), and to be prompt to sally out in full array at the ringing of the alarm-bell. The gates were shut every night, and a guard of thirty citizens watched nightly. Any man found sleeping on duty or quitting before sunrise was fined. See also Thomson's History of the Scottish People.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> Bannatyne's Poems, p. 177, st. 14, quoted in Jamieson's Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language.

emigration prevented corruption from confusion with couvrefeu. Dr. Murray also, in his "Northumbrian English," shows that it is in the Border country where Saxon speech is preserved in its greatest purity. Next I will mention the frequent use of Curfew as applied to a morning as well as an evening bell, a use which lexicographers and commentators have been completely at a loss to account for, some going so far as to say Curfew in this connection conveyed permission to re-light fires! Shakespeare, for example, in "Romeo and Juliet" (1592 A.D.), has been supposed to labour under error as to the time of ringing Curfew:

> Come, stir, stir, stir, the second cock hath crowed, The Curphew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock,

when all the time he was using the word in the then common way, as applied indifferently to both morning and night bell. the spoil at Bilston (Staffs) captured by the Commissioners on the dissolution of the monasteries was a bell bearing the following inscription:

I am callede ye Curfue bell, I ryngen at VIII or more, To send ye alle tobedde, And wake ye up at IV.

And if we regard the bell as the "Carfour," town square or town hall bell, the early belfry of the market square being later included in the Guildhall or church tower, there is no strain whatever in the application of the word Curfew.

And at Liverpool there was an arrangement in force (1673) "to ring Curphew all the year long at four o'clock in the morning and eight o'clock at night," and in 1704 "Ringing Curfew Bell at four of ye clock in ye morning and eight at night," 2 and at Winchester, as before mentioned, Curfew is rung every night at eight, a large bell fixed in the Guildhall Tower being used only on this occasion, or on an alarm of fire, and it was stated that "it was formerly the custom to ring the bell every morning at four o'clock," but being found annoying to neighbouring inhabitants, the custom was discontinued." 3

In my own village of Calverley, the scene of "The Yorkshire

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Millers, in his account of Ely Cathedral, says the building of high towers, as distinct from lanterns or low central towers on the roof, coincides with the introduction of large bells into the churches. The Italian bell-towers, or campaniles, nearly always stand alone. The Leaning Tower of Pisa is a famous example.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Vide Munic. Rec. 1883, i. 342; Ibid. ii. 83.

<sup>3</sup> Mirror, xix. p. 307.

Tragedy," celebrated in an apocryphal Shakespearian drama, the custom of ringing "five and eight" to rouse the inhabitants in the morning and put a period to their labour at night existed until recent times, as the church registers show. And at Bingley, a very old town higher up the Aire Valley, Curfew is still rung in the evening, and was rung until lately in the morning as well. Neither place is of mushroom growth.

Hone, in his "Everyday Book," says, 1 "Wherever the Curfew is now rung in England it is usually at four in the morning and eight in the evening." Bridge's "Northamptonshire" mentions Byfield Church, where the clerk gets 20s. from the rector for ringing a bell at four in the morning and eight in the evening; similarly at Newcastle.<sup>2</sup>

Numerous other records, showing the site of the bell, the times of ringing, and consequent observances, could be referred to,3 had not I found one, after arriving at Carrefeur or Carfour, which I suggest settles the question of origin, history, and derivation once for all. Peshall, in his "History of Oxford," states, "The custom of ringing the bell at Carfax every night at eight o'clock was by order of King Alfred." 4 I have not been able to verify the truth of the statement relative to Alfred, but that Curfew from the earliest times was rung at Carfax (until quite recently) is well known. Struck by the likeness of Carfax to Carrefores, the Burgundian form of Carrefour, I sought for the old meaning of Carfax, and found in Boase's "Early Oxford," 5 "Here (Carfax) the main road was crossed at right angles by the line of the present High Street, which was probably continued over Shotover, and so connected Oxford with Thame and Uxbridge." "The first parish church of which we have any clear account was St. Martin's, at the meeting of these cross-roads (afterwards called Carfax—the four ways, quatervois, quadrivium), at the highest point on the gravel bank, and it became the nucleus round which the other parishes were formed. It is still the City Church, and there is evidence to show that the Portmanniot or Town Council was held in the churchyard, under a low shed. Its bell summoned the burghers to counsel or to arms." 6 Boase does not offer quatervois

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> P. 243. <sup>2</sup> Brand's Popular Antiquities.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> See Raven's Church Bells of Cambridgeshire, Stahlschmidt's Surrey Bells, and North's Church Bells of Bedfordshire, Rutlandshire, and Lincolnshire; also Gatty's, Briscoe's, Ellacombe's, and Lomax's works on Campanology.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup> P. 177. <sup>5</sup> P. 8.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup> Further, Skeat says M.E. carfoukes occurs in the Romance of Partenay, where the French original has Carrefourg, an incorrect form for Carrefourgs = Lat. quator furcas—lit. four forks. Carfouk was used to render the Med. L. quadrivium in the academic sense of the four arts, arithmetic, geometry, music, and astronomy.

or quadrixium as originals of the word "Carfax," but merely as known mediæval translations. Skeat, curiously enough, I found, gives "Carfax," because of the instance at Oxford, which has puzzled many, and derives it from Carreforcs or Carrefourgs and quatuorfurcas.

Here we have, if Peshall's ascription of the ringing to Alfred is more trustworthy than Polydore Vergil's ascription of it to William,1 the foundation of the custom, and at any rate the custom positively associated with the word from which I suggest it to be derived. Perhaps Carfax is the original carfour, the word being carried as the name of the bell throughout the length and breadth of the country by the priests and scholars receiving their education at Oxford; and it is noticeable too, as bearing on my remarks respecting the mutilation of the word in re-translation, that the place name Carfax suffered also, for instead of becoming in French and Low Latin carreforcs or carrefour, and Quadrifurcas or quatuorfurcas, Quatervois and Quadrivium were the mediæval shapes.<sup>2</sup> Whether Carfax is a native English corruption of the Latin quadrifurcus or of the old French carreforcs I will not pretend to decide.3 Something can be said for each. A junction of four roads or "cross-ways" would be a strategic site for the Romans to place a military outpost, or fort, with its equipment of watch-towers and bells.4 The military

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> I don't know what authority Peshall relies on, for I have no access to any records of Oxford; probably Camden's *Britannia*, in which Alfred's relations with Oxford are given with a maximum of detail and minimum of authority.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Quatre Bras is the latest French variant I know. Quarrefour was a mediæval spelling of Carrefour.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> Dr. Murray also gives Carfax and some very early and curious forms, from which it appears that the word was not at all uncommonly used, and represented an earlier *Carre-forcs* or *-fures*, corresponding to the Provençal, and derived from the Latin *quadrifurcus* = four-forked = *quatuor* and *furcas*. Dr. Murray says: "As the French had lost the final 'c' before the twelfth century, it is not quite clear how this came into England, possibly from the Latin form; it could hardly be from the Provençal." The existence of a Carfax or Carfox at Exeter, a well-known Roman camp, supports the direct derivation from the Latin. There is, or was, a Carfax at Horsham and Eynsham, and perhaps other places. In the will of H. Ellis of Horsham (1673) (Som. Ho.) the term Scarfolkes occurs.

Bells were used by the Greeks and Romans for keeping watch and ward in the fortified cities, e.g. in Greece (Thuycd. iv. 135, Aristoph. Aves, 843, 1159, and Schol. in loc.). A guard,  $\phi \psi \lambda \alpha \xi$ , being stationed in every tower, a  $\pi \epsilon \rho i \pi o \lambda o s$  walked to and fro on the portion of the wall between two towers, taking a bell from one  $\phi \psi \lambda \alpha \xi$  and delivering it to the next, so that the bell made the circuit of the walls and any absent or sleeping guard was detected. And in Greek and Roman camps every morning at daybreak the soldiers were aroused, and the  $\tau \alpha \xi i \alpha \rho \chi \alpha t$  or centurions and equites reported themselves at the tents of their superiors to receive the orders of the day. Coote, Romans of Great Britain, says crossways were regular sites for military stationes.

"belfry," originally movable,1 here was stationary, and perhaps falling into desuetude, so far as its original purposes went, when the pressing need of defence of their Imperial City from the onslaught of the barbarian Goths and Vandals compelled the falling masters of the world to call in their colonial legionaries, remained by merit of its time-keeping bell the servant of the peaceful burghers it had formerly overawed. When the church or Guildhall was built the tower was made to serve the purpose of a "belfry" in the sense now meant, and of a "look-out" for the watchman, whose duty it was to ring the alarm on any outbreak of the mob or fire.2 On the other hand, Alfred owed his education and training to his stepmother, Judith, who, as every schoolboy ought to know, was a French princess, and, indulging his famous hobby of chronometry, might get the idea and the name from her. Even dismissing the idea of Alfred's having initiated the practice or enforced it regularly, it might easily have been brought from France about his time, for it was a common practice for Anglo-Saxons to be educated in France, and much intercourse prevailed between the people of the two countries. There is much evidence to show the ringing of a town bell was a practice older in England than Norman times, if, indeed, there was not a worldwide custom; and it is conceivable that the bell, being a particular one for certain uses, would have a distinct name. Keenly alert to the wisdom of making the most of existing regulations to secure his throne instead of formulating new ones, thereby favouring the idea of lawful and regular succession to Edward the Confessor, William would, doubtless, find the custom of ringing the night and morning bells and the attendant practices highly to his liking, and enforce their punctual observance. With the custom the common name Carfour bell would be adopted, and, ignorant of its derivation, when the need for translation into the written language, Latin, or the courtly language, French,

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> A "belfry" was not, as its name would appear to suggest, originally a place to hang bells in, but was a military tower on wheels, pushed by besiegers against the walls of a besieged city, that missiles might be thrown more easily against the defenders. In early French they were called baffraiz. See E. Viollet le Duc's Military Architecture.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> The strict meaning of "burh" or borough is a fortified place or stronghold, and no doubt from the earliest times bells would be used therein for calling the guards to arms. Under the protection of the "burhs" towns grew up, ultimately acquiring the greater importance and appropriating the name. "After the twelfth century the boroughs asserted their right to have bells to call the burghers together for council or action. Thus detached, belfries arose in the heart of towns, and were regarded as important symbols of their freedom" (*Chambers's Encyc.*, 1888: Article, "Bells"). See also generally as to Roman origin, Coote's *Romans of Great Britain*, and Kemble's *The Saxons in England*.

arose, uncritical talkers and writers seized on Couvrefeu as its equivalent, very probably, indeed, because of its use as a "fire-bell" to alarm the citizens on an outbreak of fire, and—post hoc, propter hoc—a story was invented to account for the new name, and the error spreading, the people worked in fancy details, until by some archgenius of a malcontent, wishing to blacken the memory of their tyrant, the Conqueror was debited with conceiving and putting into force a form of domestic tyranny which had never had the slightest existence. Once coupled with Couvrefeu, retranslation backwards and forwards, and a free hand in spelling according to individual taste, soon produced courfeu, curpheu, curfeu, and the present form Curfew.<sup>2</sup>

The continuance of the custom of ringing Curfew is easy to account for. People without repeaters in their fobs must have time marked somehow, and it was as the prototype of the nineteenth-century town-hall clock that the bell was indispensable, although it only marked the beginning and the end of the day. And in these times, when a girdle is put round the earth in minutes, the advantage of having longer periods than the hour marked is manifest in the use of chimes or carillons at intervals of three, four, or six hours.

Summing up, I am of opinion that there was never any implement Curfew properly so called; that there was never any ordinance or edict of William the Conqueror, or any subsequent monarch, introducing any such custom as Polydore Vergil would have us believe; and that the word Curfew is not derived from the French Couvrefeu, meaning "to cover a fire," but is the modern misspelt equivalent of some word derived mediately or immediately from the Low Latin quadrifurcus, or quatuorfurcas, meaning "four lane ends, crossways," or market square, having a pronunciation in all probability not unlike Carfour, but so spelt, if ever written down, as to mislead the Normans. Possibly it was originally applied 3 as an

<sup>1</sup> The story of Belle the Giant illustrates this. Mounting his *Sorrel* horse at Mount Sorrel, he jumped a mile to Wanlip (one leap), from there a mile to Burstall, and so doing burst all his girths, and thence again a mile to Belgrave, where he died from over-exertion and was buried.

<sup>3</sup> Since writing the above I have been interested to find, on referring to Dr. Murray's Dict. about Carfax, that immediately below he gives *Carfour*, and says

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> During twelve days at Christmas in some parts of Yorkshire bells are rung at seven in the evening, and are called "Culfer" or "Coolfire" bells. See Northern Antiquities. I have never heard of the custom or the name as existing now in the West Riding; but the rapid growth of manufacturing towns is fatal to old usages, and possibly it still exists in out-of-the-way settlements or in the more agricultural North and East Ridings. A curious variant of Curfew, perhaps compounded of "Culfer" and "Couvrefeu," is "Cou'lefewe," which appears in a chronicle of the Preston Guilds, and was communicated to me by my friend Mr. J. B. Firth, editor of the Lancashire Daily Post. Its date is 1602.

epithet only to the market-square bell at Oxford, whence it was taken by clerks, priests, and scholars to all parts, and applied to bells used for similar special purposes.\(^1\) The custom associated with it was primarily the announcement of the opening and close of day, four in the morning and eight at night—as Gray puts it, "The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day"—but it was also made to serve other purposes which did not clash.\(^2\) The custom may have descended directly from the Romans, but no positive evidence has yet appeared in support of this view; or possibly it arose from some time-marking innovation or improvement of our own king Alfred the Great, based on the old military usages of fortified "burhs.\(^3\) So much for the "famous and misrepresented Curfew," that has so often harrowed our juvenile imaginations, and afforded the occasion for generous vapouring like the prologue to "The Curfew," a play by John Tobin, published in 1807.

When first the Curfew knell of England's woe Proclaimed the triumphs of the Norman bow, And haughty William with unhallowed claim And ruthless sword usurped a monarch's name, Force then was law, all right was with the strong, And public plunder chartered private wrong.

it was formerly quite naturalised, but now treated only as French. So that we appear to have had existing side by side, applied to the samethings—a market place, town square, or cross-roads—Carfax and its variants of Roman origin, and Carfour and its variants of French origin, and as applied to the town-bell *Corfour* derived from one or the other.

- <sup>1</sup> The name Cursew also spread by specific bequest. One Donne, a Mercer and Citizen of London, gave two tenements in Bow Lane (then Hosier Lane) for ringing the tenor bell of Bow Church at six in the morning and eight in the evening. The Will is in the Hustings Court of London; and at Presteign, in Radnorshire, John Beddoes, by indenture dated 20th April, 1565, left land to secure the ringing of a bell to be called Cursew. See Reports on Charities, xxxii. Part III. p. 464. When able to afford it, many country towns imitated the practice at Bow Church, calling the bell the "Bow bell."
- <sup>2</sup> The Klokans in Abo even to the present day traverse the town crying the "go-to-bed-time." Those abroad are told to make haste home. In Saxony they say they "hear the burgher bell" when it is time for a company to separate. "In some streets in Canton," says a writer in *Harper's Magazine* (Jan., 1895), "at six, in others at seven, eight, and nine p.m., bars are put up. In other streets there are actual gates closed like a door." "I am told that during the winter there are throughout the city bamboo structures built to a height of fifty feet, where watchmen sit aloft to look for fires."
- <sup>3</sup> These usages doubtless owed much to the Romans (Coote's Romans of Great Britain); and Oxford was in the centre of the Four Towns league—that part of Roman England which last resisted the Saxons, and where old customs and observances would be preserved with all the perfervid tenacity of the oppressed patriot,

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The blasted soil the track of war revealed; Wild was the forest and untilled the field; Drear as the night of winter was that time, The live-long night of Lapland's Arctic clime, And long a cheerless aspect England bore, And late the twilight lingered on her shore. That time is past.

In view of a more complete essay on the "Curfew," the writer will be glad of any information and assistance, addressed to Wood Hall, Calverley, near Leeds. Copies of entries relating to it in local records, deeds, wills, variations of name, times of ringing, superstitions and legends concerning it, and allusions bearing on it in ancient and modern writers, sketches of ancient market crosses, old town belfries, and the like, are especially desired.

LIONEL CRESSWELL.

## THE ATTACK ON TIBET.

TIBET may be said to be at present in a state of siege, through the attempts of explorers to enter it, and the efforts of its inhabitants to keep them out. The condition of affairs is most curious and most interesting, and it affords a striking illustration of the determination of ignorance and superstition to resist the advance of progress and civilisation.

Tibet stands like a vast citadel in the heart of Central Asia, with towering snowclad mountains forming its walls on every side. On the south the gigantic Himalayan ranges separate it from India; on the north the parallel chains of the Kuenlun divide it from the deserts of Chinese Tartary; and on the east the long mountain ranges which run parallel to the upper courses of the Yang-tse-kiang and the Mekong present a vast series of mountain-walls between it and China. All these mountains are covered with perpetual snow, and although they are traversed by numerous passes, these defiles are nearly all blocked by snow during the long and rigorous winter. But, difficult as these great mountains are to cross, they do not present an absolutely impassable barrier. Some of the passes leading over them are easy, and can be traversed by loaded baggage-animals, while by advancing up the valleys of the rivers it is sometimes possible to avoid the most dangerous defiles.

There are few contrasts in scenery, in the whole world, more remarkable than that which is presented to the traveller on his crossing from India into Tibet.

He is approaching, we will suppose, the mysterious Land of the Lamas through one of the States of north-eastern India. For days he toils onward through deep valleys which are little better than chasms, and through which rush foaming torrents. Dense forests mantle all the hillsides, perpetual verdure clothes the meadows, and masses of dark pines cover the towering crags. Above all rise gigantic snowy peaks, which closely shut in the glens, and seem to hang over the valleys. The atmosphere is damp, the forests are dripping, the sky is overcast, and the confinement in the narrow

glens is most oppressive. Distant view there is none, for the precipitous mountains rise like gigantic walls on every side. Slowly the traveller climbs upwards, through rocks and stones, and beneath towering precipices; the snowy peaks appear to hang absolutely over his head, and seem as if threatening to overwhelm him by their fall, while ever and again the roar of falling avalanches is heard on every side. At last the summit is gained, and on looking to the north the traveller beholds a wonderful scene. He sees a prospect of vast extent, over which the eye wanders unobstructed for scores of miles. From the slopes of the mountains beneath him great barren uplands. dry as an Arabian wilderness, stretch away in desolate monotony, with their surfaces marked here and there by blue lakes, which, from the height on which he stands, seem no larger than diminutive pools. The mountains are gently sloping, with rounded summits, and rise in long brown swells, the smooth-looking hills fading away in many places into great rolling uplands beyond. Far away in the distance are long purple ranges of mountains, and beyond these again—low down on the horizon-are distant snowclad peaks. But the main characteristic of this extraordinary view is the utter sterility of the prospect. There is not a tree nor a bush nor a patch of green to be seen anywhere in it—all is brown and barren: it is a vision of a land of utter desolation. The traveller gazes on this wonderful prospect with amazement, and fancies that he beholds a region lying blasted and withered beneath a curse.

By degrees, however, he feels that the strange view has an extraordinary fascination, and that it quite enchants him. The feeling of freedom awakened by the vast panorama, when before he had been shut in amidst narrow gorges, is most refreshing and invigorating. The landscape indeed is utterly barren, but the colours of the scene are so brilliant that the eye and mind are both delighted. The bright brown and vivid red of the hills, the dark purple of the distant mountains, the pure white masses of snow on the far-off ranges, and the delightful blue of the sky above, all combine to increase the fascination produced by the prospect. Moreover, the marvellously clear atmosphere brings out every detail of the picture with astonishing vividness and power, while the sharp and exhilarating air lends an additional enchantment to the scene. And now the traveller discerns that animal life is abundant in this apparently desolate region. True, there are no signs of man, for in all the vast prospect neither town, village, tent, nor any habitation of human beings can be anywhere distinguished. But great flocks of birds are winging their flight overhead, and ravens are flitting to and fro over the

rocks, while the eagle is circling above in the deep blue sky. On the barren plains herds of wild asses, in great numbers, are galloping to and fro, and are wheeling and careering like squadrons of cavalry acting under military orders. Graceful antelopes are roaming over the brown uplands, their horns glittering in the brilliant sunshine. Mountain-sheep of great size, and with beautiful curved horns, are wandering over the desolate wastes, or standing on the summit of barren crags. And if the traveller will look intently he may discern the king of Tibetan animals, the wild yak. He may see these splendid creatures either collected in herds and marching slowly over the sterile uplands, or dispersed singly here and there, dotting the brown hillsides. The whistling of the marmot resounds near at hand, the call of the partridge is heard on all sides, and flocks of wild ducks are seen swimming in the pools and distant lakes. Such is the extraordinary prospect which the traveller beholds as he stands on the summit of a pass over the Himalayas, and sees the vast and barren but beautiful panorama of Tibet spread out like a brilliantly coloured map before his eyes.

But Europeans are strictly forbidden to enter this strange land, and this prohibition is enforced on all Europeans, no matter to what nation they may belong. English, French, Germans, and Russians are all equally denied entrance into the country, and a most rigorous watch is kept at all its borders to prevent any Europeans entering it. Should a European approach any of the passes leading into Tibet his coming is immediately made known, the Tibetans assemble in force, and he is most positively denied an entrance into the land of the Lamas. Should the traveller cross the frontier unobserved, he is stopped at the first village and turned back; and should he enter through uninhabited wastes, he is driven back as soon as the Tibetans meet him. Everywhere it is the same; no European is permitted to enter the holy land of the Buddhists.

Let us examine how the lines of defence are drawn around the borders of the country, and how the scheme of defence is conducted by the inhabitants, so that Europeans may be immediately repelled from its borders, or driven out should they, for a brief time, succeed in making an entrance.

On the southern frontier of Tibet it is easy to keep a watch, for here the inhabited districts extend nearly to the Indian frontier. A long line of forts and military posts reaches from the upper courses of the Indus and the Sutlej to the eastern frontiers of Assam, and the commandants of these forts keep a sharp look-out for all intruders. In some places guard-houses have been built on the

summit of the passes; but as these are at great elevations, the duty of stopping Europeans has been generally deputed to the inhabitants of those villages which are nearest to the Tibetan sides of the passes. As soon as a European approaches the passes, the Tibetans are acquainted with the news of his coming, for many Tibetans cross over to the Indian sides of the mountains, and remain there for many months. The wandering Tibetans spread the tidings that a European with his attendants is coming into Tibet, and the roving Tibetans keep a sharp watch. No sooner does the traveller approach the pass, than a crowd of Tibetans appears on its summit, and when the meeting takes place they, with threatening gestures, forbid him to advance. If he will push forward, swift messengers are despatched to the nearest garrison-town, asking for soldiers, and crowds of Tibetans accompany the adventurous European as he advances. Presently he reaches the first Tibetan village, and here new difficulties are placed in his way. The Tibetans will not permit his tents to be pitched near their houses, they will give no shelter to his men, and will not allow his beasts of burden to graze. They will sell him no provisions, will steal his goods, and will threaten his servants. In a short time—perhaps during the next day—a Tibetan official arrives with a company of soldiers—rough, wild men, with matchlocks and rests slung over their backs, and with swords and daggers stuck into their belts. The official immediately orders the European to return at once, and threatens to use force if he will not go immediately. Resistance is useless; numbers are irresistible; the traveller's servants are cowed by the menaces of the Tibetans, and so, amidst the jeers and mockings of the natives, he is compelled to return to India by the way he came. It is thus quite useless to attempt to enter Tibet from the south, because the inhabited part of the country extends right up to the Indian frontier. The same thing takes place on the eastern borders of Tibet, although the chance of entering is somewhat better on this side. A traveller may approach through China, but when he reaches the real frontier of Tibet he is stopped and turned back by crowds of armed men. The warlike Lamas issue from their great monasteries-which are particularly numerous in this portion of the country-and bring crowds of superstitious natives with them. Hundreds of men appear on the mountain-sides, and on the tops of the passes, and any farther advance of the traveller is out of the question. It is easy, then, to guard the southern and eastern frontiers of Tibet. Nor is there any difficulty about the west, since the Valley of the Indus contains many Tibetan towns and villages, and the Tibetans keep up a sharp watch

in this direction. There is, however, a breach in the line of defence towards the north-west, which will shortly afterwards be described. The vulnerable side of the country is the northern. All the northern part of Tibet is an uninhabited wilderness, containing neither towns, villages, nor any habitation of man; it is a desert of rocks, sands, and mountains, without human inhabitant. Adventurous Europeans, therefore, can enter the country from this side without being observed, and can advance a considerable distance without meeting any opposition. Even in this direction, however, there are special difficulties for an explorer to encounter. Chinese Tartary lies to the north of Tibet, and it is difficult to traverse it owing to the opposition of the people and of the officials who, if they cannot stop the European, will endeavour to inform the Tibetans of his coming. Should the European travellers leave Chinese Tartary in the winter it will be difficult for the Chinese to give warning of their approach. since the Tibetans will then have retired far to the south; but at this season of the year Europeans will find it a fearful thing to traverse the awful deserts of Northern Tibet, as these solitudes are then wrapped in vast sheets of snow, and are swept by snow-storms of appalling fury. The defence of Northern Tibet is provided for in the following manner. On the great table-land (which is called the Chang) which extends from the range forming the northern boundary of the basin of the Sanpu to the Kuenlun mountains neither towns, villages, nor monasteries exist, and the only human inhabitants are wandering nomads and robbers. Strict orders are given to the Tibetan nomads to keep a sharp watch for any European traveller. Should such an intruder be encountered, they must assemble in great numbers and try to turn him back; at the same time they must at once send swift messengers to Lhassa, Rudokh, or the nearest town in which a Government official resides, informing him that a European has entered Tibet, and stating the exact part of the country in which he is encamped. Having done this, the Tibetans will accompany the European in great numbers, keeping a close watch on all his movements. In a short time the Government official, with a strong body of attendants, arrives, and the discussion commences. Now is the time for the European to show his firmness. for if he hesitates he will be lost. The Tibetan official first orders the European to return by the same way as he came. This is always done, and should be at once refused. Then an alternative route out of the country is proposed, while the Tibetans flatly declare that. should the European persist in advancing, they will fight. This they will probably do, and they allege that, although some of them will

undoubtedly be killed in the encounter, they will also be put to death by the Lhassa authorities should they permit the explorer to proceed. At this stage of the discussion the most advisable course to follow is to make a compromise, and it is wise for the European to consent to leave Tibet by a new route, provided that the Government officials will furnish him with guides, provisions, and baggageanimals. This they are generally willing to do, and the European explorer may now leisurely and safely leave the country, carefully observing all the points of interest along his route.

We mentioned before that there was a break in the Tibetan line of defence towards the north-west, for here lies a way into the heart of the country which it is very difficult to guard. This open district lies between the Pang Kong Lake on the south and the Kuenlun mountains on the north, and it consists of a succession of lofty barren table-lands, which are from 16,000 to 18,000 feet above the level of the sea. These plateaux are uninhabited, and are perfect deserts of gravel and sand. Farther to the east, just within the Tibetan frontier, the table-land begins to be covered with grass, and a few nomads appear, who will on the approach of a European traveller immediately send word to the nearest Tibetan officer. But by keeping to the north it is possible to avoid these nomads and to travel for vast distances in utter loneliness without seeing a human being, save a few robbers, who are not likely to visit any official of the Government. It was through this gap that Captain Bower entered Tibet in 1891, having made all his preparations in Western Tibet, which, being under the rule of the Maharajah of Kashmir, is freely traversed by European travellers in all directions. But even in Western Tibet it is necessary to be cautious, and not to allow the destination of the exploring expedition to be known, as the news will be quickly carried across the frontier, and the inhabitants of Chinese Tibet will be on the watch for all intruders who may cross the border.

In order to be able to travel freely in Tibet, Europeans often apply to the Chinese authorities for passports giving them permission to enter and to traverse the mysterious land. It is very doubtful, however, if any real advantage is gained by this line of action, for the wily Chinese perfectly understand how to use the application for a passport in such a manner as to ruin the expedition of the traveller who makes application for it. First of all, the application for the passport tells them that a European traveller is about to enter Tibet, and it also makes known the districts of the country through which he will pass. It is easy then to send secret instructions to the

nomad Tibetans to be on the watch, and the granting of the passport may be delayed until these instructions have reached their proper destination. Further, the Chinese Government may inform the Tibetans that the passport has been granted by mistake, and must be regarded as invalid. More than this, even if the passport is perfectly correct, the Tibetans may regard it as valueless, and may declare that the Chinese authority in Tibet is merely nominal, and that they are not bound to obey all the orders they may receive from the Chinese Government at Pekin, or from the Chinese representative at Lhassa. The passport system, therefore, gives no guarantee to the traveller that if the document be received he will be permitted to carry on his travels in Tibet. The Indian Government has for many years pursued the plan of training Hindoos to make scientific surveys, and has instructed many natives how to use mathematical instruments. These native explorers measure the distances traversed by paces, and closely record all observations. Their line of journey is laid down by the Indian officials, and on their return they immediately deliver up their reports to the English surveying officers. This plan seems to be very feasible, for the Tibetans make no objection to Hindoos travelling in their country. Nevertheless, it is becoming difficult, for the Tibetans are growing suspicious. Hindoo explorers have to carry their surveying instruments carefully concealed, and they have to practise great dissimulation. At the first Tibetan post they are stopped and closely questioned by the Tibetan officials. They are asked to explain who they are, from what part of India they come, where they are going, and what is their occupation. Sometimes the Hindoo explorers break down under this severe cross-examination: they are detected by their erroneous answers and by their contradictory statements, and they are ignominiously driven out of the country. Even should they succeed in crossing the frontiers, they have to be most careful. They cannot take scientific observations unless alone, and they must carefully hide their scientific instruments from the sight of the suspicious Tibetans. Nevertheless, most important scientific journeys are often made by these native surveyors or Pundits. 1873, one of these trained Hindoos in the service of the English Government, named Nain Singh, travelled for hundreds of miles over the central plateau of Great Tibet, and a few years later another Pundit, A. K., actually spent four years journeying to and fro in the heart of the forbidden land. No wonder, then, that the British officials in India consider the scientific training of these natives to be of the greatest importance.

As an amusing illustration of the way in which European travellers are stopped at the Tibetan frontier, we will describe what happened to Mr. Andrew Wilson when, about twenty years ago, he attempted to enter the forbidden part of Tibet. Mr. Wilson's narrative of his journey is so graphic and instructive that we refer all readers to it for fuller particulars; they will find his book <sup>1</sup> one of the most delightful records of travel ever written.

After being dangerously ill in the Sutlej Valley, near the Moravian Mission station of Pu, Mr. Wilson, on his partial recovery, started in company with one of the missionaries—Mr. Pagell—and a great number of servants and coolies for Tibet. They journeyed towards the Kung-Ma Pass, and reached its summit, which is 16,500 feet above the sea, with little difficulty. All round them, as they stood on the top of the pass, were snow-fields, snowy peaks, and glaciers, and behind them rose magnificent ranges of snow-clad mountains. Tibet lay before them, and presented a strange panorama of brown rolling hills, snowless rounded mountains, and desolate uplands. They descended from the pass and reached the first Tibetan village, Shipki, where they received an extraordinary reception. There was no level ground in the place, save the flat-roofs of the houses and the terraced fields, and the latter were evidently the best places on which Mr. Wilson's party could pitch their tents. they were not allowed by the villagers to enter these fields, for a strong detachment of young Tibetan women, in red tunics, big trousers, and immense boots, guarded the entrances to the fields, and forbade the travellers to set foot inside the enclosures. These Tibetan Amazons were very good-humoured, and seemed thoroughly to enjoy the fun, but they showed fight whenever any member of Mr. Wilson's party tried to enter any of the fields. Meanwhile the men in the Tibetan village stood and sat on the roofs and looked on, and huge mastiffs seemed prepared to spring at the travellers whenever their masters might choose to direct them to do so. Reasoning with the Tibetan damsels was perfectly useless, but at length a Lama was found on whom the Moravian missionary had bestowed some kindness, and he permitted the European party to pitch their tents in his fields. The Tibetans were prepared to resist this also, but Mr. Wilson's servants made a sudden rush, took possession of the field, and erected the tents. The Tibetans were thus foiled at the commencement, but they quickly resumed their tactics of obstruction and hindering, and the result shall be described in Mr. Wilson's own words :--

<sup>1</sup> The Abode of Snow.

"The Shipki people were anything but civil, and at times it looked as if they only wanted a pretext for falling upon us, but at other times they condescended to reason on the matter. that they were under express orders from the Lassa Government not to allow any Europeans to pass, and that it would be as much as their possessions and their heads were worth to allow us to do so. itself would not be the worst which might befall them, as there were certain dreadful modes of death," which there is no need to describe, "to which they might be subjected. On my referring to the Treaty of Tientsin, which gives British subjects a right to travel in the dominions of the Celestial Emperor, and mentioning that I had travelled a great deal in China itself, they first said that they had no information of any such treaty having been concluded, and then they ingeniously argued that, though it might allow foreigners to travel in China proper, yet it did not apply to Tibet, which was no part of China, and only loosely connected with that country.

"When we pressed them for the reasons of this exclusive policy, they answered that they were not bound to give reasons, having simply to obey orders; but that one obvious reason was that, whenever Englishmen had been allowed entrance into a country, they had ended in making a conquest of it. . . . We remarked that China had brought trouble on itself by attempting to exclude Europeans. whereas matters had gone smoothly after admitting them, and referred to Japan as an instance of a long-secluded country which had found advantage (I am not sure very much) from admitting Europeans. But they seemed to interpret this as a threat, and replied boisterously that they might as well be killed fighting us as be killed for letting us pass-there would be some amusement in that; and if ever war came upon them, they were quite willing to engage in war, because, having the true religion, they were certain to conquer. . . . It was curious to find these rude men reasoning thus ingeniously, and it struck me forcibly that, though the voice was the voice of the rough Tartar Esau, yet the words were the words of the wily Chinese Jacob. There was something peculiarly Chinese-like also, and far from Tartar, in the way in which they shirked responsibility. Personally, they were not at all afraid of being uncivil; but when it came to a question as to who was who, and on whose responsibility they acted, then they became as evasive as possible. Thus, in the matter of supplies, though they at first refused point-blank to let us have any, yet, after a little, they adopted different and still more unpleasant tactics. They said they would let us have a sheep—a small one—for five rupees, which was about double its value. On our agreeing to

give five, no sheep appeared; and on our inquiring after it, a message was sent back that we might have it for six rupees. On six being agreed to, the price was raised to seven, and so on, until it became too apparent that they were only amusing themselves with us. And whenever we reasoned on this subject with an ugly monster who had been put forward—and had put himself forward with a great profession of desire for our comfort—as the official corresponding to the múkea or lambadar, who looks after the wants of travellers, he promptly disclaimed all pretensions to having anything to do with such a function, and pointed to another man as the veritable múkea to whom we ought to apply. This other man said it was true he was a relative of that functionary, and he would be happy to do anything for us if the headman of the village would authorise it, but the veritable múkea was up with the sheep on the Kúng-ma, and if we found him there on our way back he would, no doubt, supply all our wants. In this way we were bandied about from pillar to post without getting satisfaction, or finding responsibility acknowledged anywhere." 1

As may be imagined, Mr. Wilson had soon to leave these impracticable people and to return to the Indian Hill States.

Mr. Wilson also relates an amusing story of an officer who determined to enter Chinese Tibet by stratagem. This officer managed to cross the frontier at night, and so escaped the frontier guard. Next day, however, while he was journeying deeper into Tibet, the Tibetan soldiers overtook him, and informed him that, as the country was unsafe because of robbers, they would go with him in order to protect him, to which arrangement the traveller was compelled to agree. In a few hours they came to a river, which was crossed by a rope-bridge. The Tibetans passed over first in order to show that the bridge was safe, and then the officer got into the basket and was pulled along by the Tibetans. Suddenly, however, they ceased pulling, and left the Englishman hanging in mid-air above the rushing torrent. In vain the traveller shouted to the Tibetans to pull; they merely smoked and nodded their heads. The hours passed, and still the officer hung above the torrent. At last the Tibetans agreed to pull him back if he would promise to leave Tibet immediately. This, of course, he was compelled to do, and took his departure from the forbidden land.

On a consideration of this curious state of affairs in Tibet we naturally ask the questions—From whom does the determination to exclude Europeans from the country originate? and, What is the

<sup>1</sup> The Abode of Snow, pp. 158-161.

reason for this strange policy? It is not probable that the Tibetans themselves have any desire to exclude Europeans from their country. These people are all inveterate traders, and they are thoroughly acquainted with the value that British trade would be to them. They know, also, that Europeans do not take anything from them by force, but pay for everything that they require. In fact, a Tibetan told a caravan-driver belonging to Captain Bower, during that gallant officer's most adventurous journey through Tibet, that he should be very glad if the English came and took the country, for they always paid for what they wanted and never ruthlessly took it from the people. The Chinese probably care little, although they would undoubtedly like to keep the tea trade with Tibet in their hands. tea that they send into Tibet is of a most wretched character, and perhaps they fear the throwing open of the Indian tea markets to the Tibetans. Still, the authority of China over Tibet is very slight, and it is by no means improbable that this difficulty might be surmounted. It has been thought that the principal reason for the exclusion of Europeans from Tibet may be that gold is found extensively in the country, and that the Tibetan authorities, fearing the rush of Europeans to their country if this were known, take rigorous steps to exclude them and to keep the existence of the gold mines secret. It is true that gold mines are now extensively worked in many parts of Chinese Tibet—that is, in the forbidden territory. Jalung and at Thok Daurapa there are great gold mines, and at the former of these places—which has never been visited by a European hundreds of miners are at work. These miners live in holes in the ground, and must suffer much from the cold, as the elevation of the gold-field above the sea is at least 16,000 feet. It has lately been ascertained, however, that the amount of gold raised at Thok Jalung has been much exaggerated. The streams in Western Tibet are frequently washed for gold, and the Basha Valley in Baltistan was in former days-when Baltistan was independent-reserved as the special gold-field for the Rajah's benefit. The streams in Eastern Tibet are also washed for gold, but here again the yield is but slight. It is possible, however, that with more elaborate processes a much larger amount of gold might be obtained, and perhaps it is this knowledge which influences the minds of the Tibetan authorities towards excluding Europeans from the country. From all that can be gathered, it seems probable that the chief opposition to the entrance of Europeans into Tibet proceeds from the Lamas. These intolerant priests swarm in the country in amazing numbers, and hold the people in abject and perfect slavery. The monasteries of the priesthood literally swarm in the land; they possess great wealth, and they often contain thousands of monks. These Lamas often hold the trade of the neighbourhood in their hands, and they are frequently well armed. They lend money to the people at ruinous rates of interest, and they seize the land for the possession of their great monasteries. The government of the country is completely in the hands of this intolerant priesthood, and the Chinese authority is a mere shadow. These Lamas are intelligent men, and they fear the spread of civilised influence in their country. They dread the introduction of European ways and habits into Tibet, and fear that if these customs prevailed their hold on the people would be relaxed. Thus it is probable that from the Lamas comes the chief opposition to the entrance of Europeans into Tibet; but events are moving rapidly in Central and Eastern Asia. The overthrow of China by Japan, and the aggression of Russia and France, may lead to most momentous events, and may induce even the stubborn Lamas of Tibet to open their land to European trade in general, and to English influence in particular.

D. GATH WHITLEY.

## GREAT RAINFALLS.

THE total amount of rain which falls in the course of a year, if equally distributed over the entire surface of the globe, has been variously estimated. Some meteorologists have put it as low as 36 inches, others as high as 60 inches, but the correctness of either of these calculations, or of any other, is practically a matter of no importance, since the world's rainfall is very far from being uniformly distributed. Some places appear to be deluged by an almost continual downpour, while at other places rain is scarcely known to fall from one year's end to another. So numerous are the causes which affect rainfall, in addition to those which modify climate as a whole, that it varies remarkably from place to place, a distance of a few miles being often enough to mark a considerable difference in the annual amount.

There is a vast amount of material already available for the study of rainfall. Together with temperature, it has been measured in nearly every corner of the world inhabited by civilised man, and the thermometer and the rain-gauge are the instruments by which the first continuous scientific observations have been made in most parts of the globe. But while the rainfall of some countries has been thoroughly studied continuously for long periods, there are great regions from which there are available only imperfect records of very recent date, or merely the notes made by explorers during their hasty journeys. Over the entire surface of the ocean there are no rainfall measurements at all of any value. Ships being in motion, their logs contain only entries of the number of times rain has been recorded, but no account of its amount at any fixed station. There is, however, no evidence to show that, as has been supposed, there is any extended rainless region at sea.

In those regions of the earth's surface where the sun's heat is most intense, raising into the atmosphere powerful currents of highly heated air, saturated with watery vapour, the heaviest rains occur. But these heavy tropical rains are usually confined to a definite part of the year—the "rainy season"—not pretty evenly distributed over

the whole year, as in temperate regions. In the tropics the hottest part of the year is the wettest, and the early afternoon, the hottest part of the day, is also the wettest. Going northwards or southwards from the hotter regions the rainfall, as a rule, diminishes, while the number of rainy days increases, so that, speaking roughly, it may be said that most rain falls where the rainy days are fewest.

Over parts of the great equatorial region of calms in the great oceans there is almost constant precipitation in heavy showers, rain falling on the average about seven hours out of the twenty-four, all the year round. There are, however, some notable exceptions which qualify this broad general statement. At the Island of Ascension only two or three inches of rain fall in a year; and there are numerous islands in the Pacific, near the equator, which are practically rainless, as is evidenced by their possessing deposits of guano. The other chief rainy regions are those localities where moist winds meet mountain ranges, and are forced upwards, parting with their moisture during the ascent—such as the Khasia Hills, the Western Ghauts, the western coasts of the British Isles, of Norway, North America, Southern Chili, and of New Zealand, which are exposed to winds blowing over extensive oceans, and depositing their moisture on the first coasts they meet.

The rainless regions of the globe owe their aridity to the fact that they are shut off from the influence of moist winds by high mountain chains. The chief of these are Upper Egypt, the Sahara, the Desert of Gobi, and the coast of Peru. The driest place in the world is probably that part of Egypt between the two lower falls of the Nile. Rain has never been known to fall there, and the inhabitants do not believe travellers who tell them that water can fall from the sky. The great trade winds at the starting points of their paths are the cause of drought and barrenness, but where they cross land at the termination of their course they give out bounteous rainsupplies. The contrasts thus offered are very striking. Thus, some parts of the Moroccan Sahara, near the head of the north-eastern Atlantic trade wind, do not experience a shower for perhaps twenty years at a time; while the same wind, when it reaches the coast of South America, produces rainfall representing a depth of twenty feet of water in a year.

The prevailing south-west winds deposit on some parts of the mountainous western coasts of the British Isles ten times as much rain as falls on the opposite or lee coasts. In the western counties, in the neighbourhood of hills, the annual rainfall rises to 80 or 100 inches, while away from the hills, though still in the west, the fall

may be only from 30 to 45 inches. The most extensive region in the British Isles having a heavy rainfall is the Western Highlands, where the mountainous coast-line facing the rain-bringing winds of the Atlantic cools them on their passage up the lochs and valleys, precipitating their moisture as they ascend, so as to give rise to torrents which deeply trench the mountain-sides.

The mildness of the climate of our western coast in winter is largely owing to the abundance of latent heat set free by the continual condensation of vapour into rain. The effect of the process is very great, and is in general overlooked. Haughton, in his "Physical Geography," says that one gallon of rainfall gives out latent heat sufficient to melt 75 pounds of ice, or to melt 45 pounds of cast iron. Thus, every inch of rainfall is capable of melting a layer of ice of eight inches in thickness spread on the ground; and this authority goes on to calculate that on the west coast of Ireland the heat derived from rainfall is equivalent to half that derived from the sun. When it is stated further that the condensation of even one grain of aqueous vapour sets free heat sufficient to raise the temperature of a cubic foot of air 7.25° Fahr., it is evident that the abundance of rainfall must be a powerful factor in modifying climate.

Sir Christopher Wren is credited with having designed, in 1663, not only the first rain-gauge, but also the first recording gauge, though the instrument was not constructed until 1670. The earliest known records of rainfall are those made in Paris in 1668, at Townley, Lancashire, in 1677, Zurich 1708, and Londonderry 1711. Continuous records were begun in Paris by Lahire in 1688, but in England they were not begun until 1726.

We owe it to the indefatigable energy of Mr. G. J. Symons that the rainfall of the British Isles has been more completely studied than that of any other important part of the world. Year by year his valuable volume, "British Rainfall," has appeared with unfailing regularity since 1860. The issue for that year consisted of only four pages, and a reprint of it was bound up with the issue for 1884, as an interesting memento of the small beginning which has grown to the elaborate volume now published, in which are tabulated and fully discussed the returns furnished by an army of observers now numbering nearly 3,000, whose stations are fairly well distributed over every part of the country.

According to Mr. Symons, a "rainy day" for weather-record purposes is one on which a hundredth part of an inch of rain, and upwards, falls in the course of the twenty-four hours. This minimum recognisable may easily result from little more than a passing shower,

and a tenth of an inch would more nearly approach the condition of what is usually considered, in common talk, a wet day. An inch of rain in a day would mean a very wet day indeed; but the rainfall records show that even this quantity is frequently very much exceeded. Indeed, scarcely a month passes without an inch or a little more being measured at perhaps one or more stations in Great Britain and Ireland. Without entering into details of yearly averages, and the like, a few of the more remarkable falls of rain which have been measured in this country may be mentioned.

At Seathwaite, in Cumberland, usually taken to be the very wettest place in the British Isles, its annual rainfall being about 154 inches, there fell in one day in 1845  $6\frac{3}{4}$  inches of rain; in one day in 1874  $5\frac{3}{4}$  inches; and on June 30, 1881, 4.80 inches. In the same district, at Wastdale Head, 4.37 inches fell on October 24, 1849. In Monmouthshire, on July 14, 1875, a fall of 5.36 inches was recorded. In Argyllshire, on December 7, 1863, 7 inches fell in the twenty-four hours; but even this remarkable fall was exceeded by the downpour of  $12\frac{1}{2}$  inches in thirteen hours, on December 5 of the same year, said to have been measured at Portree in Skye, which, if really authentic, appears to have been by far the heaviest rain ever recorded in the British Isles.

Rainfall exceeding one inch in twenty-four hours is unusual in the neighbourhood of London, but on June 23, 1878, no less than 3½ inches fell in an hour and a half, and in 1846, at Camberwell, 3'12 inches fell in two hours seventeen minutes, while at Haverstock Hill, on April 11, 1878, 4'6 inches fell in twenty-four hours.

At Petersfield, Compton, Warwickshire, in 1889, rain amounting to 3.64 inches fell in an hour and five minutes, a quantity stated by Mr. Symons, in "British Rainfall" for that year, to be quite unequalled at any station in Great Britain for at least ten years. the same year there was one case recorded of rain lasting for 12 h minutes at the rate of 3'37 inches per hour. In "British Rainfall" for 1888 there is mentioned one of the heaviest short-period rains known to have occurred. On March 24, at Shirenewton Hall, Chepstow, in two minutes the ground was covered to a depth of two inches with huge flakes of snow  $3\frac{3}{4}$  inches in diameter and  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch thick, 6 inches of which would be equal to an inch of water. If this fall had lasted at the same rate for an hour the snow would have reached an average depth of 5 feet. In 1893, on August 10, it was estimated that 1.25 inch of rain fell in five minutes at Preston; but this record is not considered trustworthy. At Shirenewton Hall, on June 14, 1803, there was actually measured a fall of '62 inch in five minutes, equal to 7:44 inches per hour.

It has, however, been pointed out that erroneous ideas may arise from estimating the hourly fall from a downpour of brief duration. There appears in general to be a relation between the intensity of rainfall and its duration, such that the heavier the rain the shorter it lasts.

Professor Nipher, discussing a series of observations made by Dr. Engelmann at St. Louis, Mo., extending over forty-seven years, found reason to suppose that, for the period and area covered, the volume of the rain multiplied by its intensity would always yield the same product. Thus, rain of 5 inches per hour may last one hour; rain of 4 inches per hour may last  $1\frac{1}{4}$  hour;  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches per hour may last two hours; and I inch per hour for five hours. Each of these would be a "five-inch" rain, and instances were actually observed of all these except the first. Extending the area and the period under consideration, this figure might be raised, and at Cuba, Mo., 6 inches in three hours were observed, a "six-inch" rain being thus the probable maximum for the wider area. Similar conclusions have been drawn from the examination of records of the greatest amounts of rain which have fallen at a large number of meteorological stations in Germany. For instance, in 1891 the greatest fall during five minutes was at the rate of '15 inch per minute, during 30 minutes ·08 inch per minute, and during one hour ·04 inch per minute.

The importance of such a law, if its existence could be proved, would be very great with respect to engineering works, where, in order to prevent damage by flooding, the capacity of sewers, culverts, and the like, should be sufficient to carry away the largest amount of rainfall which may occur. As an inch of rain equals a hundred tons of water to the acre, the possibility of collecting and storing up the rainfall, both ordinary and extraordinary, opens up a vast natural source of power in view of the dreaded exhaustion of the coal supply.

Damp as is our insular climate, it cannot compete in the matter of extraordinary rainfalls with many more favoured regions. It was reported by Arago that on October 9, 1827, 30.9 inches of rain fell at Joyeuse in 22 hours. At Gibraltar, on October 25, 1836, in consequence of the bursting of a waterspout over the town, 30.11 inches of rain were collected in one day. At Genoa, 30 inches are said once to have fallen in twenty-four hours.

Though tropical downpours are proverbially heavy, yet with such showers as these even temperate regions have something to boast of in this respect. It is as well that they are very exceptional, as much smaller falls of rain, over considerable areas, are sufficient to produce disastrous consequences. On August 2 and 3, 1888, there was a great storm, lasting from fifteen to eighteen hours, with torrential rainfall amounting to nearly 8 inches, which caused destructive inundations more or less affecting Galicia, Bohemia, and Poland. In European Russia the heaviest rainfall recorded appears to have been over 8 inches in one day in Bessarabia.

The intensity of genuine tropical rainfall is extraordinary. rain appears to come down, not in separate drops, but in great sheets. In Darwin's "Voyage of the Beagle," writing of a heavy shower. amounting to 1.6 inch in six hours, which occurred during his stay in the neighbourhood of Rio de Janeiro, the author describes the sound produced by the drops falling on the innumerable leaves of the forest as very remarkable, and says the noise was like the rushing of a great body of water, and could be heard at a distance of a quarter of a mile. Dampier gives a lively picture of the rain at Gorgonia, off the coast of Panama, where, he says, when he and his men were drinking chocolate in the open air, it rained so heavily that some of them declared they could not empty their calabashes, for they could not drink up the water as fast as it fell into them. In many parts of the tropics rain is a remarkably regular phenomenon. At Rio de Janeiro it is said that it used to be the fashion in invitations for the afternoon to state whether the guests were to assemble before or after the thunderstorm, which came on regularly every day at a particular hour.

At the Government cinchona plantations in Jamaica, on December 21, 1885, 11.80 inches of rain fell in twenty-four hours; but this measurement does not indicate the total fall, as the gauge, when read at the usual hour of 7 A.M., was found full and overflowing. It is probable that unless care is taken to prevent this occurring, many very heavy falls are not fully measured. On the crest of the Blue Mountains, on the same plantations, 31.50 inches fell in one week, of which three days were fine.

In February 1893 vast damage was caused in Queensland by terrible floods resulting from rainfall of almost unparalleled intensity. Mr. Clement L. Wragge, meteorologist to the Queensland Government, reported that at Crohamhurst, in S.E. Queensland, a station 1,400 feet above sea-level, a specially trained and trustworthy observer measured on February 1, 10.775 inches; on the 2nd, 20.056 inches; on the 3rd, 35.714 inches; on the 4th, 10.760 inches, in each case for the twenty-four hours ending 9 A.M. To ensure complete and accurate measurement, during the greatest fall the gauge was emptied every three hours, day and night. The total fall for the four days

thus amounted to the great total of 77.305 inches. Mr. Wragge claimed that the amount registered on the 3rd beat the world's record for twenty-four hours' rainfall. Yet, as was speedily pointed out at the time, even this extraordinary downpour has been exceeded, but, so far as the records go, only one place—the wettest on earth—could show bigger figures.

The place which occupies this unenviable position is Chirapunii or Cherra Poonjee-on the Khasia Hills, Assam, where the annual rainfall is usually stated to amount to about 600 inches. Mr. Blanford. however, who made a critical examination of the various rainfall records kept there, declares these figures to be too high, and that the average rainfall is probably only a little over 500 inches. The greatest amount known to have occurred in one day was recorded on June 14, 1876, when 40.8 inches fell in the twenty-four hours. On the 12th 30 inches had fallen, and for the four days, 12th to 15th inclusive, the rainfall totalled up to the extraordinary figure of 102 inches. Yet, as was remarked by Mr. E. Douglas Archibald, who was in the neighbourhood at the time, the effects of this truly tropical "spate" were not particularly disastrous, as the condition, though extreme, was not very different from the ordinary state of matters there in the early part of June. It is said that in 1861 905 inches of rain fell in this notoriously rainy district, and in August 1841 264 inches, while 30 inches a day have been known to fall on five consecutive days.

Accounts of unusual weather conditions are always liable to be exaggerated by the rough guesses of untrained observers, which in the case of heavy rainfall are seldom borne out by reliable rain-gauge measurements. For example, it was stated in the "Indian Planters' Gazette" that on January 24, 1893, 48 inches of rain fell at Dehra Dun, which, had it really taken place, would have eclipsed even the memorable fall of June 14, 1876, at Chirapunji; but it was subsequently pointed out that the figures given were evidently a misprint for 4.8 inches; and even that would have been a heavy fall for the district in January, though often exceeded during the monsoon season, between June and September. The largest amount recorded for Dehra Dun since 1867 was 11.60 inches on July 30, 1890; and as a matter of fact it turned out that the amount actually recorded on January 24, 1893, was only 26 inch.

Rainfall is variable, perhaps, to a greater extent than any other exactly measurable meteorological condition. Only after a long series of continuous observations can anything like a yearly average be struck, and when that has been arrived at, more or less considerable departures from the mean in either direction are the rule, and

close approximations to it quite exceptional, the rain often, indeed, coming down in such a capricious way as to set all such calculations at naught. As an instance of variation from year to year, Barnsley had in 1872—which was, however, generally a wet year—a total fall of 42:28 inches, while next year, as if to equalise matters, at the same place there was registered a total fall of only 15.0 inches. Colwyn Bay, where the total yearly rainfall, on an average of eleven years, is 31.10 inches, no less than 10.32 inches fell in twenty-five days of October 1892, or nearly a third of the year's rain in less than a month. At the same place, in August 1879, 5 inches fell in 30 hours on the 17th and 18th, while the total for the month was 7.80 inches. This might, perhaps, be matched at a good many places, but few could approach what occurred at Peshawar, N.-W. frontier of In August 17:75 inches of rain fell, the annual fall India, in 1892. for the place, calculated from the previous fifteen years' measurements, being only 13:51 inches—that is to say, very nearly sixteen months rain fell in one month, and by far the largest portion fell on ten days of the month. The whole valley was flooded as a result of this remarkable departure from the usual course, and the inhabitants paid for their superabundant moisture by the prevalence of fatal malarial fever.

The frequent remarkable variation of rainfall from place to place, owing to purely local causes, is well illustrated by the statement of Professor Moseley, in his "Notes of a Naturalist on the *Challenger*," that at Waikiki, near Honolulu, at sea-level, the rainfall of 1873 amounted to 37.85 inches, while in the Nuuanu Valley, only 2\frac{3}{4} miles distant inland, at an elevation of 550 feet, the rainfall for the same year was 134.06 inches. He says that it was even remarked by Captain Wilkes that certain streets in the town of Honolulu are said to be more rainy than others.

A. MACIVOR.

# NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

### A REMINISCENCE.

A T the present time, when anything that may be said or written throwing any side-lights upon the career or personal characteristics of the Emperor Napoleon I. is received with more or less acceptance by the general public, a few extracts taken *verbatim et literatim* from letters of the period, written by an officer in His Britannic Majesty's service, a near relative of the writer, may not be devoid of interest.

Captain (afterwards Major) Poppleton, of His Majesty's 53rd Foot, the regiment detailed for service at the time of the Emperor's arrival on the Island of St. Helena, is the officer alluded to, and by virtue of his position as daily attendant upon the Emperor, and the officer directly responsible to the Governor for his safe keeping, he was peculiarly fitted to form an estimate of his character and surroundings. In a letter dated December 25, 1815, he writes: - "I expected to have been placed upon half-pay, but, to our great astonishment, we were sent to accompany Bonaparte, and after a three months' voyage arrived at this place (St. Helena). To describe it is almost impossible-no landing-place but one, the rest of the island inaccessible—provisions and every article of furniture three times the price they are in England. Bonaparte is discontented, General Bertrand and Madame more so. We are at present full of all sorts of projects. Land is in plenty and unoccupied; we may have as much as we want. I am just going to begin to cultivate a garden, rear fowls, ducks, and pigs, with a stock of two sheep to begin with—a boat on the ocean to catch fish; and my military duties will, I think, occupy my time tolerably well.

"In the course of a week I expect to be a companion of Bonaparte's. Two of us are appointed to act as a distant spy over his actions, myself one. It is an occupation I should not seek. This morning an Indiaman arrived, and sails to-morrow. Bonaparte is literally a prisoner; he is guarded in all directions, and the two officers that are with him (i.e. Counts Bertrand and Montholon) all

highly discontented, but kept in great order by our Admiral, Sir George Cockburn."

By way of preface to Major Poppleton's second letter, dated March 15, 1817, it may be stated that some little sensation had recently been occasioned in the island by the reputed "losing" of Napoleon by that officer when accompanying him on one of his daily rides.

Alluding to this circumstance, Major P. writes:-

"With regard to my rencontre with His Majesty, it is erroneously stated. We never exchanged a syllable. In consequence of his riding at a very great rate, when out of my sight I lost him altogether, but, being perfectly satisfied as to his ultimate safety, I did not trouble myself about him, but left him to return to Longwood when he pleased. This he did in due course. I afterwards related what had happened to Admiral Sir Geo. Cockburn, and he desired me, if we rode out again, not to lose sight of the Emperor, but to ride near him. In the course of a day or two he (Bonaparte) sent to me to say he wished to ride. I sent word to him that I should attend him with pleasure, but that for the future I should ride near him if I chose, not as his servant; that I should behave towards him with every delicacy possible; that I would not interrupt or listen to his conversation; and if a wish were expressed by him to be left alone it should be complied with. The horses were immediately unsaddled, his breakfast equipage was unloaded, and he gave out he was unwell. We have never ridden together since. A most terrible business was made of it all, but not a word of truth in the whole of it. French officers who were with him were determined at that time to misrepresent everything and to make him dislike the English. In this they completely succeeded for a length of time, but Napoleon has for some time past been of a contrary opinion, and expressed himself highly pleased with myself personally. I have no doubt but that all I desired to be told him was misconstrued."

Writing somewhat later, the Major continues:-

"I am the only responsible person for Napoleon. The Governor has not seen him for many months." (Note: This statement, arising from Napoleon's deeply rooted antipathy to Sir Hudson Lowe, is fully borne out in Dr. O'Meara's "A Voice from St. Helena.") "All the China ships are here, and all longing to see my charge, but he will not see any of them. He is under very severe restrictions, and will not quit his residence. If he chooses to go with me, he can go when he pleases; but the Emperor of the French cannot stoop to ride with a British captain!

"He is not at all angry with me—on the contrary, he sent for me some time since, and told me to tell the officers of the 53rd Regiment that he was obliged to them for their delicacy towards him—that they were brave men, good soldiers, and that he esteemed them much. There's a character for you!"

It may perhaps be not altogether out of place to give in conclusion a few particulars of the Island itself and its attractions (?) as a residence, as recorded by the Major at this time. He writes: "I almost forget the description I gave you of the Island. Nothing would keep me in it but the position I hold. I hope it may be of service to me; but as I expect nothing I shall not be disappointed. Articles of every description are about 200 per cent. dearer than in England. Butter 3s. 6d., cheese 3s. 6d., mutton 2s. 6d. per lb. good-sized chicken 5s. A turkey from one to two guineas. (bad) 1s. 6d. per lb. If you live in a lodging-house, it is one guinea and a half a day. Potatoes 8s. per bushel. I have said quite enough to frighten you and your whole family! Inclusive of all this, the rocks and tremendous precipices, and desolate appearance of more than three-fourths of the whole island, are quite sufficient After this, pray, 'How do you like the to disgust you with it. Island of St. Helena?' I have given you a faithful description of it."

Shortly after the period embraced by the above letters the 53rd Regiment was replaced on the Island by the 66th, and with the departure of his regiment the gallant Major's relations with the Emperor ceased. He, however, carried away with him many personal souvenirs conferred upon him by the Emperor, serving to show, were proof needed, that, whilst discharging to the full his duties as a British officer, he in nowise forfeited the esteem of his illustrious captive, but rather enhanced it.

## TABLE TALK.

#### THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

HAVE neither the capacity nor the ambition to pose as a critic of painting. If, then, I venture upon a few comments upon the exhibition of the Royal Academy, it is with no wish to speak ex cathedra, and with no intention of dwelling upon individual efforts. I seek only to express the feeling aroused in my mind by a cursory inspection of the works which stand as representative of the year's art. Those far more competent than I to speak, men who have followed earnestly and scientifically the development of art, say that the exhibition is up to, and perhaps above, the average. It may be they are right; I certainly am not entitled to contradict them. To me. however, the exhibition, taken as a whole, appears lamentable. If I might sum up my feelings in a phrase, I should say that what is not affectation is senility. That much incompetent work by men once of note is constantly exhibited on the Academy walls is, of course, conceded. It has been so since time practically "immemorial," that is to say, since the first batch of Academicians had time to grow old; and I do not know that the present year is in this respect worse than its predecessors. The offenders periodically change, but the proofs of decay maintain the average.

#### SENILITY ON ACADEMY WALLS.

In respect of failure of power the painter shares with the clergyman an unenviable privilege. In other professions and occupations retreat is, sooner or later, inevitable. Our soldiers and sailors are compelled to quit, while still active, their respective services. In Government offices retirement at a certain age is compulsory. The lawyer retires into the comfortable somnolency of a judgeship. The actor even, whose temptations to linger on are the keenest, and who is most prone to lag "superfluous on the stage," finds himself ultimately compelled to beat a retreat, since he cannot induce people even by the distribution of free seats to listen to his feeble pipe. The hand can, however, in a sense, guide the brush

when the faculties are dormant, and though the work may not sell, it will be exhibited. Of the constitution of the Royal Academy I know nothing. It may be that there is a limit of incompetency which the hanging committee will not pass, it may even be that there is a period of compulsory retirement. What I do know is, that the indulgence extended to the veteran is extreme, and that it would be better for the fame of the painter, as well as for the pleasure of the public, if more rigorous tests were imposed. There is, of course, a time when the influence of approaching age mellows the touch: the latest works of some painters have qualities which cannot be claimed for the earlier. It is not, however, against autumnal ripening that one is disposed to protest, but against hibernal frost. There are pictures in the present Academy, as in previous Academies, for which no tolerance, no consideration for previous accomplishment, should have secured admission.

#### STRIFE AFTER ORIGINALITY.

EXT to these proofs of failing or exhausted power, what most strikes me is the affectation, which is but another word for strikes me is the affectation, which is but another word for vulgarity. Few indeed are the painters who are content to give us the things they have seen. A mad chase after novelty, or what they choose to call originality, leads them hopelessly astray. Not thus have the great masters worked. They have been content to do their best and let originality take care of itself. The world has credited them with originality unsought. Now, the desire to avoid the conventional and the commonplace leads painters in a mad chase after extravagance. I have used no names, and will use none, either in praise or condemnation, and will strive so to say things as that the reader shall not necessarily recognise the works to which I allude. I stare, however, in amazement at a picture in which an artist to whom we are indebted for much lovely and poetical work seeks to present us with a picture of inspiration, and supplies us instead with a vision of epilepsy; a second in which a man of highest eminence as the designer of "the human form divine" is content to show us, in place of beauty, a result of incompetency on the part of some professor of obstetric science; and a third in which a wooden rocking-horse thrown overboard, it may be supposed, as lumber, conceiving itself real, is making frantic efforts to save itself. I do not say that these are the worst instances, neither do I deny that there are a few pictures of surpassing loveliness and beauty. All I maintain is, that our pictorial art, as represented at the Royal Academy, is restless, strained, unworthy, insincere.

THE SAME FORCES AT WORK IN ART AND LITERATURE.

I T would be easy to show that the fault I find is equally applicable to literature and the store. and the dramatist go out of their way in search of enormity. It would appear as if in the conception of our modern producers the worship of beauty were over. I will not deal with the diseased manifestation of portions of our literature which I begin to hope are now dishonoured and discrowned. The "woman with the past" remains, however, paramount in fiction, and goodness and virtue seem no part of the equipment of a heroine. We are true to the peerless heroines of the past. The tragic sorrows of Juliet and Desdemona move us now as they have always moved us; heavenly Una is still a dream of beauty. Beatrice flying "like a lapwing"; Rosalind with curtal axe on thigh; Sweet Anne Page, even though she is little more than a name—retain all their former magic. Coming to more modern times, Diana Vernon is not yet driven out of our hearts. Dickens and Thackeray gave us some gracious types of womanhood; and Charles Reade's girls are always delightful. Who shows us a nice girl now? Our women are notorious, or rebellious, or what not, but is there one of them who will preserve a hold upon our affections, or inspire us with the wish to hear anything further concerning her? In the last century l'Abbé Prévost gave us in Manon Lescaut one of the most graceful and delightful types of perverse, mutinous, and dangerous femininity that ever won acceptance. It was reserved for the establisher of the problem play to supply us with a Marguerite Gautier to which I can only say faugh! "give me an ounce of civet, master apothecary; sweeten my imagination."

#### PREDOMINANCE OF PORTRAIT-PAINTING.

BUT one further remark will I make, and I will then cease my jeremiad. The one respect in which English art holds its own is now, and has long been, portraiture. I do not see a single portrait to compare with those of half a dozen years ago. The general average is, however, high, and the worthiest traditions of the English school of portrait-painting are transmitted. What, however, is really sad to see is the number of portraits, many of them of nonentities, with which the Royal Academy walls are covered. For this the painters are not primarily or, indeed, in any way, responsible. They would gain were matters otherwise. The large number of portraits shows only the unfortunate condition of pictorial art.

For imaginative canvases there is no demand. Vanity and affectation require a constant supply of portraits, and this is maintained. Portraits are now your pot-boilers. The large houses in Kensington and Fitz-John's Avenue must be kept going, and the artist, with a sigh, has to resign himself to the inevitable. I am not quite sure, however, that the painter can be entirely exonerated from blame. is a pitiable fact that so soon as bad times come the Englishman. compelled to retrench, first docks the miserable sum he grudgingly gives to literature and art. No horse is sold, no servant dismissed. no interference with comfort or state is contemplated until matters are worse than now they are. Books and magazines may, however. be stopped, and the only pictures to be purchased under any condition are portraits. It might, perhaps, have been otherwise—I am far from saying it would have been otherwise—had English art aimed a little more directly at beauty, and left the question of eccentricity more severely alone.

### FONDNESS OF THE WORLD FOR SCANDAL.

THE world does not soon weary of any form of scandal. To our somewhat pitiful natures all that tends to reduce to our own level those exalted above us by birth, gift, or achievement is interesting, stimulating, and, to a certain extent, gratifying. I do not maintain that the keenly developed taste for indiscretions is wholly base. A large measure of curiosity concerning the life and idiosyncracy of the great dead is pardonable, laudable even. Which of us would not, if he could, call back Lucian, the scoffer, to furnish further revelations concerning the obsequies of Zeus and Aphrodite, learn from Rabelais the secret of unending and inextinguishable laughter, cause Shakespeare to depict a symposium at the Mermaid, or win from the unreluctant lips of Lamb his genuine estimate of the preaching of Coleridge? Which of us, even, does not find a pleasure in the sight of men of genius unbending, and is not content, in spite of the shock to our moral sense, in seeing in the "mind's eye" the rubicund and possibly carbuncled nose of Franz Hals diving deep into the flagon; hearing Sydney Smith encourage Macaulay not to let any body dissuade him from the opinion that he was the greatest man alive; or watching Wordsworth investigate the shelves at Althorp, laden with all the treasures of literature, and finally subside into an easy-chair with a volume of his own poems?





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